

THE

## SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 668, Vol. 26.

August 15, 1868.

Price 6d.  
Stamped 7d.

## THE FUTURE PARLIAMENT.

IN the first enthusiasm of the Reform Bill, when it just seemed possible that a large measure might be carried, and hopes as well as fears were raised, some of the more sanguine and adventurous young politicians of the day offered a list of the questions with which a Reformed Parliament would have to deal, and suggested the mode in which a Reformed Parliament would treat them. The changes anticipated were of a very wide and sweeping kind. Education, our foreign policy, the tenure of land, the law regarding Trades-Unions, Ireland, the army, and other things of equal importance, were to be put on a new and better footing. Of course the writers did not mean that the great changes to which they thought Reform must lead would come all at once, or that even a Reformed Parliament could finish off many subjects of vast importance in a single Session. But the expectation was keen that the new Reform Bill would commence an era of change, and that the main characteristic of the Reformed Parliament would be an aptitude for conceiving and carrying out schemes of a large and novel kind. Without the slightest wish to sneer at or in any way ridicule these enthusiasts, we must say that, to all appearance, the chief characteristic of the new Parliament will be that it will be eminently commonplace. That persons who are not engaged in practical politics should try to look forward and to anticipate in what way the stream of English politics will go and ought to go, not this year or next year, but in the next quarter of a century or half-century, appears to us a very good thing. To have a constant liveliness of ideas, a disposition to think that anything that seems good may be achieved, to regard England habitually as a country not only capable but certain of indefinite improvement, is to make a most valuable contribution to English political life, even although the principles advocated may sometimes be unsound, and the views put forward may sometimes be visionary. We have not the slightest wish to see English political life reduced to the type of a kind of secular Wesleyanism. Ritualists and Rationalists may scare sober people, but they show that the Church is alive; and political theorists who broach theories that at least make those who read them think seriously, and from a new point of view, over the subjects treated of, render a service the importance of which is not to be measured by what we may happen to consider the truth and value of the theories themselves. It may do a Reformed Parliament good to know that much more has been expected of it than it feels itself qualified to perform. But we must look at facts as they are, and if we look at the facts we must say, without any disparagement to the political theorist, that the Reformed Parliament does not appear at all likely to fulfil those expectations. It appears to be the aim of all, or almost all, the candidates on both sides to say as little as possible, and to make that little as safe as they can. The Liberals have only two ideas—to go in for disestablishing the Irish Church, and to remove the suspicion that they would form or enter into Caves against Mr. GLADSTONE. The Conservatives do not even get so far as this. They have no notion of proclaiming themselves to be Conservatives engaged in a great struggle against dangerous schemes of revolution; they merely echo the cry, like one parrot screaming after another, that they wish to redress the anomalies of the Irish Church. It is evident that they have no notion whatever of the meaning of what they say, or of what kind of institution the Irish Church with its anomalies redressed would be likely to be. They have considered the difficulties of redressing the anomalies of the Irish Church about as much as Mr. GLADSTONE has considered the difficulties of dealing with Irish land. There is a complete absence of thought in the addresses of candidates on

both sides. Of course there are exceptions. The addresses of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER and Sir JOHN ACTON supply plenty of materials for reflection. But men like these do not make up a House of Commons; and the vast body of candidates issue addresses in which there is no trace of any feeling that those who framed them either long for or dread great changes in the immediate future.

If no Reform Bill had been carried, if Mr. DISRAELI had never lived to educate his party, the present elections would certainly have turned on Reform. But if we can imagine that the question of Reform had been somehow dropped for the time, and that the appeal had been made to the old ten-pound constituencies, the addresses of candidates would in all likelihood have been just what they are now. In a calm easy way, the Liberals would all have said they were for Mr. GLADSTONE, *coûte qui coûte*, and against the Irish Church; the Conservatives, in an equally calm and easy way, would all have said that they were for redressing anomalies and, generally speaking, for conceding anything they might have to concede on any conceivable subject. It is observable that the Conservative addresses betray no enthusiasm for Mr. DISRAELI, or special confidence in him; but they are all framed from the point of view that he is the man of the party, and that the party must stick to its man, and that if he wishes them to dodge in and out, they must dodge in and out in a humble and trustful manner. There is nothing novel in this; on the contrary, there is a conspicuous absence of all novelty in it. There is none of the excitement and wildness that might be thought natural to men seeking to represent a country that has just taken a leap in the dark. Nor is there much sign of novelty if we turn from the addresses to the candidates themselves. The first Reformed Parliament will evidently be a Parliament where young lords and elderly soapboilers will reign supreme. It may be most desirable that this should be so. It may be a great gain that persons so eminently unimpressible should stand in the way between the nation and change; but the thing to be remarked at present is that these are the persons who will to all appearance be returned. There will of course be some new blood infused into Parliament, but we suspect there will not be much of it. In two or three large constituencies candidates have appeared who represent extreme popular opinions, and are strangers to the classes of society that usually supply members. But it is not at all certain that they will go to the poll, or that if they go to the poll they will be elected, or that if elected they will not be completely snuffed out by the lords and soapboilers among whom they will find themselves. There are also half a dozen of the new generation of University men who are trying to get seats, who wish to take to political life on account of the interest they feel in politics, and whose appeal to the constituencies they address is made on that ground, and not on that of rank or wealth, or a wish to push themselves on into the small good things Government can give away. They wish in all good faith to take to the profession of public life—an honourable profession, but one of the most thankless, wearing, and uncertain professions under the sun. We can only wish them success; but it is exceedingly difficult for such men, unless of transcendent abilities, to make any impression on Parliament or the country. They may do much good, and content their own souls; but they will find it very hard to speak with authority, or to win attention for views that are sure, if new, to be pronounced quixotic and chimerical.

And yet no one can say that a commonplace Parliament will necessarily be commonplace in what it does. The last Parliament was, if not altogether a commonplace Parliament, yet as vague, confused, badly-conditioned a Parliament

as could be; but it has nevertheless wrought one enormous change in the English Constitution, and made another certain to come. The enthusiasts who saw so bright a vision of what a Reformed Parliament was to do may find some scraps of comfort. In the first place, they may notice with pleasure that the heart is entirely gone out of Conservatism, that Conservative candidates have no belief in Conservative principles, and that they have been effectually educated or demoralized by Mr. DISRAELI. But this only shows that the force of resistance which a great party once possessed is temporarily weakened or suspended. It is of much more permanent importance to observe that the constituencies are obviously exercising a much greater mastery over candidates than formerly. There is much more bowing down before what the electors call their minds than there used to be. If an idea is in any way made to permeate the general body of electors, it is much more sure to be realized speedily, and without obstruction. A popular war, a great national sacrifice, an economical delusion, a religious passion, will seize on the people, and shape itself into consistency much more rapidly and effectually. There will be a growing tendency in people out of Parliament to dictate to those who are in it. Many critics will consider that the evils likely to spring out of this are greater than the good. It is not necessary here to open so difficult and subtle a question; but when we are considering whether the meeting of a Reformed Parliament will mark the beginning of an era of change, it is impossible not to take into consideration that the Reformed Parliament will be more directly governed than its predecessors by the opinions and wishes of the outside world. This is a difference which may tell very slowly. The respect of Englishmen for the House of Commons is so great, and every sensible man feels so keenly that to undermine the authority of the House of Commons, the only very strong institution now left in England, would bring us near to anarchy, that the wish to support the House of Commons against dictation from any quarter will be very deep. But, although this wish may be strong, and may exercise a most salutary influence, a counter-influence will be always at work. We have only to read the speeches and addresses of the candidates, and we shall see how powerful this counter-influence will be. What the candidates, and especially the Liberal candidates, especially promise, is that their constituents shall have no reason to be displeased with them. If they aim at a sort of independence, they take care to represent their independence as a harmless personal freak, like wearing a wideawake in Regent Street, which will have no real bearing on their manner of life. Independence is only the ornamental part of them; the substantial part is their entire willingness to please their constituents and to stick to their party. It is impossible not to see that this opens the door to any amount of change. If the constituencies get hold of an idea, good or bad, and the leaders of the party seize upon it—or even if the leaders of the party invent it, and persuade the constituencies that they are deeply in earnest about it—then the watchword will be given and obeyed, and measures that would now seem revolutionary may very easily be carried.

#### SPAIN AND THE TORNADO.

SOME foreign journals have fallen into the excusable mistake of attaching serious importance to the recent condemnation of the *Tornado* by a Spanish Court of Admiralty. It is assumed that Lord STANLEY will refuse to admit the justice of the decision, that the Spanish Government is bound in honour to support the judgment of its own tribunal, and that an inevitable collision may lead to the most troublesome consequences. It is true that no State is concluded by a decree of a foreign Court which may conflict with natural justice or with the rules of international law. In certain cases an independent Power might, without sacrifice of dignity, grant redress for an act which constituted no violation of its own municipal law. In a recent instance the Spanish Government, by some process into which it was unnecessary to inquire, caused one of its own Courts to reverse an iniquitous judgment which had been delivered against the owners of an English merchant vessel. The outrage had been so flagrant as to justify preparations for protecting English commerce; and general satisfaction was felt when the irregular proceedings of subordinate functionaries were properly disavowed by the Government. The case of the *Tornado* bore a wholly different character, for it was doubtful whether the vessel continued to be the property of an English owner, and grave circumstances of suspicion fully justified the captain of a Spanish man-of-war in capturing the ship for the purpose of adjudication. A premature controversy in some

English papers on the merits of the transaction at least proved that there was a substantial issue to be tried; and Lord STANLEY, who had shown on a recent occasion creditable firmness in resisting Spanish encroachments, declared, with the approval of impartial persons, that it was impossible to insist on the unconditional release of the *Tornado*. Having waited for the decision of the Spanish Court of Admiralty, the English Government has neither just ground nor reasonable motive for further remonstrance in respect of the condemnation of the ship. The hardships which were suffered by some of the English seamen on board have already formed the subject of diplomatic discussion; and possibly compensation may be obtained for irregularities which are perhaps conformable with the ordinary rules of Spanish administration. In a country where a batch of generals and field-marshal, or half a House of Parliament, is now and then transported without trial, the sensitiveness of a few common sailors who have merely been imprisoned for six months must appear an unintelligible caprice.

One of the oddities of Spanish politics is illustrated by the unknown relations between belligerents who have neither terminated their quarrel nor recently continued active hostilities. There has never been a peace concluded between Spain and the South American Republic, yet it can scarcely be said that they are still at war; but when the *Tornado* was seized by a Spanish cruiser, there was no ambiguity in the position of Spain or of Chili. The claimants of the vessel have always alleged that she was engaged in legitimate commerce; but it curiously happened that another ship from the yard of the same owners already formed a part of the Chilean navy, under the remarkable name of the *Cyclone*. When two companion ships, respectively named *Storm* and *Tempest*, are sent with similar fittings to the same destination, the actual employment of one suggests natural inferences as to the purpose of the other. It is unnecessary either to recapitulate circumstances which have been fully discussed, or even to dispute statements to which the original owners of the *Tornado* probably adhere. The question for the English Government was not whether an English merchant vessel had become a Chilean ship of war, but whether there was plausible evidence on which a Court of Admiralty might convict. There is every reason to believe that formal, if not substantial, justice has been done, and it is not the interest of the English Government to inquire further. No special favour is due to speculative shipowners who, even with the best intentions, approach the verge of illegality, giving occasion for international disputes which may at any time furnish a reason or a pretext for war. The risk is perhaps the greatest where one of the parties to the controversy is either comparatively weak or imperfectly civilized. The anarchical substitute for a Government which affects to rule in Mexico rejoices in the opportunity of affronting a great Power which, with a proper regard to the rights of an independent State, recognised the *de facto* Empire. The insult which was lately offered to English officers at a Mexican port may still lead to vexatious complications. If an English vessel were captured on the Mexican coast, it would probably be impossible to obtain redress except by a display of force. The Spaniards, though they stand far above the level of their mongrel descendants, are on different grounds extraordinarily jealous of their dignity. The wonderful domestic system which they have for some years tolerated naturally makes them suspicious and irritable in their dealings with foreign nations, and questionable Governments are exposed to the temptation of escaping from unpopularity by appeals to patriotism. As Englishmen have no reason to trouble themselves with the deportation of Spanish generals to the Canary or Philippine Islands, it may be hoped that no cause of dispute will remain when the *Tornado* is forgotten. The bondholders have been silenced, if not satisfied, and the preventive officers on the Southern coast have probably discovered that it is imprudent to sink unoffending English vessels.

It is difficult, in the present day, to realize the supposed necessity or expediency which a quarter of a century ago induced the English and French Governments to meddle incessantly in the internal affairs of Spain. LOUIS PHILIPPE, M. GUIZOT, and Lord PALMERSTON were experienced and pacific statesmen, even when they thought that European interests required the establishment in Spain of a constitutional Government and the expulsion of the legitimate pretender; yet it has long since been evident that Don CARLOS would have been as satisfactory a neighbour as Queen ISABELLA, and that his mode of government would have been nearly identical with the present system. CANNING indulged in still



stranger illusions when he, in a rhetorical figure, raised up the New World to redress the balance of the Old, and when he urged President MONROE to enunciate the arbitrary doctrine which bears his name. In one respect at least, a new generation is wiser, and Spain loses nothing by being allowed to practise misgovernment in perfect freedom. Civil wars were far greater evils than palace revolutions, and perhaps the country at large may be excused for witnessing with much equanimity the frequent banishment of suspected grandees, and the occasional execution of a few dozens of officers and sergeants. Marshal NARVAEZ's slaughtered enemies, and Marshal NARVAEZ himself, left few regrets behind them; and while the national finances are embarrassed, private industry and frugality are silently increasing the resources of Spain. No European country has improved more rapidly since the termination of the Carlist wars.

*Save mari magno.* There is a selfish satisfaction in watching from a safe distance the progress of the singular experiments which are tried by Queen ISABELLA and her successive advisers. A paradox, justified by success, becomes a political discovery; and perhaps Spanish experience may prove that none of the supposed conditions of permanent and prosperous government are really indispensable. It was comparatively easy to understand how O'DONNELL and NARVAEZ maintained their power; but GONZALEZ BRAVO is a civilian, and he is not known to be supported by any soldier of influence or ability. The generals who actually command the army seem to be able to secure the adherence of their men; but, according to ordinary Spanish precedent, they ought to insist on becoming Ministers in reward of their services. If conjectures are allowable, it may perhaps be surmised that there will be an insurrection in the course of the autumn; and General PRIM is supposed to be the most available leader of the movement. The QUEEN has been accused of rashness in quarrelling with her sister, and in designating to malcontents an available pretender or regent in the person of the Duke of MONTPENSIER; but, on the other hand, it is contended that conspiracy will be effectually discouraged by the Imperial Government of France when there is a possibility that a prince of the House of ORLEANS might profit by a revolution. The scheme of uniting the two peninsular kingdoms under the House of BRAGANZA appears to have been abandoned. Like all neighbours of kindred race, the Spaniards and Portuguese are divided by mutual antipathies, which would probably be further inflamed by an artificial union. A King of Portugal on the throne of Spain would be simultaneously accused of favouring and of neglecting his countrymen, and, unless his elevation had been universally desired, he would find it difficult to escape the odium which attaches to a usurper. A regency in the name of the Prince of ASTURIAS would afford a possible solution of the difficulty; and the Duke of MONTPENSIER is probably more capable of governing than any Spanish prince. A republic would be obnoxious to all the neighbouring Governments, and it would inevitably, as in the South American States, be controlled by military adventurers. On the whole, the chances are in favour of a prolongation of the present system, since the nation has gradually ceased to trouble itself with politics, and even the army seems to be tired of barren mutinies.

#### BRITISH CAPITAL ABROAD.

THE blow which has fallen on the South-Eastern Railway of Portugal suggests some general reflections on the fate of British capital when embarked in foreign adventures. The Directors of that unfortunate railway had every reason to hope they had overcome their difficulties. Englishmen can only deal with the Government of a country to which they send their money, and not one, but each successive, Government of Portugal assured the representatives of the South-Eastern Railway that Portugal would behave liberally and honourably, would keep and recognise its engagements, and would do all that a just and honest country should do. It so happened that Portugal a few months ago wanted a new loan. It is one of the fatalities of countries like Portugal to be always wanting a new loan, and if a Portuguese loan was to float, it was necessary to smooth the way by making things pleasant with the South-Eastern Railway. Accordingly, things were made decidedly pleasant. An equitable arrangement was come to, which if it did not offer all that the English shareholders could desire, at least offered them what they felt would not be much below their just pretensions. The loan came out, and is understood to have been successful. Portugal has to offer eight per cent. at least in order to enlarge the number of her creditors,

for Portugal is by no means of an immaculate reputation, and has ventured to insist on a compulsory reduction of the stipulated rate of interest on her debts. Still, at eight per cent. or a little more, Portugal can get money, provided that things are supposed to be going well there, that her engagements are known to be honourably met, and that there is no probability of default being made in any of her guarantees. If the South-Eastern Railway had been set at defiance, and its just claims wholly ignored, eight per cent. would not have tempted the English investor. But, hearing that things had been made pleasant to the South-Eastern Railway, the speculative Briton was willing to trust Portugal with his savings at rather a more favourable rate than he asked from the United States. It is tolerably clear that no deception was practised. Those who were entitled, or thought themselves entitled, to speak in the name of Portugal were perfectly sincere. The representative of Portugal in England has been known for years as a straightforward, honourable man, understanding what Englishmen wanted and meant, and incapable of holding out hopes to them which he knew could not be fulfilled. There is no ground for suspecting him, or any one in the Governmental circles, of perfidy. They honestly thought that the Portuguese Legislature would sanction whatever they proposed as conducive to the national interests or necessary for the national honour. It turns out that they were mistaken. This error is not a matter of reproach to them, but still it is very much to be regretted. They were unable to carry out what they had undertaken, because the Portuguese Chamber would not go with them; and yet it might have been supposed that the Chamber would realize how tenderly the national honour was affected, what blind policy repudiation always is, and how very much more Portugal has to gain than to lose by complying with all that the South-Eastern Railway is entitled to ask. Nevertheless, the Bill for ratifying the bargain made by the officials of the day has been rejected by a large majority. This is a matter of serious import to all Englishmen having capital embarked abroad. They think that all is settled which they can care to have settled, because the Government of the day, with the sanction possibly of the Legislature, has approved a concession. But new questions very soon arise, new votes have to be taken, and then it is found that the Legislature will not do what the Government has undertaken it shall do. Great confusion and ruin and terror immediately set in, and it takes months, and perhaps years, of prolonged anxiety and labour to put things straight again. It would be well if English investors would take into their consideration the uncertainty which hangs over the proceedings of all Assemblies and Chambers of the second rank, and would at least give themselves the trouble to estimate the additional element of insecurity which the action of such Assemblies imports into the enterprises offered to the British public.

How does it happen that the Deputies cannot see what the interests of the country really demand? The answer is, that the class of persons who in countries like Portugal, and in the numerous colonies of Portugal and Spain with which Englishmen have to deal, are made Deputies, are perfect children in business. They absolutely know nothing about railways, or commerce, or enterprises of any sort. They are led away by statements which to Englishmen seem so supremely ridiculous as to be beneath notice. They cannot take into account any of the considerations of risk which must enter into the calculations of all prudent persons. They believe that there is nothing but cheating in all that is done around them, and in all that is proposed to them. Very possibly they may have been victimized in their time by some of the sharper who have started Companies in foreign lands. The proceedings of some of the leading French Companies in Southern Europe have been enough to frighten anybody. But the ordinary native Deputy is incapable of any discrimination. He thinks that the foreigners, one and all, are cheating his poor country, sucking her blood, and wasting her resources. He cannot inquire how far any particular enterprise is sound and honourable, for he has no standard or method of inquiry. There are nations in which, when three per cents. have been issued at a great discount, the popular belief is that the lenders of the money have pocketed the difference between the price of issue and par. If the lenders, the argument runs, have only given forty per cent. of the nominal value, they have made sixty per cent. by the bargain. The answer that seems so obvious to us is not obvious to these quarrellers with fortune. They only know that they are being pillaged by the foreigner, and directly they get a chance they determine to have their revenge. In the first instance, it is a question of getting money into the country. They sanction the loan on

the railway, and are not very particular as to the terms. It is so very nice to get hold of the hard gold or silver of infatuated Britishers. But when the money is paid, and subsidiary questions are raised—as they are sure in course of time to be raised in countries where uncertainty prevails, where it is often physically impossible to carry out a bargain strictly, and where revolution after revolution brings new persons into power—then the desired opportunity is given, and the assistance promised by the Government, and asked for from the Legislature, is denied. The Deputies can always prove to themselves that they are being robbed. If, for example, it is a railway that is the subject of dispute, there is always some loafing insolvent native who swears that he could do the work for a quarter of the money, and who, by leaving out of his calculation such trifles as bridges, tunnels, culverts, permanent way, and transport, and by basing his calculations exclusively on the cheapest cost of the easiest part of the earthwork, proves conclusively to himself and to an admiring native public that he was really the right man who ought to have been put into the right place, and that because he is not there a system of wholesale fraud and plunder is going on. Inspired by his figures, and animated by his conclusive reasoning, the Deputies combine to vindicate the national honour, and vote manfully against the proposals of the Government. Probably, in the long run, the Government triumphs. It has opportunities of learning what are the real merits of the case; it feels the enormous daily inconvenience of having to conduct the affairs of a nation the credit of which is impeached; it can make its influence felt in a thousand quiet, secret ways, of which foreigners know nothing. The Deputies themselves begin to be shaken in their opinions; they are staggered at finding that the public works of their country are at a standstill; the ingenious native contractor passes from the stage of audacious insolvency to the stage in which he has got to hide himself. The tide of opinion has turned, and ultimately the required vote is carried; but not until the British investor has been thoroughly alarmed, and has bitterly repented of the moment in which he sent his beloved sovereigns to such a country.

It would, however, be a great mistake to include all investments in foreign countries like Spain and Portugal and their colonies in a general and sweeping condemnation. There are investments in such countries which are very sound investments of their sort. Of course the very best investments in such countries ought to yield a high rate of interest, because there is always the element of political insecurity. But this element is not so great as might be thought, if only the investment is rightly chosen. Property, realized ascertainable property, is worth more in such countries than might be supposed. If money is asked for to make a railway, the investment is unquestionably dangerous; but if money is asked for on the security of a railway already made, or of any other going and profitable concern, the risk is not really great, and the advantages which may be honestly offered are very considerable. Let the foreigners make their railway, or canal, or works of irrigation, or any other construction of industrial enterprise, and then, if they come to raise money on it, they have a bargain to propose which is very well worth listening to. This is exactly what has been done in many instances, and, as a general rule, investors in such cases have found themselves perfectly safe. Egypt, Cuba, and Peru, for example, are not countries enjoying the best of credit; but when they have finished works yielding a clear profit, they have asked for money on the security, and have not asked in vain, and have not disappointed those to whom they have successfully applied. It is true that equal comfort has not been the lot of those who have advanced on what they thought a similar security in the United States. But that is because the accounts of American railways are very hard to unravel, and—not to put too fine a point on it—because the statements made regarding them to the British public have been wholly untrue. There has been a railway, but it has been thoroughly rotten—with wooden bridges tumbling down almost before they are put up, with no rolling-stock worth mentioning, and with receipts calculated according to what they might be rather than what they are. The British investor should only advance on sound undertakings in a sound condition. No very great value is ever to be attached to Government guarantees or Government subventions in out-of-the-way countries. There is always sure to arise some PHARAOH that knows not the English JOSEPH, and feels it to be a national duty not to waste any more money on foreigners who have got into a scrape. But it is one thing to withhold payment, and another thing to interfere with acquired property. A concern that is yielding a profit is left to itself, and its owners may make what bargain they please with strangers.

Unless in cases wholly exceptional, the changes of government in Spain and Portugal and their colonies, and in countries similarly situated—under which head all countries governed by Mahomedans may be reckoned—do not necessarily put property in peril. Confiscation and spoliation are not pressing or imminent dangers. The risk is that a disturbed state of affairs may lessen traffic and reduce profits, and this risk ought to be covered by the rate of interest. But the concern itself will go on, and will yield a return more or less good year by year. It may be said that to insist that English capital shall only go to such countries when secured by ascertained and realized property is to forbid enterprise in countries where there is little accumulated wealth, and where what there is is all hoarded. That is the look-out of those countries and of the people who live in them. They must be taught that they cannot have English money for the mere asking. They must make a beginning for themselves; and when they have made it, they can borrow on the strength of what they have done, and so get new funds to prosecute the enterprise. This may be a slow way of going on, but it is the only sure one, and foreign nations of the fifth-rate kind would soon find it was the one they must adopt if British capitalists would countenance no other.

#### AMERICA.

THE adjournment of the American Congress probably produces, like the prorogation of the English Parliament, a general feeling of relief. For a short time at least perverse legislation will be interrupted, and Mr. JOHNSON will have no hostile body to which he can address irritating communications. The last Message to Congress was the more absurdly injudicious because it was evidently suggested by disappointment on account of the Democratic nomination. The most popular President, acting in perfect concert with the Legislature, would scarcely venture to propose a fundamental change in the system of election during a contest for the Presidency; but Mr. JOHNSON perhaps considers that inability to give effect to his recommendations exempts him from the restraints of wisdom and propriety. Not having been chosen by the New York Convention, Mr. JOHNSON has suddenly discovered that the sovereign American people has an extremely small share in the selection of its principal officers. By universal custom the choice of candidates is determined by a few delegates under the influence of a small and active section of their own body. The whole party is pledged in advance to support the nominee of the Convention; and consequently not a single vote will be given for the meritorious Democratic leader who not unnaturally thinks that his services entitle him to re-election. To the PRESIDENT, meditating on these things, it has occurred, not that a mob needs artificial organization to enable it to act, but that the complicated machinery of Presidential electors accounts for the transfer of power from the mass of the people to a knot of political managers. The mode of election is in fact singular and anomalous, though it might be doubtful whether any change would produce better Presidents. There is no security that the successful candidate will represent the majority, for each State votes as a unit with a power proportioned to its population; and it may well happen that, if all the votes were added together, the defeated candidate might largely outnumber his rival. If New York were to vote unanimously for the Democratic nominee, while Ohio and Pennsylvania gave small majorities to his Republican opponent, nearly fifty Presidential votes would perhaps represent two millions of persons, while six millions would only give thirty-three votes. On the whole, any accidental barrier or floodgate which breaks the flow of pure democracy is likely to be useful; but, according to modern American doctrines, Mr. JOHNSON is theoretically in the right. A divine and supreme majority should in consistency outnumber the opposite party, but it is beyond the power of institutions to vest a political initiative in the multitude. Active partisans will always manipulate universal suffrage by the aid of combinations more or less resembling the arrangements of American Conventions. At this moment the Liberal Committee of Birmingham is strenuously urging the electors to suppress their personal preferences, and to give their votes at the impending election to the candidates who may be designated by the local managers.

The PRESIDENT may find a miserable excuse for his paradoxical Messages in the more practical blunders of Congress, and yet it happens that the most vicious measures which have recently been adopted were strongly advocated by his own political allies. The Citizens' Protection Act has been passed without the famous kidnapping clause which was



devised by Mr. BANKS, and cordially supported by the majority of the House of Representatives; but the entire Act was wholly unnecessary, nor would it have ever been proposed except for the encouragement of the Fenian conspiracy and as a demonstration of animosity to England. The most important section of the Act provides that naturalized citizens shall be entitled in foreign countries to the same protection which is accorded to native-born citizens. No exception is made in the case of foreigners who have, like KOSSUTH, GARIBALDI, and some of the Fenian leaders, resumed their original domicile, after a temporary residence in the United States. Hungarians, Italians, or Irishmen are to enjoy in their native countries the immunities of aliens, while they claim the character of patriots; and the power of the United States is, in case of need, to be exerted for the protection of their amphibious nationality. Congress was fully aware that England, against which its legislation is spitefully directed, was perfectly willing to accept the doctrine of expatriation in all cases where the domicile is genuinely and permanently transferred to the United States; but the object of Mr. BANKS and his associates was not to vindicate justice, nor to remove an existing anomaly, but to offer a wanton affront and to provide occasions of collision. By the last section of the Act the PRESIDENT is required to take, when any American citizen is unjustly imprisoned, the steps which it would be the duty of any Executive Government to take without special instructions. The cases in which there will be just cause for interference will be extremely rare, nor are foreign Governments in any way bound by the municipal legislation of the United States; but when laws are enacted for the express purpose of preparing the way for quarrels, it is not impossible that the intended consequence may follow.

The Bill for raising a new loan to take the place of existing obligations can have no direct or practical operation, but it virtually repudiates, on behalf of the Republican majority in Congress, the pledges voluntarily given by the party at Chicago. A Bill for the issue at par of an enormous amount of stock, at a rate of interest of between three and four per cent., might seem a bad and purposeless joke at a time when United States bonds are sold to pay seven per cent.; but it is the undisguised object of the promoters of the measure to prepare the way for a forced commutation of six per cent. bonds into the new securities. It is evident that the Democrats gained the start of their adversaries in interpreting the popular will, and that the Republicans, at least in the Western States, will compete with them in zeal for repudiation; nor is it easy to discover any visible foundation for the pleasing prediction of the *Times*, that the cause of financial dishonesty will languish when deprived of the countenance and support of the late Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS. The communications by which the friends of either party in England endeavour to prepare prejudiced minds for a startling fraud afford a curious study. Democratic writers pretend that they believe it possible to raise the paper currency to par; and Republicans argue that the so-called Funding Bill provides, in extension of time, an equivalent for the proposed reduction of interest. So many words would not be needed to explain the simple process of paying a debt in full according to the true intent of the contract. All but the most sanguine holders of American securities must by this time have despaired of ever recovering their principal. Mr. VALANDIGHAM has explained in an elaborate speech that, in advocating the payment of the Five-Twenty Bonds in greenbacks, he perfectly agrees with Mr. SEYMOUR, who was chosen as the Democratic candidate in the hope that his professed preference for a policy of good faith might conciliate the Eastern States. It is true that in accepting the nomination he waived his objections to the platform. General GRANT has been as reticent on the subject of the debt as on all other political topics; and the execution of the popular designs will belong rather to Congress than to the PRESIDENT. It is understood that, when Congress reassembles, the tariff will be once more botched up in a spirit corresponding to the financial policy of Congress. Systematic discouragement of foreign imports has not yet satisfied the exigency of producers; nor has it occurred to the American mind that every community consists of consumers. Copper, and manufacturers, and agricultural producers still require increased protection; and every corrupt and selfish interest allies itself with every other. It is fortunate that Free Trade was established in England at a time when it was supposed that protective doctrines were aristocratic; and possibly the prejudice may survive the regard for sound economical doctrines which has determined legislation for a quarter of a century. The only sound portion of the

financial legislation of Congress has consisted in provisions for the reduction of expenditure; but recently the House of Representatives has refused to concur in the measure which had passed the Senate for the diminution of the numbers of the army. It was thought that military occupation might still be indispensable in some of the Southern States, especially since the PRESIDENT has once more declared that the new Governments are irregular and unconstitutional. It cannot be said that an army of fifty thousand men is excessively large; and if double the force were required, the United States could well afford the expense. In this particular instance Congress has been influenced by political considerations which may perhaps be sound and weighty. The errors of its financial and commercial legislation tend not to extravagance, but to injustice which, in its effects on the national credit, is as wasteful as it is offensive.

#### FRANCE.

THE universal anxiety as to the intentions of the French EMPEROR has not been allayed by the Imperial speech at Troyes. There was, indeed, nothing in what was said to alarm anybody, and the friends of the EMPEROR complain that the Paris Bourse is always trembling at shadows, and warping the most innocuous words into symptoms of coming war. It is very hard, say they, that the EMPEROR can neither speak nor be silent without misconception. Impartial persons, on the other hand, will probably be of opinion that it is exclusively the fault of NAPOLEON III. if he is misunderstood, and that the French nation have to thank his policy alone for the continued suspense which is slowly reducing to despair the friends of peace. The sullen attitude long since adopted by the French Government towards Germany is the worst sign of the times, and so long as this subsists unchanged, the absence of overt expressions of hostility in an Imperial oration only proves to France that the hour to move upon the Rhine has not yet struck. Translated by this light into the verbiage of common life, the Troyes speech simply seems, to Frenchmen, to signify "not yet," and the perhaps accidental expression "aujourd'hui" has not been considered inconsistent with the settled view that the present tranquillity is at best ephemeral. If NAPOLEON III. wishes to reassure the world there is but one way of doing it, and that is to relinquish publicly all thought and wish of interrupting the progress of the great German fabric. The demolition of national rivalry is, however, a task too great for the strength of a Government which, like the Imperial, exists by appealing to the vanities and prejudices of its subjects. The spirit of the international duellist is what Napoleonism on one side represents. The Empire at present is not peace, but war constantly threatened, and indefinitely adjourned.

Lord STANLEY's interview with M. DE MOUSTIER can scarcely be taken to be an event of European importance. HER MAJESTY's Cabinet are familiar with the state and the suspense of the Continent, and we fear that Lord STANLEY is not able to do much to remove it. The dissatisfaction with which Great Britain witnesses the outbreak of a European conflict is a topic on which the Foreign Office is always eloquent. Lord STANLEY cannot say more on the subject of the wickedness of war than half a dozen of his predecessors have often said, and his conversation with the French Minister was doubtless of the stereotyped form. If M. DE MOUSTIER had, in return, been able to tell Lord STANLEY what was going to happen this autumn or next spring, he would have been a wiser man than his Imperial master. Nobody knows this, not even the EMPEROR himself. NAPOLEON III. has made a science of the habit of irresolution, and defies all prediction. To-day the Marshals of the French army may be brightening up their sabres; to-morrow Baron BEUST may say something at Vienna, and the Imperial Cabinet in Paris will be again a focus of perplexity and hesitation. Europe is being paralysed and menaced by an Imperial HAMLET. It is no doubt his destiny to avenge his father's ghost, only he never can summon up resolution to strike the blow; and enterprises of great moment are thus always on the eve of being undertaken. The intercourse between the English and French Foreign Ministers must, therefore, have been of an unsubstantial kind; for it is not easy for the most practised student of human nature to penetrate the secret designs of the irresolute. Unfortunately for the happiness of Europe, Great Britain, whatever her pacific predilections, has not the moral or political influence on the Continent requisite to ensure peace. A non-combatant on the eve of battle becomes a personage of minor consequence, and there is no immediate prospect of England's being drawn into

the vortex of Continental hostilities. At the present moment Lord STANLEY's visit to M. DE MOUSTIER will exercise about the same influence on the events of the future that belongs to the afternoon visit of the Empress EUGÉNIE to Queen VICTORIA. A more potent intercessor in the interests of peace may perhaps have been found, during the last fortnight, in the Austrian Embassy. It is tolerably certain that Austria has been acting throughout the summer with prudence and with dignity, and that Baron BEUST does not intend to call in foreign arms to reconquer for the Austrian EMPEROR his lost place in Germany. The recent Vienna demonstrations have been accompanied by language which has naturally been acceptable to Prussia; and if NAPOLEON III. wants a catspaw, he will not find one in Baron BEUST. Austria clearly is not desirous of recommencing a struggle from which she could acquire little glory and no solid satisfaction; and a single-handed contest between France and Prussia is a prospect sufficiently serious to make even the vainest of Frenchmen pause. Putting Austria aside, the French have no obvious ally on the Continent to whom they can trust for valuable co-operation. It can scarcely be to the interest of Belgium to abandon the safe position of a neutral for the precarious privilege of fighting Prussia under the Emperor NAPOLEON's shield; and indeed the neutrality of Belgium has been held, by more than one French authority, to be of more strategical value to France than a contingent of 100,000 Belgians. An offensive alliance between Italy and France is at present improbable or impossible. The ill-advised Parliamentary scandal caused by General LA MARMORA's recent speech is supposed to have been arranged by France in order to separate Prussia from her natural and her recent ally; nor can it be denied that the Prussian reports of which General LA MARMORA complained were calculated to irritate the vanity of sensitive Italians. The instinct of self-preservation will, however, assuredly prevent Italy from co-operating against German unity. The Roman question, moreover, still remains; and it is as certain this year as it was last, that to crush liberal progress in Germany NAPOLEON III. must recognise it in the Italian peninsula.

We have been told now for the last fifteen years that public opinion in France is unsettled, that the Empire is unpopular, and that to pacify his restless subjects NAPOLEON III. must do something in the way of military enterprise. No Englishmen, and very few Frenchmen, have it in their power to measure exactly the state of feeling in France about the Imperial Government. There is no such thing as public opinion in France. There are a Paris opinion, and a Lyons opinion, and a Bordeaux opinion, and a number of varying and dissimilar provincial opinions, none of which bear the least relation to, or are in the least dependent on, each other. How far the balance of all these is in favour of or against immediate change in the French system, or how far the EMPEROR is powerful enough to be indifferent to what the balance of them may be, is a problem totally insoluble to any but a very select knot of personages of whom NAPOLEON III. is one. Still, if we are to attempt to judge of France by the state of Paris, it cannot be denied that there has been of late, and still is, more uneasiness and dissatisfaction in the French capital than at any time for some years past. The Opposition has taken heart, and has become audacious. M. ROCHEFORT's *Lanterne* is an omen of the times. It is true that he has had to leave France; but he has been driven out of it by a sidewind, and not by a direct Press prosecution, as would have been the case three or four years back. A little episode like that which occurred this week in the hall of the Sorbonne, when the son of General CAVAIGNAC declined to receive his Greek prize from the hands of the PRINCE IMPERIAL, does not come to much. But Paris is a place where straws, and straws only, show the wind. And there can be no doubt that straws are being whirled about in every direction, in a fashion which disposes one to believe that the wind is rising. After all, there is no longer any intelligible reason why France should go on being governed by her present rulers. They are not very successful, or very wise, and they are distinctly expensive. The Imperial game at first was exciting, if not moral; but really it is a question whether it is, under present circumstances, worth the candles that are burned for it.

#### RAILWAY PROSPECTS.

THE half-yearly railway dividends which have lately been declared are moderately good, although they afford no encouragement to renewed speculation. The stagnation of industry has affected the goods traffic of the manufacturing districts, and it has in a much larger proportion diminished

the transit of coal. The Midland Company, as the greatest coal line, would probably have been able to maintain its former dividend but for the reduced demand for its chief article of freight; and the London and North-Western and Great Northern Companies must have suffered from the same cause. It is creditable to the administration of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company to have increased the dividend during a period of commercial depression; and it would be well if the Directors could communicate the secret of success to their neighbours of Manchester and Sheffield. Even the Great Eastern shareholders have at last enjoyed the unwanted pleasure of a cheerful, contented, and harmonious meeting. The Marquis of SALISBURY was the very Chairman whom the Company wanted, and he came exactly at the right time. It was as necessary to command the confidence of the proprietors as to deserve it, and Lord SALISBURY's reputation was therefore almost as valuable as his clear-headed vigour. The state of a Company which possessed a clear revenue of some hundreds of thousands, after paying interest on its debts, was not intrinsically desperate, but the financial affairs of the undertaking had become highly complicated from the time when the non-payment of the overdue London and Chatham debentures created a panic among the holders of railway obligations. Creditors of the Great Eastern Company consequently demanded their principal instead of renewing their loans, and the Chancery proceedings which ensued have not yet been formally completed; but the Chairman was able to inform his constituents that there was money in hand to meet all outstanding debts, and that provision was made for the debentures for several months. The preference shareholders who have lately been paid by deferred warrants, with the alternative of exchanging them for debenture stock, will henceforth receive their dividends in cash. The net receipts of the railway have increased within the year by fifteen per cent., representing both larger traffic and smaller working expenses. The Chairman prudently warned the meeting that savings are not likely to be repeated, although returns admit of indefinite extension; but, on the whole, he expressed a reasonable hope that the Company was at last approaching a season of prosperity. A portion of the Northern coal trade will, by arrangements with other Companies, be diverted to the Great Eastern on the completion of a coal depot in London, which has hitherto been delayed for want of means to pay the contractor. The great wheat harvest will bring a flood of temporary prosperity to the most agricultural of railway systems; and perhaps the general election, if it does no good in other respects, may for a time increase the passenger traffic.

A short experience has taught Lord SALISBURY to moderate his early zeal for the transfer of all possible charges to the revenue account. The prophets of cant have introduced much confusion into railway controversies by contending that the capital account ought seldom or never to be extended; and at one time Lord SALISBURY seemed to have been tainted with their heretical doctrines. At the late meeting he was content with the moderate and yet questionable proposition that it was proper, when a railway was in difficulties, to lean to the side of charging revenue rather than capital. As the Great Eastern Company has at last emerged from insolvency, the Directors or the shareholders are at liberty to deal with their own property in the manner which Lord SALISBURY reasonably approves. No man is defrauded when money is taken out of his right hand pocket to put it into his left. If shares never changed hands, payments from revenue or from capital would be mere matters of account, and the result would be as broad as it was long. The persons chiefly interested in the due control of the revenue account are purchasers, who necessarily judge of the value of shares by the published dividends. A Company which spends part of its income in substituting steel rails for iron imposes, with the consent of the majority of shareholders, a compulsory and perhaps prudent saving on the whole proprietary. The price of the shares may or may not be enhanced by the reputation of judicious administration as largely as by a fractional difference of dividend. Competent Directors or Chairmen are the best judges of the policy which they will adopt in providing for minor improvements, or in raising new capital for necessary extensions. Until the present half year, the Great Eastern Board would not have been justified in transferring a single shilling from the capital account to the debit of revenue. The preference shareholders were entitled to be paid in full, before a farthing was applied to enlargement of stations or improvement of the quality of the rails; nor was any injustice which they might suffer the more excusable because they may not have thought it worth while to institute proceedings after the example of



holders of similar shares in the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company. It might have been supposed that even the middle-headed theorists of railway finance would have understood that a mortgagee is not at liberty to apply to the improvement of his estate the money which is necessary to pay the interest of a loan. For the purpose of the discussion, preference shareholders having a fixed charge on the profits may be considered as creditors.

The Great Eastern Company, like the North-Eastern, has the advantage of a close monopoly extending over three counties, to compensate in some degree for the inelastic character of an almost purely rural traffic. Excepting in the new article of coals, there is no through inland traffic, and the small ports of Norfolk and Suffolk are little able to compete with their Northern or Southern rivals; but if the Eastern lines lead nowhere else, they drain and feed three of the most fertile counties of England, containing the not inconsiderable towns of Norwich, Cambridge, Bury, Ipswich, and Yarmouth. Corn, malt, cattle, and coals for local consumption ought with careful nursing to produce a valuable traffic, and the receipts already amount over the whole system to 50*l.* per mile a week, or 2,500*l.* a year. The total gross income of about a million and three-quarters now leaves a small residue of net profit for the ordinary shareholders, and in a few years the natural increase of traffic will, in default of some serious drawback, produce a tolerably good dividend. There is every reason to expect that English railway property will gradually become more productive, and in a larger proportion more valuable. At present shares in the most prosperous undertakings may be bought for twenty years' purchase of the present dividends, although the purchaser will almost certainly receive a much larger income if he holds the shares for eight or ten years. The effect of the disasters of 1866 must be partially exhausted; and when good times return, railway shareholders will find that adversity has worn for them in her head the precious jewel of temporary freedom from competition. The wholesale bankruptcy of contractors has for the present relieved the Companies from the onerous necessity of providing their districts with increased accommodation; and in some parts of the country, as in Sussex and Kent, complainant Committees of Parliament have allowed Companies, almost without inquiry, to repudiate burdensome obligations. The capital account has, except for small additions, been closed for the time; and five or six years may probably elapse before the public interest will once more begin to be taken into consideration. A similar period, extending from 1850 to 1858, produced the prosperity which in turn, by encouraging speculation, led to the present depression. It is possible that the railway system may have been extended somewhat too rapidly, but the traffic returns of the principal systems show how urgently the great bulk of the existing lines must have been required. The London and North-Western Company earns 100*l.* a mile a week over a system of 1,350 miles; and even the Great Western, over an equal mileage, averages nearly 60*l.* The trunk lines of course accommodate far more than their mileage proportion of the traffic; but the most profitable branches, while they feed the main lines, open up districts to which they are almost indispensable. The unhappy London and Chatham and Dover receives about 120*l.* per mile, which might perhaps have provided a dividend on the capital which was really expended in the construction of the line, but for the large proportion of expenditure on metropolitan stations to the capabilities of the system. Half the cost of Victoria and its approaches, and the whole cost of Ludgate Hill with its bridge, are charged on the receipts of 130 or 140 miles of railway. In less hopeless undertakings the shareholders may, for the present, repose in full confidence that the tree which they have planted will grow while they are sleeping. Proprietors may learn from the example of the Great Eastern that their reviving enterprises may be advantageously administered by Directors who, in addition to honesty, enjoy its shadow in the form of established character. Neither Lord SALISBURY nor any other Chairman could have made something out of nothing; but when there is something forthcoming, it is satisfactory to believe on sufficient testimony that it is not imaginary or fictitious. A statesman cannot occupy intervals of political leisure better than by restoring the credit of great commercial undertakings.

#### THE DEADLOCK IN VICTORIA.

THE colony of Victoria seems destined to exemplify all the civil perplexities of which a colonial Government is susceptible. While the ecclesiastical condition of Natal

almost threatens to repeat the scandals and conflicts of an era which witnessed rival bishops leading their partisans in unseemly and truculent frays, the Parliamentary crisis of the young Australian colony realizes the anticipations of the most cynical or the most timid theorists. Without a substantial grievance, in the most ample enjoyment of real liberty and material prosperity, a stranger to the social wants and contrasts of European nations, Victoria has discovered as good a cause of complaint and indignation as if she had had a settled government for five hundred years. The deadlock which existed a year ago exists still, and, what is worse, with fresh ingredients of strife and animosity. The Ministry which was to have extricated the colony from its slough of despond is proved to be at once helpless and contemptible. At the time of the last advices its existence was in imminent peril. The policy with which Sir H. MANNERS SUTTON initiated his Government was only a degree less unfortunate than the policy with which he has continued it. He began one Session by submitting to his Parliament the consideration of Lady DARLING's pension; he now opens another with a speech in which nothing is said on this question. And yet it is the question on which the former Parliament was dissolved and the present one elected. To suppose that so significant a reticence should be agreeable to a democratic assembly is to confess utter ignorance of colonies and their Parliaments. The indignity of studied silence was, to the colonial mind, aggravated by the insult of metropolitan dictation. The leaders of the Opposition would not under any circumstances have forbore to censure the discretion which was mute upon the most urgent and absorbing of their local questions; but when this silence was found to be the effect of instructions from Downing Street, their indignation knew no bounds. The Amendment to the Address, which was carried by a large majority, while it expressed the utmost loyalty to the person and deference to the authority of the Sovereign, distinctly denied the right of her Ministers to interfere in the purely local concerns of the colony. The framers of the Amendment do not indeed seem blind to the colourable right of the Crown to prescribe rules for the guidance of its own officers; but they appear to have satisfied themselves that regulations which would be constitutional in the case of an actual Governor could have no validity in the case of one who had ceased to be a Governor. That the regulation by which an actual Governor is bound must include obedience to the commands of the Sovereign, conveyed through the Secretary of State, was too obvious a reply for Sir H. MANNERS SUTTON not to make. And it still remains for the constitutional statesmen of Melbourne to explain how an officer whose authority is derived from the Sovereign can be expected to postpone the Sovereign's instructions to the wishes of the Assembly. But the GOVERNOR was less anxious to wage a controversial war with success than to propose a basis of practical agreement. Although he had abstained in the last instance from recommending the DARLING grant for the consideration of the Assembly, he professed his readiness to acquiesce in its legitimate settlement by the three branches of the Colonial Legislature. To an offer so conciliatory it might have been supposed that only one answer could be returned, and that one of cordial and grateful acceptance. But colonial Oppositions are not organized, any more than those at home, for the purpose of being conciliated. The Victorian Opposition had not taken up its ground for nothing. So, when the GOVERNOR professed his willingness to assent to a constitutional settlement of the question, they rejoined that the only settlement which could satisfy them would be the insertion of the grant in the Appropriation Act. To this the GOVERNOR naturally demurred. This smuggling of a special and peculiar grant in the body of the Appropriation Bill had already been denounced as a dodge which, if constitutional in form, was unconstitutional in spirit, and had been one of the main irritants of the conflict between the Legislative Assembly and the Legislative Council. The refusal of the GOVERNOR exasperated the Opposition still further; and the leaders immediately carried, without a division, Resolutions praying for the dismissal of the Ministry. These Resolutions drew from the GOVERNOR a Message, in which he reminded the Assembly of the voluntary resignation of his former Ministers, and the long delay which had intervened before their successors would assume office; and, while he deplored the obstruction to all public business which the deadlock occasioned, he declined to take a step which was not certain to remove the obstruction or facilitate the return of harmonious legislation. After this only one course of proceeding could be anticipated, and the anticipa-

tion was fully realized. A Ministry with a weak minority is a Ministry of humiliations, and every humiliation in turn was fixed upon the Melbourne Cabinet. Leaders of the Opposition proposed and carried Resolutions defining the amount of supplies to be asked for, and also a Resolution recommending the renewal of the DARLING grant. Eventually the Opposition succeeded in adjourning the discussion to a day subsequent to the departure of the mail for England.

One thing is quite clear. The deadlock is extraordinary in its length and in its character. The whole public business of the colony is at a standstill; the public services are unprovided for; a sum of nearly 3,000,000*l.* required for their payment remains unvoted; and it is needless to add that all care for the public interests is wholly lost in the heat and passion of this squabble between the two Houses of the Legislature. But the difficulty is not one of passing moment. It is far deeper and wider. It underlies the whole question of constitutional government in the colonies. Is the form of government which is applicable to England applicable to them, or is it not? Is it possible that a colony should be governed precisely in the same way that England is governed, or is it not? What is a colony? It is usually understood to be in some sense a dependency on another country; at any rate, it is not an independent country in itself. An English colony is subject to the English Crown. Distance does not destroy the supremacy of the QUEEN. If this is a correct definition, is it competent to assert the pretensions and exercise the powers claimed by the Legislative Assembly of Victoria? In England the Sovereign is, in theory, a co-ordinate branch of the Legislature, and—modern writers may say what they will—practical statesmen always prefer to regard the Sovereign in that character. They do not realize this conception by putting the Monarch prominently forward, or by flourishing the veto in the face of the Legislature; but they do it by bringing the views of the Cabinet and those of the Monarch as much into harmony as possible, and the views of Parliament into accordance with both. It is idle to say that the Crown has no personal policy or wishes, and cannot personally gratify any political predilections. It is notorious that English Sovereigns within living memory have entertained strong political opinions, and not only entertained them, but gave effect to them; and so, even at the present day, would any King or Queen with a strong will, moderate tact, vigorous perception, and knowledge of public affairs. How far the Royal will had predominated could never be known, and statesmen of all parties would have an interest in keeping the secret. At any rate the Sovereign and the Ministry conjointly do stamp a character on a constitutional Government which would not be given to it either in a republic or an autocracy. Things go on differently in countries where one man, or one body of men, wields or controls the executive power. Yet this significant difference is the one which provokes the hostility of the Victorian Commons. They regard an official "communication from the QUEEN's Imperial advisers as a violation of the constitutional rights " of the Legislative Assembly." In other words, they regard the English Crown as incompetent to issue instructions to one of its own officers. The Governor of a colony is the representative and the servant of the Crown. No colonial Constitution can modify his relations to the Sovereign. There may be a compact between the Crown and the colony, sealed by legislative enactment, that the Crown shall not interfere in the internal politics of the colony; but this compact cannot be construed to include within its scope regulations already in force as to the servants of the Crown. For instance, the Governor might have been enjoined to forbid any Ministry's proposing a pension, or a grant in any form, to an ex-Governor of the colony. Had this been done, the Crown would only have been commanding its representative to maintain a standing injunction with regard to a particular class of official persons. Yet, on the Victorian hypothesis, this would have been an interference with their political rights, and would have justified the resistance of the Assembly. In point of fact this has not been done. The GOVERNOR has done all that he could reasonably be expected to do. When his Ministry consisted of men who had a majority in the Assembly, and who were zealous for the DARLING grant, he consented to their proposing this grant. When that Ministry failed to carry its own measure through the Council, and a new Cabinet was formed, he simply ignored the question. When the Assembly resented this, he professed his readiness to comply with any constitutional mode of settling the business. Upon this the Assembly reiterated its preference of a mode which, if not unconstitutional, was at all events combative and irritating. Nothing could be

more conciliatory than the conduct of the GOVERNOR; nothing more dogged, obstinate, and contentious than that of the Assembly. That it is fighting not against the GOVERNOR or the Home Government, but against the Council, may be true enough. But this does not mend the matter. The Council has not usurped any undue powers. It acted, so far as we can see, not only with honest intentions, but with a just perception of constitutional usage. It has simply resisted the wishes of men who are one or two degrees less thoughtful and less educated than its own members. And because it has done this, the colony is punished with a prolonged deadlock.

That the return of Sir C. DARLING to the Colonial Service will put an end to the present difficulty, by removing the pretext for further obstruction, is an expectation which promises immediate convenience rather than permanent relief. It may be feared that the temper of the Victorian Assembly, as it has shown itself in the recent conflict, is not likely to lack material for future exasperation and resentment. And we must not be surprised if we hear questions raised as to the value of a formal connexion with a colony which asserts the equality of an independent State and requires all the protection of a dependency. The ultimate conclusion at which sober and reflecting minds are likely to arrive is certainly not favourable to aspirations of colonial development, or to the self-complacency of domestic optimism. Colonies are generally compared to children. But the affection which subsists between children and parents is fostered, if it is not produced, by the reflection that death will, sooner or later, snap the tie of relationship. If parents never died, the strain upon filial reverence and devotion might become unbearable. The parent of a colony never dies, and its claims upon the homage and obedience of its offspring are apt to become every year more distasteful. The conduct of Victoria is not pleasant to contemplate, but it is not unnatural.

#### VOLUNTEER GUNNERS.

IT is the misfortune of the National Artillery Association that it is too good to attract the notice it deserves. The whole proceedings during the competition week at Shoeburyness are so thoroughly businesslike, the camp is so exclusively military, and there is such a marked absence of the vagrant pleasure-seekers who swell the motley crowd at Wimbledon, that somehow or other half the Volunteer world, and nearly all the world in general, is profoundly ignorant that anything of interest is going on at all down on those out-of-the-way sands beyond Southend. And yet there are many points in which, if comparison were allowed, one must give the Shoeburyness meeting the preference over its more showy rival at Wimbledon. Colonel HARCOURT, the energetic President of the Association, quoted a saying of the late Adjutant-General of the Royal Artillery, that a man who put on a blue coat could not be a bad fellow. Whether the colour of their uniform has anything to do with it we must leave others to decide, but it is an admitted fact that the artillery are in many respects the cream of the Volunteers. Perhaps there may be something in the conditions of their service to which Colonel HARCOURT referred, for it is certainly true that there can be no playing at artillery work. Only those who are in earnest would think of joining an artillery corps; and with such picked material to start with, it is no wonder that the exigencies of great-gun drill develop a measure of smartness and discipline, not superior perhaps to that reached by the *élite* of the Volunteer infantry, but certainly beyond the average standard of the whole force. That this should be so is the more satisfactory because the artillery would be the first branch to be called upon in the event of the services of the Volunteers being required. If we may judge from the reports of the Shoeburyness firing, and from the hearty commendations bestowed by officers of experience on the competing detachments, the dexterity of the Volunteers with their own clumsy weapon, the obsolete smooth-bore, was really remarkable, and the rapidity with which some of them picked up the unaccustomed Armstrong drill so as to make good and smart practice for the QUEEN's prize was most creditable.

From the commencement of these artillery meetings, four years ago, there has not been a discouraging sign for the Association. In pecuniary strength it cannot compare with the elder Society which cultivates the rifle at Wimbledon, for it has neither a host of sightseers to contribute their shillings, nor a long list of subscribers to assist in bearing the heavy expenses of an artillery competition. As far, perhaps, as has



been practicable, the National Rifle Association has held out a helping hand, and whatever could be done was done by the officers of the Royal Artillery to further the objects of the meeting. But for the needful funds the Association has had to rely upon its own members, and after a few years of something like difficulty, the Council have found the attendance at the competition doubled, and the permanence of their organization fairly established. A multitudinous gathering like that which is attracted by the thousands of pounds spent in prizes at Wimbledon is not to be expected. Still the attraction of a few prizes of the right sort—cups more to be valued in general for the honour of winning them than for their costliness—has proved sufficient to draw artillerymen from every corner of the island. The Midlothian Coast Artillery sent up five gun detachments, and were rewarded by carrying off the first prize given by the National Rifle Association. York, Northumberland, and Durham, though not very conveniently situated for a meeting on the Thames, managed to contribute several detachments, Yorkshire taking the grand prize of the meeting, the QUEEN'S Cup, and Northumberland heading the score with some very splendid shooting for a prize given by Colonel ADAIR under rather singular conditions. It has long been known that the range and accuracy of spherical smooth-bore shot depend in some degree on the manner in which they are placed in the gun. Scarcely any round shot has its centre of gravity strictly in the centre of the figure, and the heavy side can always be ascertained by floating the shot in a bath of mercury. By placing the shot with its heavy side upwards or downwards, to the right or to the left, the range can be increased or diminished, or a deflection given towards either side, at will. Before rifled guns were invented, the practical application of these scientific principles was of considerable importance, and as the Volunteers are not yet allowed the luxury of Armstrong guns, Colonel ADAIR has thought it worth while to teach them how to make the most of the weapon they possess. For this purpose shot are served out for his competition with the heavy side marked, and the men are allowed to use their judgment in loading and laying their guns so as to make the best advantage of the eccentric position of the centre of gravity of the shot. In some instances the accuracy attained was astonishing—whether from general skill, from good luck, or from the capabilities of Colonel ADAIR's method, it might perhaps be difficult to determine. But the practice was eminently calculated to cultivate the intelligence of the competitors, and served well enough as a preparation for the higher-class work with Armstrong guns to which they were introduced for the QUEEN'S competition. Considering that the men had during the Association week first to learn how to handle the rifled guns, and then to compete with them, it was scarcely to be expected that they should do full justice to so unaccustomed though excellent a gun, and it was in the contest for the QUEEN'S prize that the shooting (after allowing for the superiority of the weapon used) was least satisfactory, except, indeed, in a still more difficult contest where the mark to be aimed at was itself in rapid motion. Every one knows the skill acquired by practised deerstalkers in hitting running game, and there is never any lack of bull's eyes made at the artificial running deer at Wimbledon. But great guns are not very manageable things with which to keep a moving target covered. It is said that the Royal Artillery, who are regularly trained in this drill, make admirable practice, even with very heavy guns. But the Volunteers had evidently not learned the trick, and though they made abundance of good shots, none of them succeeded in hitting a five-foot high target, moving at the rate of seven miles an hour, at a distance of 1,000 yards.

The broad result of the competition was, however, in the highest degree satisfactory. With the guns they are used to, imperfect as they are, the Volunteers have shown themselves capable of doing more than could be expected from smooth-bores. When tried after a few days' drill with the Armstrong, their practice, though actually better than with the old guns, does not approach so nearly to the capabilities of the weapon; while at the still more novel duty of firing at a target in motion, want of special practice showed itself even more palpably. In reality it is easier to shoot with a gun that can be trusted to carry true than with a coarser weapon, just as a trained rifleman will succeed better with a Metford small-bore than with a Government Enfield. But for this, as for everything else, experience is needed; and the best of Enfield shots are often completely baffled on their first attempt to handle so delicate a machine as a match-rifle. The contrast between

rifled and smooth-bore great guns is even more marked, and if it is desired to bring the Volunteer artillery fully up to the measure of efficiency of which they are capable, it is essential that they should be supplied with something better than the obsolete old guns with which they manage somehow to make such extraordinary practice. We do not know how far it would be practicable to supply the requisite number of rifled guns, but the real excellence attained by the Volunteer artillery under rather discouraging conditions deserves to be rewarded as soon as may be by the opportunity of perfecting themselves in the more finished practice of the Armstrong gun. Notwithstanding the supposed indifference of the present occupants of the War Office to the well-being of the Volunteers, it has not yet shown any special unwillingness to consult the wishes of the artillery arm of the service. Besides, the Ministry may not live for ever; and if either Sir JOHN PAKINGTON or his successor should find it possible to replace the smooth-bores served out to the Volunteers by rifled guns, the vast increase of efficiency that would result would amply repay any outlay that the change might involve.

#### LAURELS.

IT is plainly an extremely difficult thing for a man to know when he has failed. We constantly see mistakes made in the gloomy no less than in the sanguine direction, and almost as many persons believe they have failed when they have not, as that they have succeeded when in fact they have failed. The mistake in either case comes from a defective computation of what one can do. Sometimes a man is convinced that he has a fund of latent capacity which circumstances have forbidden him to make the most of; sometimes, on the other hand, his ideal and aim is very much below what his capacities justified people in expecting from him. Each believes that the world is a little unkind, or perhaps very unkind in his special case, though the man who insists that the world has undervalued him, or that circumstances have been too much for him, usually feels his treatment much more bitterly and poignantly than the other, whom outsiders flatter even while they tease him. The sting of self-reproach, even supposing that the popular exaggeration of your merit gets below the cuticle, is amply mitigated by the balm of self-satisfaction. The man who is persuaded that he could have done more and better had he chosen, usually ends by thinking very handsomely about himself. The sting of wounded vanity and unrecognised quality is much sharper; indeed, it is probably about the most painful thing that anybody who is sensible of it at all is capable of feeling. And this sore mortification is perhaps as often the lot of men of real merit as it is of those who deceive themselves as to their powers and abilities. The better the man of whom it takes possession, the more sour, violent, and insufferable he seems to become; the greater the power which it torments, the more vicious is the result. There are men of genuine distinction of mind who pass their days and nights in sheer purgatory because they are consumed with anger against a world which does not crown them everlastingly with bays, and pour money at their feet. They forget that the pre-eminence of their quality is the very reason why neither laurels nor dollars come thick about them. Distinction is, from its very name, a thing beyond the promiscuous appreciation of the crowd; and yet the bellowings and hand-clappings of the crowd have sometimes an irresistible attraction for men whom one would expect to show wiser discrimination of the things that are worth having by people who know how to respect themselves. The mean between an arrogant and supercilious contempt for the unjudging many, and a hungering and thirsting after praise and glory from them, incompetent as they are to bestow it in any worthy form, is at least as difficult to hit as most other means. If one should ask a cabman or a cheesemonger to dinner, one would neither expect him to grow enthusiastic over fine dry champagne, nor would one despise and buffet him for preferring a pot of old ale or a bottle of gooseberry. A child who should like an olive better than a spoonful of jam would be an unpleasant marvel; yet in matters literary, æsthetic, political, philosophical, what are the mass of readers other than babes or greengrocers? This is forgotten by the men who, putting hand to brow, find only a slender garland instead of the overtopping crown they had absurdly expected and unreasonably hoped. If their work is supremely good, how should it please minds that are supremely commonplace, as most minds inevitably must be, however the level of commonplace may vary from one time to another? It may be said that simple folk like Shakespeare, and that if Tupper is first in all drawing-rooms, yet at any rate Tennyson is second. This is true enough, and may be adequately explained, without damaging one's theory of the incompetency of common people to judge of uncommon work, by the fact that Mr. Tennyson, in spite of his consummate skill as an artist and very mild metaphysician, has yet an immense quantity of commonplace to which the groundlings may fly for sweet nurture and encouragement. The man who has not a fibre of commonplace in his whole composition can never achieve wide popularity. Mr. Gladstone is one of the most popular men in the country, not a little because of the Tupperian element in him, more endearing

than all others to that middle-class which men have at length wisely ceased to panegyricize as the backbone of Britain. His triumphant rival, from the days when he wore trousers of green velvet and wrote monstrous dare-devil tragedies, has shown an absolute want of this element; all the vials of vituperation have been poured out upon him, and still no man has called him commonplace, or failing in a strange, if not a loveable, kind of distinction. Yet no amount of success would win for Mr. Disraeli the confidence and affection of any large number of people outside of his personal circle. Why should not this reflection serve to console the band of poets, novelists, and philosophers whose audience is more select than numerous? They are apt to forget how powerfully women have to do with the distribution of laurels, and how thoroughly women dislike any of the more strongly-marked intellectual qualities. Women like to see vigorous and energetic will, but in the region of the intelligence, piquancy, salience, keenness, unflinching thoroughness of penetration, are distasteful and distressing to them. An epigram they abhor. A well-salted estimate of a circumstance or a person is as vinegar to their teeth and as smoke to their eyes. To have the slightest taste for occasionally trying how opinions and beliefs look when turned wrong side up or inside out is to be held accursed of them. Yet all these things, epigrams, well-salted estimates, playful inversion of beliefs, and the rest, enter largely into the making of certain kinds of distinction. And they thus prevent the shower of laurel wreaths to which the clever man, if he be also something of a weak man, too eagerly aspires.

The one consolation to the unappreciated hero is that, if ever he should be crowned by the voice of a large circle, the chances are strongly, with discretion on his part, of the applause growing ever wider and wider. Praise accumulates in geometric ratio, or at compound interest. Nowhere else, except perhaps in the matter of blame and disrepute, does the thin end of the wedge so infallibly, rapidly, and smoothly make way for the thick end, always provided you do not slacken force and pressure through indolence or folly. A little success is the almost certain precursor of a big success, and the big success, by coming second, is by much the more easily obtained of the two. It is difficult to tell whether England is worse or better than other countries in this respect, but at any rate the fact is certain, that here once to have a vogue gives you a position for life; there is always a majority to stand by your one hit, as the only needful guarantee for good work thenceforth and for ever. That the same poet should have written *In Memoriam* is enough to make thousands of people swear that *Enoch Arden* and *A Spiteful Letter* are consummate. The strangely unsupported and unsupportable hypothesis that certain bad lines are Milton's is still quite enough to set a crowd of people raving that the verses are seraphic and incomparable. It is only the first step which costs anything. Once leave the ruck by a tail's length, and there is sure to be a party ready to maintain that you are leading the van. For the vulgar notion of the amount of spite and envy in the world is a good deal overcharged. If the meanness of human nature is considerable, so is its ignorance and gullibility. Enthusiasm of a weak and ill-directed kind is much more abundant over the world than envy, and a man of size and real quality runs more risk of being led astray and spoilt by the one than he does of being trampled underfoot by the other. The worst detractor is less of an enemy than the unflinching panegyrist, yet the sugariness of panegyric on the palate makes men whom it would be absurd to call weak cry out that there is nothing so delicious, nothing so proper, though an hour of candid reflection would convince them irresistibly that there is nothing so ruinous, or so destructive of anything like free growth. It is natural that a man should love disciples, who are to his mind what progeny is to the flesh; but what monstrous inversion of the proper relationship that the master should sigh for the approval of the learner! In cases of this sort—and there are said, even in our enlightened day, to be poets and philosophers who stand thus—one is perplexed to know whether to despise more the boundless avidity of the teacher for applause or the sycophancy of the scholars who are so zealous to supply him with it. Like most other defects of character, this brings its own punishment along with it. For though detractors are not the majority of men, there are always one or two to be found; and to the man who makes all his account in plain unvarnished panegyric, the voice of a single disparager raises waters of bitterness which the pears of a hundred eunomists cannot make sweet. The profoundly vain man often endures as much torment from the consciousness that this or that person cannot be brought to like his work, as the great squire endures from the little patch or corner of another man's land which no price will induce the stubborn owner to part with. It is a comfort to know that this is so, and that those who are so wrong-natured as to be hard driven by an extravagant lust for praise, no matter whence it comes, should suffer the pains of Tantalus. This is the inevitable punishment of all excessive or mean appetites.

But though one despises the man who hunts voraciously after praise, without scruples as to its source or worth, a far heavier contempt is due to him who has no faculty for admiring and extolling. There are such men—detractors by system, disparagers on principle, born to play the odious part of slave in the chariot to everybody who does good or pleasure-giving work in his day and generation. Even the honest sycophant is a worthier creature than he who has no single leaf of laurel to bestow on living man, though

he grudgingly takes a chaplet or two to the tombs of the dead. To worship success as such is a bad thing, but to hate it as such is a worse. There is a queer form of this spirit, of which, perhaps, Boswell is the most characteristic example; it exists in those who are by temperament idolatrous, but who are by the very strength of this temperament men of one idol, or, at any rate, of one idol at a time. The idol seizes them so mightily and irresistibly that they zealously insist on shattering all other images. Mr. Carlyle has demanded our admiration for Boswell, because he had the sense and the love of excellence which enabled him to single out Johnson as a man to be revered. And this is just. But let us remember also that Boswell was horribly unfair in reference to everybody else. He could not endure the excellence of poor Goldsmith, and probably thought Burke a great bore. This is the danger of hero-worship, that its votaries are so apt to strip the laurels from the brows of lesser worthies in order to adorn supremely the worthy of the hour. They squander their money so profusely on a single object, as if that were the one thing worth following, that they are bankrupt in the face of ordinary claims. It is a dangerous speculation to invest all your powers of admiration thus in a single matter or in a single person. It is just possible that the object of your purchase may be morally or intellectually a pearl of great price, for which it is worth while to sacrifice all other tastes and prepossessions. But there is a risk. There are not many such pearls in the market; not many masters for whom it can be worth while to forsake all others.

#### MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

ONE of the many divisions of mankind which one frequently has occasion to make is into those people who do, and those who do not, habitually make the best of things. By making the best of things we do not mean turning them to good account practically, but putting a good face upon them, shedding over them a certain glow and colouring which does not properly belong to them, or at least does not appear to others to belong to them. To those whose nature does not incline them to make the best of things, this practice is a source of much vexation of spirit—a vexation which seems to have been keenly felt by Solomon when he described the singing of songs to a heavy heart as being like vinegar upon nitre. There are few ways in which a person of a spiteful disposition can more ingeniously, unobtrusively, and creditably give pain than by a judicious application of cheerful views to distressing subjects. The easy way in which the victim is made to appear in the character of a sort of devil's advocate, if he attempts to answer, is one of the most vexatious features of this species of torture. But, though powerful as an instrument of torture, the practice is by no means always cruel or even disagreeable. When moderate and well-timed it is at the worst an amiable weakness, and in its best form it is, if still a weakness, at any rate the intimacy of vigorous, though not necessarily of noble, minds. People who habitually make the best of things may be again subdivided into several classes, the members of which may be totally unlike in all other respects. There are the people who make the best of their own concerns, and there are those who make the best of other people's; while some are consistently cheerful on all subjects. Or they may be divided according to their motives; some people make the best of things upon principle, some from timidity, some from want of feeling, and some from natural lightness of heart. But the most important distinction is, that the habit of making the best of things arises in some cases from genuine cheerfulness, and in others from the very opposite cause. There is a large class of people commonly called cheerful who behave in a cheerful manner, not because they see no reason to the contrary, but because they see so much that they feel it necessary to interpose to redress the balance by an effort of will. In their case cheerfulness is only a sort of inverted gloom, and its effect upon other people is apt to be anything but cheering. A resolute determination to make the best of everything may take the form of heroism, of sternness, of severity, of pride, or of pathos, according to the temperament in which it occurs, and the occasions on which it is exercised; but it can scarcely ever, except upon the most indiscriminating observers, produce the effect of genuine sunshine. It is, however, often combined with natural cheerfulness, and may serve admirably as a sort of backbone to it. Without natural cheerfulness it is about as pleasing as a skeleton without its covering of flesh and blood. There is nothing more grim and repelling than an unbending refusal to acknowledge pain which nevertheless cannot be concealed, and people who have strength enough to endure much pain of body or mind often miscalculate their power of concealment. To persist in making the best of things, if it does not deceive anxious friends, can only make them feel that they are kept at arm's length. People who have much to endure are of course entitled to any alleviations which they can innocently obtain. Their friends would not grudge such alleviations even if obtained at the cost of pain to themselves; but if the erection of a barrier round the sufferer by a resolute denial of his pain be an alleviation to him, he ought to use and accept it as such, and not to confound the protection which his own weakness may require with a protection to his friends from the pain of seeing him suffer. It is so only if it really deceives them, which it does much less often than those who use it are apt to imagine. And nothing adds more bitterness to the pain of seeing suffering than to be denied the right of offering even sympathy. These considerations do not apply only to those great calamities of life which bring them into strong



relief. They are equally true in all the little troubles of every day, and as these are not unimportant in their sum, so neither is the pain which is given by too unbending a habit of making the best of things unimportant in the sum of its effects. And this is not the less true because the opposite error is so much more common. The dangers peculiar to the higher and rarer types of character are quite as real as those which belong to lower natures, and are much less likely to be provided against.

There is another form of inverted gloom, assuming the appearance of cheerfulness, which is less repellent, less voluntary, and therefore less likely to be seen through than that of which we have spoken, but which, to those who rightly interpret it, is perhaps even more sad to see. This is the optimism which arises from timidity. Persons who have a quick apprehension and a constitutionally excessive dread of pain often hold exceptionally mild and cheerful views. Indeed courage is as much required for maintaining a firm grasp of painful truths as for encountering painful events. Excessive sensibility to painful impressions leads people to evade the facts calculated to produce them. And this applies equally to facts which concern themselves and to those which concern others. It is quite possible to daub oneself as well as one's neighbours with untempered mortar; to lull oneself into actual unconsciousness of the dark side of one's circumstances, and in all good faith to give a delusively good account of oneself which may look like courageous cheerfulness, while it really arises only from want of courage to face the true state of the case. That people do by this means to a considerable extent actually succeed in eluding the pain appropriate to their circumstances cannot be denied, and the contrivance is one which it would be hard to condemn severely; but it is nevertheless a piteous thing to witness. If it is sometimes melancholy to see people resolutely making the best of things to others, because they can fight their own battles best without sympathy, it is far more melancholy to see them unconsciously making the best of things to themselves because they cannot fight their own battles at all, and feel instinctively that their only safety is in flight. The same tendency to evade painful facts sometimes produces a real or apparent want of sympathy; and a more or less clear perception of the true source of this kind of optimism accounts for the apparent perverseness with which it is often rejected by those whom it is intended to console.

But, happily, cheerfulness is sometimes *bonâ fide*. There are people who habitually make the best of things, not from a sense of duty, not from a dislike of sympathy, not from any shrinking from pain on their own account or for others, but simply from a natural and unconquerable lightness of heart. These people supply the oxygen of the moral atmosphere, and should be maintained at the public expense to keep it sweet and pure. Even if instead of being, as they generally are, active and otherwise estimable members of society, they did nothing but enjoy life, they would still be worth cultivating for the sake of the light and heat which they kindle. The only difficulty is how to regulate them. They are so irresistibly impelled to sing songs that, in a world where heavy hearts are unfortunately common, it is difficult always to keep the vinegar and nitre apart. As a general rule, it may be said that the burden of avoiding such collisions lies on the sad and sober persons rather than on the singers of songs, because very cheerful people are so much more readily recognised than those to whom cheerfulness is unwelcome; and because, by a little care, one may generally avoid provoking any active ebullition of cheerfulness, whereas the state of mind which is hurt by cheerfulness is passive, and therefore comparatively permanent. It is also unreasonable to expect any great consideration for the susceptibilities of melancholy people from the constitutionally cheerful, because the very fact of their being so implies a certain degree of insensibility, which involves a corresponding amount of blindness to other people's sensibility. A genuinely cheerful person makes the best of your troubles because they really do not appear to him very distressing, and it is for you to decide whether such a view will act on your mind as a tonic or an irritant. Considering how apt people are to exaggerate their own troubles, we should in all doubtful cases recommend a very free application of this remedy. In one case out of twenty perhaps the cheerful external view will be less true than the sufferer's own opinion, and in perhaps half a dozen more it will be irritating, notwithstanding, or even by reason of, its truth; but in the remaining thirteen, if not in more cases, it will go far towards effecting a cure.

A habit of making the best of things, in the sense of exaggerating in some degree their bright side, is of course, like everything which implies any departure from truth, to that extent a defect. But the exaggeration may be only relative—that is, things may really appear brighter to one person than to another; and an exceptionally cheerful person may not be exaggerating the bright side of things as they appear to him, although to others he may seem to be palpably making the best of them. This is the best and most genuine form of cheerfulness. But even this genuine bias on the side of brightness does imply a departure from exact truth, just as much as a bias on the other side. And it sometimes produces a curious effect, corresponding with that form of cheerfulness which we have already described as inverted gloom. This is an appearance of gloom which may be called inverted cheerfulness. People of very robust and buoyant minds often indulge in an amount of croaking which would drive a more sensitive person distracted. They will lavish condolences with a generosity which may be soothing as long as it does not occur to one that it costs

them nothing. And they will calmly predict all manner of public and private catastrophes, the contemplation of which seems only to afford an additional relief to their enjoyment of life, as the ice which is served at table heightens the comfort of a well-warmed dining-room. And just as assumed cheerfulness may be more pathetic than any complaint, so this wantonness of grumbling has often a kind of humorous luxuriance which suggests unfathomable depths of comfort. Everybody knows what it is to hail an outbreak of ill-humour as the surest sign of improvement in a convalescent. And a comfortable interpretation may be put upon a good deal of the discontent which people express under more ordinary circumstances.

All these varieties both in the inner feeling and in the form of its manifestation are intermingled in different people in such various proportions, and with such various modifications from individual character, that it becomes almost impossible in practice to guess at the degree of real cheerfulness represented by cheerful behaviour; and as such outward behaviour will be differently interpreted by different observers, it is equally impossible to predict its effects in any given case. Nobody can say with any confidence whether making the best of things will be cheering or depressing to others. In so far as it is believed to be an indication of genuine cheerfulness, the chances are that it may be rather welcome than otherwise to anybody who is not in such a state of depression as to feel that cheerfulness implies a want of sympathy. But the moment it is perceived to be in any degree assumed or practised upon principle, or the result of bluntness of sensation, the chances are that it will be either depressing or unpleasing to the spectator in proportion to the fineness of his own perceptions.

#### BUTTERCUPS.

IT is not the least debt we owe to the holidays that they give us our buttercups back again. Few faces have stirred us with a keener touch of pity through the whole of the season than the face of the pale, awkward girl who slips by us now and then on the stairs, a face mutinous in revolt against its imprisonment in black and mortar, dull with the boredom of the schoolroom, weary of the formal walk, the monotonous drive, the inevitable practice on that hated piano, the perpetual round of lessons from the odd creatures who leave their odder umbrellas in the hall. It is amazingly pleasant to meet the same little face on the lawn, and to see it blooming with new life at the touch of freedom and fresh air. It blooms with a sense of individuality, a sense of power. In town the buttercup was nobody, silent, unnoticed, lost in the bustle and splendour of elder sisterhood. Here among the fields and the hedges she is queen. Her very laugh, the reckless shout that calls for mamma's frown and dooms the governess to a headache, rings out like a claim of possession. Here in her own realm she rushes at once to the front, and if we find ourselves enjoying a scamper over the common or a run down the hillside, it is the buttercup that leads the way. All the silent defiance of her town bondage vanishes in the chatty familiarities of home. She has a story about the elm and the pond, she knows where Harry landed the trout last year, she is intimate with the keeper, and hints to us his mysterious hopes about the pheasants. She is great in short cuts through the woods, and has made herself wondrous lurking-places which she betrays under solemn promises of secrecy. She is a friend of every dog about the place, and if the pony lies nearest to her heart her lesser affections range over a world of favourites. It is hard to remember the pale, silent, school-girl of town in the vivid, chatty little buttercup, who hurries one from the parrot to the pigeon, from the stables to the farm, and who knows and describes the merits of every hound in the kennels. It is natural enough that the dethroned beauties who meet us at luncheon should wonder at our enthusiasm for nymphs of bread and butter, and ask, with a certain severity of scorn, the secret of our happy mornings. The secret is simply that the buttercup is at home, and that with the close of her bondage comes a grace and a naturalness that take her out of the realms of bread and butter. However difficult it may be for her maturer rivals to abdicate, it is the buttercup, in fact, who gives the tone to the holidays. There is a subtle contagion about pleasure, and it is from her that we catch the sense of largeness and liberty and physical enjoyment that gives a new zest to life. She laughs at our moans about sunshine as she laughs at our moans about mud, till we are as indifferent to mud and sunshine as she is herself. The whole atmosphere of our life is, in fact, changed, and it is amusing to recognise how much of the change we owe to the buttercup.

It is impossible, perhaps, to be whirled in this fashion out of the whisperings and boredoms of town without longing to know a little more of the pretty magician who works this wonderful transformation scene. But it is no easy matter to know much of the buttercup. Her whole charm lies in her freedom from self-consciousness; she has a reserved force of shyness behind all her familiarity, and of a very defiant sort of shyness. Her character, in fact, is one of which it is easier to feel the beauty than to analyse or describe it. Like all transitional phases, girlhood is full of picturesque inequalities, strange slumbers of one faculty and stranger developments of another; full of startling effects, of contrasts and surprises, of light and shade, that no other phase of life affords. Unconsciously, month after month drifts the buttercup on to womanhood; consciously she lives in the past of the child. She comes to us trailing clouds

of glory—as Wordsworth sings—from her earlier existence, from her home, her schoolroom, her catechism. The girl of twenty summers whose faith has been wrecked by clerical croquet looks with amazement on the implicit faith which the buttercup retains in the clergy. Even on the curate, shy and awkward as he is, she looks as on a being sacred and ineffable. Perhaps his very shyness and awkwardness creates a sympathy between the two, and rouses a keener remorse for her yawns under his sermons, and a keener gratitude for the heavenly generosity with which he bestowed on her the confirmation ticket. Free as she is from fancies, her conception of the daily life of her clergyman shows amusingly enough that she can attain a very fair pitch of idealism. We remember the story of a certain parson of our acquaintance who owned to a meek little buttercup his habit of carrying a book in his pocket for reading in leisure hours. “Ah, yes,” replied the eager little auditor, with a hush of real awe in her voice—“the Bible, of course!” Unluckily, it was the *Physiologie du Gout*. Still more does the sister of a couple of seasons wonder at the ardour and fidelity of buttercup friendships. In after-life men have friends and women have lovers. The home and the husband and the child absorb the whole tenderness of a woman where they only temper and moderate the old external affections of her spouse. But then girl-friendship is a much more vivid and far more universal thing than friendship among boys. The one means, in nine cases out of ten, an accident of neighbourhood in school that fades with the next remove, or a partnership in some venture, or a common attachment to some particular game. But the school friendship of a girl is a passionate idolatry and devotion of friend for friend. Their desks are full of little gifts to each other. They have pet names that no strange ear may know, and hidden photographs that no strange eye may see. They share all the innocent secrets of their hearts; they are fondly interested in one another’s brothers, they plan subtle devices to wear the same ribbons and to dress their hair in the same fashion. No amount of affection ever made a boy like the business of writing his friend a letter in the holidays, but half the charm of holidays to a girl lies in the letters they get and the letters they send. Nothing save friendship itself is more sacred to girlhood than a friend’s letter; nothing more exquisite than the pleasure of stealing from the breakfast table to kiss it and read it, and then tie it up with the rest that lie in the nook that nobody knows but the one pet brother. The pet brother is as necessary an element in buttercup life as the friend. He is generally the dullest, the most awkward, the most silent of the family group. He takes all this sisterly devotion as a matter of course, and half resents it as a matter of boredom. He is fond of informing his adorer that he hates girls, that they are always kissing and crying, and that they can’t play cricket. The buttercup rushes away to pour out her woes to her little nest in the woods, and hurries back to worship as before. Girlhood, indeed, is the one stage of feminine existence in which woman has brothers. Her first season out digs a gulf between their sister and “the boys” of the family that nothing can fill up. Henceforth the latter are useful to get tickets for her, to carry her shawls, to drive her to Goodwood or to Lord’s. In the mere fetching and carrying business they sink into the general ruck of cousins, grumbling only a little more than cousins usually do at the luck that dooms them to hew wood and draw water for the belle of the season. But in the pure equality of earlier days, the buttercup shares half the games and all the secrets of the boys about her, and brotherhood and sisterhood are very real things indeed.

Unluckily the holidays pass away, and the buttercup passes away like the holidays. There is a strange humour about the subtle gradations by which girlhood passes out of all this free, genial, irreflective life into the self-consciousness, the reserve, the artificiality of womanhood. It is the sudden discovery of a new sense of enjoyment that first whirls the buttercup out of her purely family affections. She laughs at the worship of her new adorer. She is as far as Dian herself from any return of it; but the sense of power is awakened, and she has a sort of puckish pride in bringing her suitor to her feet. Nobody is so exacting, so capricious, so uncertain, so fascinating as a buttercup, because no one is so perfectly free from love. The first touch of passion renders her more exacting and more charming than ever. She resents the suspicion of a tenderness whose very novelty scares her, and she visits her resentment on her worshipper. If he enjoys a kind farewell overnight, he atones for it by the coldest greeting in the morning. There are days when the buttercup runs a-muck among her adorers, days of snubbing and sarcasm and bitterness. The poor little bird beats savagely against the wires that are closing her round. And then there are days of pure abandon and coquetry and fun. The buttercup flirts, but she flirts in such an open and ingenuous fashion that nobody is a bit the worse for it. She tells you the fun she had overnight with that charming young fellow from Oxford, and you know that to-morrow she will be telling that hated Guardsman what fun she has had with you. She is a little dazzled with the wealth and profusion of the new life that is bursting on her, and she wings her way from one charming flower to another with little thought of more than a sip from each. Then there is a return of pure girlhood, days in which the buttercup is simply the buttercup again. Flirtations are forgotten, conquests are abandoned, brothers are worshipped with the old worship; and we start back, and rub our eyes, and wonder whether life is all a delusion, and whether this pure creature of home and bread and butter is the volatile, pro-

voking little puss who gave our hand such a significant squeeze yesterday. But it is just this utterly illogical, unreasonable, inconsequential character that gives the pursuit of the buttercup its charm. There is a pleasure in this irregular warfare, with its razzias and dashes and repulses and successes and skirmishes and flights, which we cannot get out of the regular operations of the sap and the mine. We sympathize with the ingenious gentleman who declined to study astronomy on the ground of his aversion to the sun for the monotonous regularity of its daily rising and setting. There is something delightfully cometary about the affection of the buttercup. Any experienced strategist in the art of getting married will tell us the exact time within which her elder sister may be reduced, and sketch for us a plan of the campaign. But the buttercup lies outside of the rules of war. She gives one the pleasure of adoration in its purest and most ideal form, and she adds to this the pleasure of *rouge et noir*. One feels in the presence of a buttercup the possibility of combining enjoyments which are in no other sphere compatible with each other—the delight, say, of a musing over *In Memoriam* with the fiercer joys of the gambling-table. And meanwhile the buttercup drifts on, reeking little of us and of our thoughts, into a world mysterious and unknown to her. Tones of deeper colour flush the pure white light of her dawn, and announce the fuller day of womanhood. And with the death of the dawn the buttercup passes insensibly away. The next season steals her from us; it is only the holidays that give her to us, and dispel half our conventionalities, our shams, our conceit with the laugh of the buttercup.

#### NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND THE REFORMATION.

THE Blessed Reformation, of which we have been so long and so vainly trying to find out the date, seems, according to those who ought to know, to have had a great number of very astonishing results. We learned a little time back from the Bishop of Carlisle that we owed to it both our spiritual and our temporal freedom. Lord Redesdale, in a later speech, seemed, though he did not commit himself so strongly as the Bishop, to hold that our Colonial Empire, and our general position in the world, are owing to the same Reformation:—

It was important to observe how entirely this nation had been blessed and made great since the Reformation. We were certainly a respectable European Power before that event, but gave no promise of our subsequent power and influence. But since that period, and especially during the time of Elizabeth, our Colonial Empire had been established, and we had extended our name, language, and religion over a very large portion of the globe.

It may perhaps be thought by some to be a somewhat Jewish way of looking at things to estimate the advantages of a religious change by the temporal prosperity which it is supposed to bring with it. But the assertion has often been made before Lord Redesdale, and it will most likely often be made again. It may therefore be worth while to look a little further into the facts of the case, without any special reference to Lord Redesdale or to any other particular statement on the subject. And for this purpose it will not be needful to dive again into the exact meaning of the word Reformation. People, as we have often shown, use that word in the vaguest way, without attaching any kind of meaning to it, and jumbling together a great many quite distinct events. But laying all this aside, there is the fact that the religious condition of England in 1570 differed widely from its religious condition in 1520. All the events which any one can possibly include under the head of the Reformation surely come within that period of fifty years. How far is there any reason to suppose that the advances made since that time by England, whether in war, commerce, external dominion, or internal good government, are the direct results of those religious changes?

National prosperity, it must be remembered, is of two kinds, which may go together or may not. A State may be great in the sense of being powerful, great in extent and population; its counsels may be listened to in peace, and its armies may be dreaded in war. It may be placed beyond all fear of being conquered itself, and it may have the means of conquering other States, if it chooses to use them. On the other hand, there may be a State whose physical extent and power could not successfully resist some of its neighbours, whose voice is never heard in diplomacy except with regard to its own affairs, and yet which may be thoroughly free, well governed, and materially prosperous within its own borders, more so, it may well be, than many of the Powers which in physical strength far surpass it. Of course either kind of prosperity is most likely to be permanent when it is backed up by the other. The external power of a State cannot last if it is thoroughly ill-governed and discontented at home. On the other hand, there is always a fear that the internal prosperity and good government of the small State may be put an end to by its conquest by some greater State.

Now we Englishmen are apt to fancy, and there is a germ of truth in the fancy, that we have the advantage over all other nations in the union of various forms of what the Prayer-book calls health and wealth. Internal freedom, external importance, material prosperity, are three excellent things. Other nations have one or two of them separately. Frenchmen, notwithstanding that they live under a despotism, contrive to get rich at home and to make a noise all over the world. Dutchmen, Belgians, Swiss, are free and happy in their own fashion at home, but nobody cares about them as European Powers. Even Russia, however lacking in the other points, is at least very big, and is not to be meddled



with without due forethought. As for Spain, Greece, and Turkey, they are supposed to lack everything at home and abroad. We, on the other hand, are supposed to unite all advantages. We are as great as the great Powers, as free and happy as the small ones. If we are all this, and if the Blessed Reformation has made us all this, it is very blessed indeed, and is the cause of much blessedness. It is Beatrix as well as Beata.

Now, laying aside all mere exaggerations of national vanity, it really does seem that England does combine a greater number of advantages of different kinds than most other nations, and that it has, on the whole, done so pretty steadily for a long time past. We never threatened all Europe as the Spaniard and the Turk once did; but then we have never utterly collapsed like the Spaniard and the Turk. Our greatness has not been the transitory greatness of Holland or Sweden—nations which have not collapsed like Spain and Turkey, but which have found it prudent to withdraw within their own borders. We have not, like Austria, lived from hand to mouth, getting on somehow by dint of hopes, memories, titles, and accidents. We have kept up our external importance, not quite, but nearly, as steadily as France, and we flatter ourselves, not without reason, that we have got on much better than France at home.

It is very easy to maintain that all this is owing to the Blessed Reformation. It is just as easy to maintain that it is owing to causes altogether different. On any showing we must not look at England, or at the United Kingdom, apart from the rest of Europe. Lord Macaulay, in a well-known essay, pointed out the general superiority of the Northern or Protestant part of Europe above the Southern or Roman Catholic part. The contrast is hardly so forcible now as it was then. If Italy can go on as she has begun, if Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, and the States connected with them, can go on as they have begun still more recently, the balance in favour of the Protestant North will be by no means so indisputable as it was when Lord Macaulay wrote. Still, on the whole, the Northern and Protestant portion of Europe would have the advantage. It would contain two of the great Powers; it would contain also nearly all the most flourishing of the smaller Powers, leaving Switzerland alone as debateable ground. But if we allow the Northern and Protestant portion to have the superiority, the question at once arises, Is the superiority owing to its being Northern or to its being Protestant? *Prima facie* one cause is as likely as the other, and it is unfair to assume either as the one necessary cause without examination. The battle of the two religions is perhaps best fought on a narrower field. If, as may be seen in so many parts of Germany and Switzerland, communities are found side by side alike in blood, language, and political constitution, but differing in religion, here is, *prima facie*, the best opportunity for testing the practical working of their several religions. Yet even here the comparison is not always quite fair. We are constantly told to contrast the prosperity of Protestant Vaud with the poverty and lack of progress in Catholic Wallis, as if the signature of all the articles in the world could get the same amount of wealth out of the soil of Wallis as out of the soil of Vaud. A comparison between Zürich and Luzern would be much more to the purpose. Still difficulties attend the comparison on such a narrow field as this, simply because it is such a narrow field. We are constantly tempted to make a grand and broad inference, and to neglect all kinds of local circumstances, which nevertheless may have just as much to do with the matter as any more general theory. But returning to the wider comparison of one large part of Europe with another large part, the explanation grounded on difference of religion and the explanation grounded on difference of race or climate really have neither of them any *prima facie* claim to preference as against the other. The question cannot be decided in an offhand way on either side, but calls for a much deeper examination. Perhaps on the whole we may be inclined, not so much to look on the prosperity of England, or of any other Protestant country, as the result of its religion, as to look on the religious change of the sixteenth century as merely one among several efforts by which that prosperity was won.

It has been said, over and over again, that the Reformation was a Teutonic movement, and the saying is perfectly true. The Protestant nations and the Teutonic nations of Europe so nearly coincide that the exceptions either way manifestly are exceptions. Some people in Germany and Switzerland of the purest Teutonic blood and speech still cleave to the old religion. On the other hand, the Romance-speaking cantons of Switzerland are mainly Protestant. But these exceptions plainly are exceptions, and in many cases they can be accounted for by special causes. Catholic Germany, for instance, belongs very largely to the Catholic reconquest under Jesuits and Austrian Emperors. As a rule, the Teutonic nations are Protestant, the Romance nations are Catholic. The appendages, as we may call them, to Western Europe, nations like Poland and Hungary, which are neither Romance nor Teutonic, hardly affect our argument; but on the whole they are Catholic. That is to say, the Reformation, as a Teutonic movement, though it affected both Poland and Hungary, was not finally successful in those non-Teutonic lands. So it affected both Spain and Italy, and France, we need not say, infinitely more. But in Spain and Italy it was easily stamped out, and in France it yielded in the long run. In most of these countries it was a purely theological movement. A few Spaniards and a few Italians changed their theological belief, and that was about all. In the Teutonic countries, above all in England, the case was widely different.

In England indeed, if we understand by the Reformation the whole series of events which are commonly confounded under that name, it was only accidentally that the Reformation was theological at all. Henry the Eighth did little more than succeed in doing what Henry the Second had failed in trying to do; and Henry the Eighth had hardly any more serious notion of theological change than Henry the Second. The utmost he did was now and then to coquet with the enemies of his enemy. Patriotic men wished to get rid of a foreign domination and to correct some manifest practical abuses in the Church. Amongst other things, they saw that the enormous wealth and power of the clergy, above all of the regulars, needed to be greatly lessened. There is no doubt that King Henry saw all this as well as any man. But he also wished to get rid of his wife anyhow, and he and his courtiers wished to enrich themselves anyhow. Through all these causes, the Papal dominion was abolished, the monasteries were suppressed, the wings of the secular clergy were effectually clipped. To Lord Shaftesbury no doubt all these things seem part of the Blessed Reformation; for aught we know, he may think that they were all done by the Blessed King Edward himself. In the eye of history, all this is simply the consummation of what Englishmen had been striving after for ages. The motives of many of the actors in it were doubtless very base; many of the means taken, many of the concomitants and incidents of the change, were shameful and wicked; but the changes themselves did nothing but carry out fully what English legislation had long been aiming at partially. Henry the Second had tried to accomplish too much, and had broken down. But, from Edward the First onward, there was hardly a reign in which some statute or other was not passed aiming in the same general direction as the statutes of Henry the Eighth. But all this great movement, spread over more than three centuries and a half, was begun, continued, and ended without any thought of theological change. The theological change came later, under the Innocent and Blessed Prince. Another theological change back again came under his Bloody sister. Edward and Mary alike were sincere religious zealots, and made their theological changes from the highest motives of religious duty. Both these reigns of theological change were reigns of manifest national decline. England, great under Henry, became small under Edward and Mary. She became great again under Elizabeth. But Elizabeth was only accidentally a theological reformer. As we have often shown, her real inclination was to the system established by her father, to Popery without the Pope; she was Protestant only because it was found that Popery without the Pope could not stand, and that it was needful to be one thing or the other. In that age the European position of England rose and fell, as it has risen and fallen in earlier and in later times, according to the character of its government. Fluctuations of this sort have gone on from the earliest days of our history. The difference between the England of Æthelstan and the England of Æthelred is essentially the same as the difference between the England of the elder Pitt and the England of Bute and North.

The Reformation, in short, was no one event, no special effusion of divine grace, as we may fairly believe the first preaching of Christianity to the English to have been. We may indeed be sure that, as England became more and more closely connected with the Continent, its conversion to Christianity would have followed sooner or later; but, as a matter of fact, the conversion was begun by the preaching of one company of strangers. The Reformation was nothing like this. It was simply a political movement which incidentally became a theological one. Let no one think that we undervalue even its purely theological aspect. There can be no doubt that the Protestant theology suits a free people far better than the Roman Catholic theology does. Again, no mistake can be greater than to look on the Reformation as the establishment of freedom of thought or of religious liberty. Its immediate result was simply to put one intolerant system in the stead of another. But a system founded on a revolt was itself more open to revolts, and in this indirect way religious liberty was the result of the Reformation. The truth is that men's minds were stirring; they were busy inventing printing, discovering continents, ransacking the remains of half-forgotten ages. At such a time people could not keep quiet; one change led to another; the changes were far from being everywhere in the same direction; but there were changes of some kind everywhere. Here in England, we finished our work with the Pope which we had been at so long, and we began to devote our superfluous energies to colonizing America instead of to conquering France. All these things were not the results of theological change, but they and the theological change were joint results of the same causes. A Teutonic nation dwelling in an island, we had advantages above all other nations. We were called on to be free, enterprising, dominant by sea. We had begun to be all these things long before any theological change was thought of. We did not become free, enterprising, or dominant, because we had embraced certain theological dogmas. We rather embraced certain theological dogmas because we instinctively found them to be those which best suited a free, an enterprising, and a dominant nation.

#### "NO POPERY" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Directors of the Crystal Palace have not as a body deserved particularly well or particularly ill of the public. Owing to their accidental possession of a very able conductor, they have done something to promote the knowledge of good music;

but except in Mr. Mann's department the history of the undertaking is decidedly commonplace. Like several of its humbler contemporaries, the Crystal Palace began with more exalted professions than it ultimately found likely to pay. It was to be a great "educational" institution. Science was to train the visitors' minds, and Art was to elevate their tastes. Perhaps some of the original proprietors really thought that this dazzling ideal might be carried out in practice. If so, we can only hope, for the sake of their own peace of mind, that they have long since disposed of their interest in the concern. The majority, however, soon discovered that public benefactors must think of something else than dividends; and as they were not prepared to give their meditations this wider range, they very properly dropped their original professions, and went into what may be shortly described as the music-hall business. In this line the Crystal Palace has many advantages over its rivals. The halo of its original destination has not quite faded, and it can still recall with pride that, unlike the Alhambra or Canterbury Hall, it was opened with prayer by the Bishop of London. It must be admitted, however, that this recollection has not turned the heads of the Directors. On the contrary, they have shown themselves humble and diligent students of popularity in all its forms. With the exception of the *caneen*, which we believe is still a stranger to the Sydenham boards, they have steadily followed the lead of that great public benefactor, Mr. E. T. Smith; and with a little variation of names and dates a programme of Cremorne will generally serve as a programme of the Crystal Palace when it aims at being most attractive. In this way the Directors are enabled to do a real service to a deserving but neglected section of the community. If we wished to put their conduct in the most favourable light, we should say that their function in life is to introduce the children of Dissenting families to the lighter British drama. The objection to the theatre which still exists among religionists of a certain school is happily confined to the building. A transplanted performance provokes neither censure nor prohibition. The Directors of the Crystal Palace have wisely taken advantage of this refined theological distinction; and, by timing their visits well, our Evangelical youth may now enjoy, with their parents' full sanction, the legs of the Alhambra ballet or the humours of a Strand burlesque.

Our present object is not, however, to sing the praises of the Crystal Palace Company. The Directors might for some time longer have gone on familiarizing a suburban public with the latest and most approved vulgarities without its being necessary to call attention to the fact. But one error unhappily attracts more notice than a long course of unobtrusive virtue; and the Directors have lately been guilty of an offence against which it is the duty of every one who does not wish to see it repeated to protest as energetically as possible. The character of the amusements provided at the Crystal Palace is a question for the Company and the public. In this respect the Directors have answered fools according to their folly, and it is not our business to find fault with them for doing so. If Mr. Bowley likes to announce himself as the dramatic successor of the late Adah Isaacs Menken, and to advertise his intention of appearing as "Mazeppa" or the "French Spy," we wish him every success. But on Monday next—for the first time, we believe, since it was opened—the Crystal Palace is to be perverted from its legitimate destination to be the scene of a political "Demonstration." Our "National Protestant Institutions," we are informed by advertisement, are "endangered by the assault upon the Irish Church." The "Throne, the Church, and the Constitution" need defence, and this is to be accorded by means of a monster gathering at Sydenham. Every care has evidently been taken to make it a success, and with this view the promoters have wisely determined not to trust only to religious or political inducements. The usual amusements of the building may on that day be enjoyed by true Protestants at reduced prices. Special arrangements will be made with Protestant Societies which will enable their members to see the Crystal Palace for something less than the accustomed shilling. This unwonted combination of a day's pleasure with the discharge of a religious duty ought to make the latter unusually popular. It is as though every one who went to hear a sermon in a theatre were presented with a ticket admitting him at half-price to the ordinary performance. Probably the same system will be applied impartially throughout the building. Theodore's Charger and the Working Bees will be on view as usual at sixpence, but a placard will be put up outside, "Protestants admitted at fourpence." Even the refreshment tariff may perhaps be revised in the same sense, and Bath buns will be sold for three-halfpence to all who pledge themselves to make no peace with Rome. Under these circumstances we shall certainly be surprised if the "Demonstration" is not very largely attended. A Company whose shares are, to put it mildly, not at a premium, must not be judged perhaps by the strict rules which are applicable to more flourishing concerns. Otherwise we should distinctly charge the Directors of the Crystal Palace with breaking faith with their shareholders and with their season-ticketholders in this matter. Reasonable people have not invested their money with the view of giving Protestant or any other fanatics a platform on which to air their madness. The place is radically unsuited for the performance. It is intended for the amusement of people who are harmless, if not wise; and its managers have no right to mix themselves up with the proceedings of men who are neither wise nor harmless. If the Crystal Palace is to divest itself of its neutral character, and to

become an arena of political strife, it will be rendered useless to most of those who now benefit by its neighbourhood. The maintenance of the "Throne, the Church, and the Constitution" is not the end for which the building exists, and no part of it ought to be given up to the eccentricities of a crowd of fools with a knave or two here and there to prompt them.

As to the "Demonstration" itself, the days are happily past in which it could be productive of much real mischief. The shifty politicians who have tried to find a last refuge behind the skirts of a "No Popery" agitation have only succeeded in showing that, in this respect at least, we are something better than our fathers. There is a good deal of intolerance yet lingering in holes and corners, but as a serious power in politics it seems for the present to have disappeared. It might be plausibly argued that every opportunity which is afforded to it of exhibiting its decrepitude in public only helps to make it more ridiculous, and from some points of view this theory may be correct. The exposure which a good many Protestant lights will probably make of themselves next Monday will, so far as it has any appreciable influence whatever, only injure their own cause. In this respect, therefore, there is considerable satisfaction to be derived from watching the useless efforts which the shade of bigotry is making to clothe itself once more in flesh. We have before us an advertisement issued by a Mr. Badenoch on behalf of the "Scottish Reformation Society"—an Association which, since the managers of the Protestant Electoral Union have mainly devoted themselves to the circulation of obscene literature, appears to put itself forward as the chief political agent on the Protestant side. This advertisement contains a list of "Protestant papers specially prepared for general circulation" during the next few months; and the recollection of the effect which publications of this kind produced only eighteen years ago certainly disposes one to take a cheerful view of the possibilities of human improvement. Here is a specimen of the malevolent fictions which men who, we suppose, profess themselves Christians are not ashamed to distribute over the country:—

"Romish Progress and British Infatuation."—A large illustrated placard, showing the infatuation of spurious Liberalism—the designs of the Romanists against civil and religious liberty—the Romeward career of Ritualism—the British Lion fast asleep. A truthful and striking representation.

"Church Mechanics; or the Use of the Wedge."—A large illustrated placard, representing British Protestantism split up by concessions to Romanism—the Church by Ritualism; also Canon Law established in Britain instead of the Civil Law—the ultimate designs of the Romanists under Jesuit instructions: "Find a crevice, put in the thin end of the wedge; English Liberalism in your hands will drive it home, and your point is gained." A very striking and truthful illustration.

In 1850 this sort of nonsense could convulse England from one end to the other; in 1868 it promises to fall to the ground unregarded. And yet, notwithstanding this happy prospect, we wish to address a warning to some who may be tempted to use these weapons without either liking or believing in them. The action of the Government, and the tone of the Conservative press, have sufficiently shown that if any momentary advantage is to be gained by raising the "No Popery" cry, the consciousness of its wickedness will not prevent the Ministerial supporters from making the experiment. It is highly probable, therefore, that many of the clergy will be pressed to take a less tolerant tone than usual, in the hope of securing votes for the maintenance of the Irish Church. Indeed some London incumbents have, it seems, been urged to use their pulpits as a medium for pushing the sale of tickets for this very "Demonstration." We do not suspect any appreciable number of English clergymen of any genuine sympathy with the intolerant balderdash we have just quoted. But it is conceivable that men who are conscientiously opposed to Mr. Gladstone's policy on this question may feel themselves tempted to use arguments and to make appeals which do not express their own convictions, but which they think may rouse the slumbering passions of their parishioners. It may be of use to remind any who are inclined in this direction, that bigotry is a motive which can never be appealed to with impunity except by those who are prepared to go all lengths with it if they can but galvanize it into action. The more mischief our Protestant firebrands can do the more delighted they will be. Some of them would doubtless assist with pleasure at the mobbing of a Roman Catholic priest, and with rapture at the burning of a Roman Catholic church. But those who accept such men as allies, not because they approve of their principles, but merely because they find themselves accidentally agreeing with them in the maintenance of a particular interest, may have cause to mourn the day when they stooped to the degrading contact.

#### SCIENTIFIC INSTRUCTION.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Scientific Instruction is short and, for the most part, sensible. With one or two amusing exceptions, the Committee have not allowed any witness to trot them off into space, on the back of his own pet hobby, nor is the finger of Cole C.B. obtrusively conspicuous throughout. It is true that one witness has persuaded the Committee to state that instruction in "the phenomena of nature" ought to be given in all elementary schools, and that the managers of normal schools for elementary teachers ought "to give special attention to the instruction of those teachers in theoretical and applied science." It is also true that one paragraph appears to hint that the unscientific mind of the



English workman will be much improved by a slight addition to the emoluments of some of the officials of South Kensington. But considering the intricacy of the subject, and how much a Committee of the House must lie at the mercy of two or three technical fanatics, these blemishes are not numerous. Neither are they very serious. For whatever the Committee may have been driven to say in isolated paragraphs, it is happily evident that the great Mr. Cole has failed to make them believe that the present pressure of foreign competition in trade and manufactures is due to the smallness of his or of any other artistic C.B.'s salary, since the whole drift of the Report is antagonistic to the Brompton plan of consecrating large annual grants to the worship of demonstrative or applied mechanics, and of substituting throughout the country a patchwork of technical instruction for a sound reform of general education. The Report emphatically declares that the pressure of foreign competition is not due to the superior opportunities of acquiring scientific knowledge afforded to their populations by foreign Governments, but to much larger and more potent economical agencies, such as the lower rate of wages abroad and the absence of trade disputes. Sawgrinders' ethics in Lancashire and Yorkshire, and not small salaries at South Kensington, have given to a few foreign manufacturers the chance, for which they had so long and so patiently been waiting, of snatching a morsel of our colossal trade. Cheapness of labour, and not the finer manipulative skill of the foreign labourer, has enabled them to keep the morsel after they had snatched it. It was owing, among other causes, to the neglect by foreign nations of most of the laws of sound political economy, that we secured for ourselves an enormous proportion of the commerce of the world; and again it is owing, among other causes, to the defiance of some of those laws, that we have lost a part of that gigantic trade. This confession is not, of course, blurted out by the Committee in such rude, blunt language—language so likely to offend the delicate sensibilities of model masons, sawgrinders, or others of our future masters. It is enough that the truth should be admitted by a body which reckons among its members at least two professed champions of the artisan class.

The Report states that the acquisition of scientific knowledge has been shown, by evidence given before the Committee, to be only one of the elements of an industrial education and of industrial progress:—

Indeed there is a preponderance of evidence to show that so far as the workmen, as distinguished from the managers, are concerned, it can be considered an essential element only in certain trades, or, generally, as enlarging the area from which the foremen and managers may be drawn. In all cases, another, and an indispensable element of industrial success, is the acquisition of practical experience and manipulative skill. The evidence given before your Committee places beyond all doubt the fact that these latter acquisitions are possessed in a pre-eminent degree by our manufacturing population of every grade, according to their several necessities. They are obtained in our factories, our forges, our workshops, our shipyards, and our mines, which, in their organization and appliances, are the models which, with a few special exceptions, other nations have hitherto imitated and followed, but not surpassed.

Those of us who, during the course of the past Session, have succeeded in acquiring the habit of being thankful for small mercies, may rejoice that the Committee has not fallen into the blunder of attributing great movements of trade, and displacements of mercantile relations, to the presence or absence of technical education. It seemed not impossible that, in their abject fear of Continental rivalry, and panic-stricken by the thought that the hope of their gains was gone, the manufacturers of Birmingham and Manchester might have come to look upon "Science and Art" as a sort of mysterious outlandish fetish, which must be propitiated with large offerings at the shrine in South Kensington, according to the custom prescribed by the great C.B. Men who think they are drowning will catch at straws; and it is quite possible that the manufacturing members of the Committee may have been not unwilling to catch at the straw held out to them by Mr. Cole. If so, it is creditable to the good sense of the Chairman and some other members of the Committee that any such folly has been checked.

While, however, the Report denies that our loss of the monopoly of the trade of the world has been occasioned by the want of technical education, and that the institution of technical schools or model workshops would restore us to the position which we once occupied, it admits that our difficulties in regaining or holding ground for the future will be augmented by the general want of education among the lower and middle classes of the country. The truth is that the whole question of technical and scientific instruction, of which we have lately heard so much, turns upon these two simple considerations. First, are the foremen and workmen throughout the country in a condition to profit by any opportunities of technical instruction which may be offered to them? This is the relation of the question to that of primary general education. Secondly, are the smaller manufacturers, the proprietors, and the managers of works, in a condition to take advantage of the means of scientific instruction which already exist, or of others which may be introduced? This is the relation of the question to that of secondary education. The Report of the Committee declares that neither of these two conditions exists, but that both of them are essential; and that until they do exist no effective scientific instruction can be given:—

Nearly every witness speaks of the extraordinarily rapid progress of Continental nations in manufactures, and attributes that rapidity, not to the model workshops which are met with in some foreign countries, and are but an indifferent substitute for our own great factories, and for those which are rising up in every part of the Continent; but, besides

other causes, to the scientific training of the proprietors and managers, in France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Germany, and to the elementary instruction which is universal amongst the working population of Germany and Switzerland. There can be no doubt from the evidence of Mr. Mundella, of Professor Fleming Jenkin, Mr. Kitson, and others, and from the numerous reports of competent observers, that the facilities for acquiring a knowledge of theoretical and applied science are incomparably greater on the Continent than in this country, and that such knowledge is based on an advanced state of secondary education.

All the witnesses concur in desiring similar advantages of education for this country; and are satisfied that nothing more is required, and that nothing less will suffice, in order that we may retain the position which we now hold in the van of all industrial nations. All are of opinion, that it is of incalculable importance economically that our manufacturers and managers should be thoroughly instructed in the principles of their arts.

They are convinced that a knowledge of the principles of science on the part of those who occupy the higher industrial ranks, and the possession of elementary instruction by those who hold subordinate positions, would tend to promote industrial progress by stimulating improvement, preventing costly and unphilosophical attempts at impossible inventions, diminishing waste, and obviating in a great measure ignorant opposition to salutary changes.

It is well known to all who have had to do with such inquiries as this, that overwhelming evidence may be collected by a Committee to prove any conclusion under the sun. The mere concurrence, therefore, of witnesses in favour of general instead of special education would not of itself be conclusive. But in this case the conclusion happens to be just that at which every unprejudiced person would arrive from his own consideration of the reason of the thing. If, owing to the defective organization of our elementary education, children leave school before they have acquired a permanent grasp of the rudimentary arts of reading, writing, and arithmetic; and if, owing to the unsatisfactory condition of our secondary schools, the lower middle classes acquire scarcely anything more than a firm hold on these three arts; what is the use of opening special schools, or of founding lectureships in scientific instruction? To offer opportunities of teaching in mechanics to farmers' and shopkeepers' sons who have never soundly learnt the first principles of arithmetic or the elements of algebra, is to cast pearls before swine. Even if South Kensington would undertake to double our trade by scientific teaching, and if we were willing to give Mr. Cole a *carte blanche*, or even to make him our Perpetual Dictator in Science, with any creature of his own nomination as his Master of the Arts, it would be useless to do so while the general secondary education of the country remains in the condition which the Schools Inquiry Commissioners have described. We must reform our Grammar and Endowed Schools before we can hope to turn our proprietors and managers from working by the rule of thumb. Scientific instruction cannot be effectively given in this country until the way is prepared for it by the spread of a sound general education among the lower and middle classes.

This being the case, the Committee might have spared themselves the trouble of discussing whether an expenditure for scientific instruction is one which may be legitimately undertaken by the State. A long time will elapse before Parliament can succeed in organizing a national system of primary education, and in reforming our middle schools; and these two undertakings constitute a sufficient task for the new House, so far as education is concerned. When we have placed a good general education within reach of our labouring and trading classes it will be time to consider whether they want any further provision in the way of special instruction than that which their own energy and the operation of natural laws can provide.

#### SAINT THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

WE have more than once lamented that the late raid of the Picts and Scots on the small funds at the disposal of the Master of the Rolls seems to have cut us off from all chance of an intelligible edition of the writings of the Primate who held the see of Canterbury from 1162 to 1170, together with those of his friends and his enemies. Meanwhile we have to be thankful for some very small mercies in the same line. A dispute has arisen about the character and objects of the Archbishop, which at least teaches us one thing. We know for certain two people who cannot be trusted with the work which we have long wished to see done. If we ever have to name a commentator for Herbert of Bosham, William Fitz-Stephen, and their fellows, it will not be either Archbishop Manning or his antagonist in the *Times*. They have had a stand-up fight over the body of the Primate, and a good deal of beating the air has been the result. On the whole, both disputants may be said to have followed the great example set in the typical controversy of the class, and there is little on either side which can be set down under the head of railing accusations. But there is a vast deal of tall talk, there is a bountiful expenditure of the grand style, and each disputant wraps up his meaning in such a cloud of words that it is all one as if he had no meaning at all. You cannot say that either side is either right or wrong in its facts, because neither side ever stoops to grapple with the facts. Each alike floats in a Nephelokokkugia of generalities. Each talks in a way which might make us think that he fancied that the Great Charter was older than the Constitutions of Clarendon. But we do not for a moment believe that either of them, if we stopped and asked him point blank, really does think so. We do not suppose that Archbishop Manning really means that Saint Thomas died for religious liberty in the sense in which religious

liberty is understood by Mr. Spurgeon. And it is quite possible that the *Times* did not really mean to charge Saint Thomas personally with being a burner of heretics. Here we are, thick in the very grandest of the grand style:—

Becket, bred in the State, cast his lot in with the Church, and entered into that cause with the ardour of a bold, accomplished, and, it must be said, a proud man. No doubt, he succeeded to the utmost of his ambition, and he effected an immense revulsion in favour of Rome. The liberty he claimed, and even won, for that Church was the liberty to compel everybody to think, speak, and do exactly as he was ordered by a set of political divines at Rome, admitted by their own adherents to be the most corrupt body of men in the whole world. It was the liberty to exclude from society every man, woman, or child who would not be so ordered, to place them under the most terrible curses and bans, and finally hand them over to the civil power, bound, in the interest of liberty, to punish them even unto death.

We know that this is very fine talk, the sort of talk which makes some people think that the talker thereof must know a great deal of the subject about which he is talking. It would be breaking a butterfly on the wheel to ask such a writer whether he really thinks that Thomas ever committed anybody to the secular arm under the writ *De heretico comburendo*. The syllogism, conscious or unconscious, is this—Popish Bishops used to burn people; Thomas was a Popish Bishop; therefore Thomas must have burned people. The two hundred and fifty years which separate Thomas from any burnings in England of course go for nothing. There are cases in which an age three hundred years passes for antiquity; but Thomas of London and Thomas Arundel both lived so very long ago, that it is not worth while to reckon up the centuries which passed between one and the other. So we read just before:—

The case of Becket was plain enough. He had before him two great principles of association, which had been growing for ages and clashing for ages, and which had only kept the peace one with another by hollow truces and partial compromises. The Church and the State—the Church, which had then one Head and one Court, and the State, which was simply the local expression of the national will—had an interminable feud.

It would be in vain to ask the dates of the hollow truces and partial compromises, or to ask the exact number of ages during which the interminable feud had lasted. Chronology would tell us that, in England at least, it was at the outside seventy years old; but in this style of writing seventy years may pass at pleasure for a moment or for a millennium. Taken literally, the words of the *Times* imply that Saint Thomas of Canterbury was a contemporary of Henry the Fourth, while he was separated from Anselm by—let us make the grand grander still—"interminable ages." But then this sort of talk is not meant to be taken literally; it is simply meant to sound fine and to mean nothing in particular. It is a sort of talk which may even contradict itself in the same column, provided only each of the contradictory statements sounds grand and jaunty. We were told just now, "The case of Becket was plain enough." At the bottom of the same column we read, "It is not quite so easy as Dr. Manning supposes to say in a word what it was that Becket fought and died for." The latter saying is much truer than the former. But it is not a question of truth in either saying. Each of them at the moment best served to express the superiority of the *Times* to Archbishop Manning and to the world in general. Each therefore was equally in place.

Let us, for a moment, by way of relief, come down from these great matters, which, we confess, are too high for us, and exercise ourselves for a while in matters more easily coming within the reach of our understanding. What is the name of the prelate about whom we are disputing? We tried to be very cautious at setting out, and we spoke of him in a way to which we thought that no one of any way of thinking could object, as the Primate who held the see of Canterbury from 1162 to 1170. But this was much too long a description to go on with, and our neutrality soon broke down. What, then, we ask, was the Primate's name? We have our own notions on that mysterious subject; but we want to get at the notions of the *Times* and its correspondents. In the *Times*' way of dealing with it there is a typographical minuteness, which clearly veils something more than meets the eye. The Archbishop undoubtedly bore the Christian name of Thomas; perhaps he bore the surname of Becket. But what is the letter which so often, and in so many shapes, thrusts itself in between the Thomas and the Becket? Between the two there constantly comes, in modern writings, an *a* or an *à* or an *a'*, the meaning of which we do not know. This *a*, whatever its meaning or origin, has a special tendency to attach itself to holy men of the name of Thomas. Besides Thomas a Becket, there is Thomas a Kempis—nay, if we may reveal the secrets of the nursery, we used in our childhood to hear a song about

Thomas a Didymus  
Hard of belief.

In short, it only remains for the birthplace of the Angelic Doctor to be split asunder, and for Thomas a Quinas to be added to the list. It is plain that the name Thomas has a certain magnetic attraction for the first letter of the alphabet. But what does it mean? Is it English *at* or Latin *a*? Is Becket thought to be the name of a place, and does Thomas a Becket mean Thomas at Becket? This would be quite according to the analogy of a great many names; only we know of no authority for such an interpretation in this particular case. Then how is it to be written? Is it *a* or *à* or *a'* or *A* or *A'*? The *Times* itself does not seem to have made up its mind. In the letter of "Free Kirk"—a much more sensible person, let us add, than either Archbishop Manning or the writer of the leading articles—he is "Thomas A'Becket." In the leading article of August 5th, he is "Thomas à Becket" and "Becket."

In that of August 8th, he is "àBeckett," "St. Thomas àBeckett," and "àBecket." This change clearly points to some later light; it is not for nothing that the *a*, which on Wednesday stood far apart by itself, has, by Saturday, crept close up to the "Becket." Again, there is doubtless some mysterious reason, though we are not clear-sighted enough to see it, for the "tt" in one place, and the "t" in another place. It is not for us to cavil; we humbly ask for information.

After this trifle between the acts, let us ask what it was that Thomas—Thomas of London, Thomas of Canterbury, Thomas Becket, anything to give satisfaction, provided only we know how to spell it—really died for. If we wished to put the matter as vaguely as the *Times* but more briefly, we would answer, with the motto of one of Dr. Giles' title-pages, "Est pro justitia cæsus in ecclesiâ." Any one who holds that law, of any kind, is to be upheld against violence—any one who holds that a public officer of any kind should yield nothing, whether in itself right or wrong, to mere threats of violence—must accept this short summary. In thus saying, we commit ourselves to no approval either of his general career or of the particular act which led to his death. Thomas died, because he refused to revoke a regularly pronounced sentence, not in obedience to the judgment of a superior court, not in consequence of convincing arguments addressed to his own mind, but under terror of mere threats. In so doing, he distinctly set an example to Bishops, Judges, Magistrates, of every class. The justice, the expediency, even the legality, of the sentence is not to the point. A public act of a public officer may be set aside on many grounds; but it ought not in any case to be revoked, simply because four ruffians with swords in their hands demand that it should be revoked. Thomas had pronounced sentences of suspension and excommunication against certain Bishops, rightly or wrongly, as people may think. If we are asked our own mind, we do not hesitate to say that the sentence seems to us to have been an act which perhaps admitted of a formal justification, but which was in any case hasty, violent, and inexpedient. But, having pronounced the sentence, not being convinced by any argument that he ought to revoke it, doubting, it would seem, his power to revoke it, he only did his duty in refusing to absolve the Bishops at the bidding of the four knights. The justice of the sentences, the lawfulness or propriety of the Papal authority on which the sentences depended, is not to the point. If they were to be set aside, that was not the way to set them aside. Thomas died in the general cause of law and order against sheer violence. So far Dr. Manning is right in saying that he died for the law and liberty of England.

If we go further back into the matter, we must remember that the acts of Thomas were spread over eight years, and that to jumble the different stages of those eight years together produces error and confusion of the same kind as to jumble together the different stages of that greater number of years which make up what is called the Reformation. Thomas strove for different things at different times. He was banished—or banished himself—for one cause; he died for another. His banishment was mainly brought about by his opposition to the Constitutions of Clarendon, especially to the claims of the civil courts to try ecclesiastical offenders. But with this were mixed up various smaller questions, many of them very petty and personal. King and Primate alike represented a great cause—each, as Herbert of Bosham said, had a zeal for God; but neither of them knew how to keep his great cause from being mixed up with very petty controversies and very unworthy passions. The death of Thomas—we do not hesitate to call it, his martyrdom—was brought about by quite a different controversy. It was mainly owing to his assertion of the exclusive right of the Metropolitan of Canterbury to crown the King of England. To us this hardly seems a cause worth dying for. If we throw ourselves into the feelings of those times, we shall perhaps think differently. And, when the actual question of life and death came, he died in a cause which was undoubtedly that of law and justice in general.

We must then distinguish the different periods in the life of Thomas. We must also remember the wide difference between some two or three questions which are apt to be confounded. We may hold that a cause which would be bad in the nineteenth century was good in the eleventh; that is, we may hold that circumstances have so changed that what was expedient then is not expedient now. Or we may hold that the principles for which Thomas died were as inapplicable then as they are now; and yet we may thoroughly admire the man himself. Or again, without thoroughly admiring him, we may be thoroughly fair to him, and may weigh the different elements of a very mixed character without partiality either way. At all events, it is something to see, by the language of the *Times* and its correspondents, that the days when men could look upon Thomas as a mere ambitious hypocrite have quite gone by. And Dr. Manning's view, according to which Henry the Second seems to be looked on as a mere vulgar oppressor, may fittingly go after it.

We will end as we began, with the statement of the great authority. The *Times* says on August 8th:—

It is a natural consequence of Archbishop Manning's primary mistake, that all his subsidiary statements on the life of àBecket are tainted with error. He told the people at Leeds that St. Thomas laid down his life for the laws of England, because England was then Catholic. It would be interesting to know what in Archbishop Manning's opinion makes a law. If there was in England àBecket's time a Legislature independent in its acts of the Papal sanction, it is certain that àBecket broke the law of England and died for it. If there was not a Legislature then independent of such sanction, there cannot be one now, for the necessity of the sanction



has never been relinquished, and there is therefore no English law at present save such as the Pope has approved. Is it necessary to pursue these self-contradictions any further? They spring out of an attempt to reconcile the irreconcilable, and must therefore be encountered at every step of Archbishop Manning's reasoning.

We have read this over several times in the vain hope of finding out the meaning. Does the *Times* itself think, or does it think that Archbishop Manning thinks, or does it think that anybody in the whole world thinks, that there ever was a Legislature in England on whose acts the Pope, as well as the King, had a veto? The dilemma sounds very grand, but what does it mean? We do not know whether we have tried to "reconcile the Irreconcilable"—surely, if only out of regard to Lord Lytton, it should have a big *I*—but we confess that we have, in the course of reading this article in the *Times*, wasted some little time in trying to comprehend the Incomprehensible.

#### PENITENTIARIES.

THERE are sixty-three Penitentiaries in Great Britain and Ireland, besides numerous private Homes, and Houses of Mercy and of Refuge. Nineteen of these Penitentiaries, capable of receiving one thousand one hundred and fifty-five women, are in London; thirty-four, capable of receiving one thousand one hundred and sixteen, are distributed among the other large towns; while for all the chief towns of Scotland and Ireland there are but ten, capable of receiving three hundred and eighty-six. This argues either a startling amount of comparative vice in England, or a criminal amount of neglect in the sister-countries. One-third of the provincial, and one-half of the metropolitan, Penitentiaries have been founded within the last ten years; but the oldest institution of the kind in London is the London Magdalen Hospital, founded in 1758, through which, during the last hundred years, eight thousand nine hundred and eighty-three women have passed, giving an average of seventy per cent. reformed. By far the most important movement that has been yet made in this direction is the formation of "the Church Penitentiary Association for promoting and aiding the establishment and maintenance of Penitentiaries and Houses of Refuge throughout the Country." Eighteen Penitentiaries and nine Houses of Refuge are in this Association; the first affording collective accommodation for five hundred and seventy-nine penitents, and managed by eighty-six "self-devoted women"; the last (of which the accounts are very imperfect) affording collective accommodation for seventy-one penitents. But, of the nine Houses of Refuge, one was shut up because the neighbours objected to it; a second for reasons not stated; and only three Houses have "self-devoted women" described as working in and belonging to them.

In this Association the most valuable and influential element is decidedly the celebrated group or system at Clewer. The House of Mercy there is the largest and the oldest of the Association. The Penitentiary at Winchester is older by one year in date of creation, the one having been established in 1848 and the other in 1849; but the Clewer House of Mercy was received into the Union in 1853, and that at Winchester not until 1861, so that we may rightly speak of the former as the oldest of the Association. It has accommodation for seventy-eight penitents, and is managed by twenty-five self-devoted women of the Sisterhood of St. John Baptist. In the same group or system, though not for the same objects, and under the management of the St. John's Sisters, are (1.) The St. John's Home, an orphan and industrial school for the children of respectable parents, and where they may be trained for service; (2.) St. Andrew's Convalescent Hospital, for invalids of both sexes, capable of holding sixty patients—namely, twenty-four men, eighteen women, and eighteen children; (3.) St. Andrew's Cottage, a Home for female convalescents of a better class; (4.) St. Stephen's Mission, for the erection of a mission-house and schools. This is the Clewer group or system in its own domain. Affiliated to it are, (1.) The House of Charity in Greek Street, Soho Square, "founded in 1846, for the temporary relief of all persons of all classes who, having neither home nor friends in London, may find shelter while seeking for employment, being altogether unable to support themselves"; this was placed under the care of the Clewer Sisters in 1860. (2.) The Oxford Penitentiary, first organized in 1839, and in 1860 placed under the care of the Clewer Sisters; a house capable of containing thirty-two penitents, and managed by seven sisters, but, for want of funds, obliged to draw the line a little closer and to diminish its numbers. (3.) The House of Mercy at Bovey Tracey, near Newton Abbot, in Devonshire. Like the House at Oxford, this Penitentiary, opened in 1863, is under the charge of the Clewer Sisters, the funds being managed by its own Trustees and Council. At present only a portion of the permanent building is completed, capable of holding thirty penitents; if completed, seventy could be received. The Sisterhood of St. John Baptist have many more institutions on their hands, but these are the principal, and for our present purpose the most important.

The House of Mercy at Clewer was commenced in 1849 by Mrs. Tennant, the widow of a clergyman, who began, says the Report, "by taking into her own house first one, and afterwards several other fallen women, desirous of leaving their life of sin." It has now an average number of seventy-eight penitents, but could by pressure admit two more. The penitents are employed, as in all these Houses, partly in laundry-work, partly in housework, partly in needlework, of which ecclesiastical embroidery is

the most important and the most interesting branch. By the Report, extending from March, 1867, to April, 1868, it seems that forty-eight women were sent out into the world, of whom twenty-seven were described as favourable cases, nine unfavourable, and twelve doubtful; but these last stayed only a short time—on an average two weeks—so that the twenty-seven alone represent the number of probable cures after the discipline of the House has been undergone. But what all the workers in these Houses most insist upon is the curability of the sin of prostitution, and the rehabilitation of the women. Drunkenness and falsehood are the two great hindrances to reformation; but even these two obstacles can be overcome by the discipline, kindness, and occupation which characterize these Homes, and which not only keep all causes of temptation out of the way of the penitents, but give habits of strength and self-control when the time comes for using them. Still, there are some women so naturally weak that they can only be kept from sin by the care of others. With the best will in the world to keep straight, they are no sooner free than they go astray, which makes a kind of permanent Home, where these poor weak creatures may be always safe, an almost vital matter to the success of the movement. It must be remembered that these women enter the Homes quite of their own freewill. They are brought by their friends, or often they come alone to beg for rescue and salvation; and if, by chance, this self-submission is not quite voluntary, no good is done. All efforts to force people to repent are valueless; a mind must see its own sins before it can desire to be freed from them; and there is no doubt that many loose women love their life, see no shame in it, and do not desire to be rid of it. There is often much that is tender and beautiful among these women; and they have to be handled gently. Not with anything like sentimentality, still less with any of that half-purporting compassion which certain women of pure life and ardent imagination often indulge in, but with a strict and holy tenderness, combining infinite pity for the sinner and infinite hatred for the sin. Very striking, too, is the love and gratitude which they show towards the Sisters, and the childlike docility of most of them while under their care. Not less remarkable is their great appreciation of beauty; and they frequently exhibit a kind of awestruck reverence for all things pure and holy, as for a world they sometimes hardly know at all, and sometimes feel it almost impossible to regain. Often it has happened that a penitent has come to the Refuge dazed and stricken by the sudden shock of some memory, some association, which in the midst of her sinful life recalled her to the better times when she was still pure; and then the struggle is to keep her mind awake, and not to suffer it to fall back into its habitual groove again. These flashes of remorse are common to all human beings who have sinned, but it is not given to all to translate them into repentance and the "fruits" thereof, as shown in a changed life.

The saddest of all these Refuges—sad in its terrible necessity—is that for young children at Leytonstone. This is an institution which was begun on the slenderest means by a lady who had seen the need of some place of refuge—not a prison, and not a reformatory—where young children might be rescued from the evil into which they are falling or have already fallen. All the Penitentiaries have cases brought to them of girls and children far too young for the discipline and society of adult Homes, and it was to meet such cases that the Leytonstone Refuge was originally instituted. It began on gifts and scraps, and continues in much the same manner; but, though still only a cottage Home, it is prospering both in extension of sphere and in practical usefulness. The children are kept at useful work, the speciality being laundry-work, as usual; while the Home takes in also a limited number of invalids, in part for the good it does the children to have some one to think of and to nurse, in part also for the help to the poor sick creatures themselves. It is very striking to watch the effect of the better life on the children. The brutish face gets gradually softened and humanized; the starved body grows out into comeliness and fair proportions; the hardened temper and animal passions, the cunning and the fear induced by the old habits of brutality and vice, give way before the kindly treatment and judicious discipline of the Home; and girls and children who would otherwise have swelled the ranks of prostitution, or become habitual "gaol birds," sinking deeper after each conviction, are reclaimed while there is yet time, and made fit to become the decent wives of honest men. Of course it is not asserted that each individual is absolutely reclaimed for all time, that a low nature can be transformed into a high and spiritualized one, or that any evil tendency which is inherent to the organization can be eradicated entirely or made into the opposite virtue. But the percentage of those who are saved, both among children and adults, is very large indeed; and, considering what they are saved from, we could scarcely deem the appliances excessive even if the result was smaller. One thing we may speak of confidently in these Homes and Penitentiaries, and that is the value of the system under which they are placed—the good of the organization, which prevents all exercise of individual eccentricity, and renders the Lady Superiors and Mothers amenable to a certain higher discipline which is of infinite advantage to all concerned. This organization is, in fact, the great guarantee for the wholesomeness of the movement.

Here, then, is work for the wealthy, idle, weary woman, who spends in dress and dissipation the energy and powers given to her for the good of her kind, not for her own self-indulgence; and who finds that she has been sowing only chaff and husks,

to reap the bitter harvest of disappointment when the first spring-time of her life is gone, and she is left without the attractiveness of youth or the usefulness of age. And though we are not all able to do the same work, we are all able to do something towards the destruction of remediable evil, and women especially can be useful in whatever relates to their own sex or to the young. All these Penitentiaries and Refuges are managed by women of education, of refinement, and of a certain amount of means. We leave it to our readers to draw the comparison between them and the frivolous women of society who live only for pleasure and excitement, to whom dress is a religion, and fashion far dearer than humanity, and who would not for husband, child, or religion, forego one tithe of all that these others give up wholly for the service of the sick and sinful brought to them by chance, and never seen before. It is well for us that we have such women left among us. They help to redeem the wretched folly of the time, and to keep the name of Englishwoman still sweet and holy in the world. They help to make us believe in a worthy national future though we may have ceased to respect the present, for they show us of what our sisters are yet capable if they take to self-sacrifice in place of self-indulgence, and to duty instead of dissipation.

#### A CRY FROM CARDIFF.

THE placard of an evening paper of Monday last offered to purchasers the following attractive item of intelligence—"Alleged abduction of a young Jewess by a Baptist minister." In order to prevent misunderstanding on the part of those who did not purchase the paper we will at once say that the story was less interesting than its title might, to a certain class of readers, appear to indicate. A Baptist minister did induce or encourage a Jewish girl to leave her home, but he acted with the approval and assistance of his wife, who, indeed, is reported to have expressed her readiness to undergo martyrdom, by being whipped to death, rather than be helpful towards restoring the girl to her afflicted family.

The scene of this affecting domestic drama was the town of Cardiff, and the bereaved father, whose name is Barnett Lyons, having in vain applied for redress to a Judge of the Court of Queen's Bench, seeks the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen by means of the local press. The *Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian* of Saturday last contains a long and apparently truthful letter, in which Mr. Barnett Lyons describes how his daughter Esther, aged eighteen years and two months, disappeared without warning from his house on the 23rd of March last, and has never since been seen by him. After a week's search he was led to believe that the Rev. Nathaniel Thomas, a Baptist minister residing at Cardiff, could give information as to his daughter's whereabouts. Mr. Lyons hereupon applied to both Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, and after some questioning which did not produce any satisfactory answer, he wrote to Mrs. Thomas entreating her, "in the name of our common humanity," to allow him to see his daughter, and she responded by expressing her willingness to do and suffer anything for the salvation of the Jews, and to pray fervently that the veil might be removed. The letter purporting to be written by Mrs. Thomas to Mr. Lyons is printed at length in the *Cardiff Guardian*, and we suppose we may assume that it is genuine. The earlier part, which exhorts the disconsolate parent "to look upon Him whom you have pierced," bears some internal evidence of genuineness; but we own to being rather staggered by the latter part, which intimates that the veil which covers Miss Lyons from her father's view may be removed on payment by Mr. Lyons of 10*l.* for travelling expenses for his daughter. However, there is the letter. Mr. Lyons was disposed to embrace the offer, but after some negotiation it was withdrawn by Mr. Thomas. A letter afterwards came to Mr. Lyons purporting to be written by his daughter, in which she stated that she had left her home of her own free will, advised her father to give up his search, and professed to have embraced Christianity. Mr. Lyons, naturally objecting to this novel method for the conversion of the Jews, came up to town and consulted solicitors bearing the mighty names of Sampson, Samuel, and Emanuel, in the hope that they would be able to do something towards recovering his daughter. It appeared that they could do but little. An application was made to Mr. Justice Blackburn, at chambers, for a writ of *habeas corpus*, directing Mr. Thomas to bring up the body of Esther Lyons. After much consideration and perusing various affidavits, that learned judge declined to grant the writ, on the ground that the girl was above sixteen years of age, and that there was no evidence that she was detained against her will.

This case raises the same sort of legal difficulty as did the case of Alicia Race, which came before the Court of Queen's Bench in 1857, upon a contest for the custody of the child between a Protestant school and a Papist mother. The child was the daughter of a pious sergeant of marines with a literary turn, who was killed at the attack on Petropaulowski in 1854. Sergeant Race was a Protestant; but his wife, who survived him, was a Roman Catholic. The Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund placed the girl Alicia Race at a Protestant school, in order that she might be brought up in the religion of her father. The mother—acting, as was alleged, under priestly influence—expressed her wish to remove the child from this school, with the purpose of bringing it up as a Roman Catholic. The Com-

missioners hereupon requested the child to declare its wishes, and they obtained from Alicia Race the statement, most comforting to all true Protestants, that, much as she loved her mother, she did not wish to go to a school where she would be taught idolatry. It must be confessed that the Court of Queen's Bench showed itself deficient in Protestantism upon this occasion, for it decided that the mother was entitled to the custody of the child. The father, who seems to have had a considerable eye for sensational effect, had written the night before the attack on Petropaulowski what Lord Campbell, in the Court of Queen's Bench, called "a beautiful and affecting letter" to his wife, which was to be sent to her in the event of his death. "Petropaulowski," says the valiant sergeant, "is a Russian colony, and we are about to take it or die in the attempt." It was not the fault of Sergeant Race if some of his comrades, who perhaps had not written "beautiful and affecting letters" to their wives, were less resolutely bent on death than he was. The sergeant at any rate was killed; and if it be not inconsistent with the Protestant faith which he adorned, we would express the hope that the heroes who fell in later battles have conveyed to him, in his blissful abode, the knowledge that his "beautiful and affecting letter" is preserved for the admiration of posterity in the seventh volume of *Ellis and Blackburn's Reports*. The sympathy of the British public was strongly evoked on behalf of the infant testifier against Popery, the child of this "model of a Christian soldier," as Lord Campbell called him; but although Lord Campbell loved claspwell, he loved law better, and accordingly his Court gave a judgment which was heard with consternation by all Protestants. The child, Alicia Race, being then between ten and eleven years old, had been brought before the Court upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, granted at the instance of her mother. On the one side it was contended that the Court ought to order the child to be delivered to her mother; and, on the other, that the Court ought to ask the child to choose whether to go home with her mother or to return to the school from which her mother desired to remove her. Lord Campbell pointed out the inconvenience of this doctrine of election. Here was a girl who objected to the worship of the Virgin. Presently might come a boy who considered the application of a birch to his person undesirable, and preferred to remain at a school where "moral suasion" was relied upon. The same rule of law must prevail whether the parent was Roman Catholic or Protestant, and the text which had been cited at the bar, "Suffer little children to come unto me," was inapplicable to the case. But the Court had considerable difficulty in discovering what the rule of law was. It may seem wonderful that such a simple and everyday matter as a parent's right to the custody of a child should be treated by our Courts as involving abstruse learning. Lord Campbell did indeed decline the task of travelling through all the cases *seriatim*, because it had been performed by his own Court a few years before. The result of the journey was of that negative character which English lawyers love. The Court of Queen's Bench, in Lord Denman's time, laid down the rule that "where a young person under twenty-one years of age is brought before the Court by *habeas corpus*, if he be of an age to exercise a choice, the Court leaves the infant to elect where he will go, but, if he be not of that age, the Court must make an order for his being placed in the proper custody." Thus the Court under Lord Denman made age the criterion, but it did not specify what age. The Court under Lord Campbell advanced to the further stage of holding that, during what is called in the old books "guardianship for nurture," the infant cannot exercise a choice, and this guardianship continues to the age of fourteen years. It followed that the infant Alicia Race must be delivered over to her mother, and the Court hoped that the mother would treat her with that affection which her father anticipated in the letter which he wrote "when he foresaw that he was soon to fall in defence of his country."

By this admirable compound of law and sentiment Lord Campbell satisfied the exigencies at once of the regular reporters of his Court and of the newspapers. The right of the parent to the custody of the child up to the age of fourteen years was established by his decision, but beyond that age the question remained in that obscurity which encourages litigation. Indeed, a passage in Lord Campbell's judgment rather favoured the notion that there was no right in the parent over a child beyond fourteen; for he said that, under the old law, guardianship for nurture ceased at that age, "upon the supposition that the infant had now reached the years of discretion." In the case of Charlotte Barford, which arose in 1860, the Court of Queen's Bench had to consider what was to be done with a girl above fourteen and under sixteen years of age. It is remarkable that this Court, under successive chiefs, has had to deal with young ladies of various ages, and has found nearly equal difficulty with all of them. The girl Charlotte Barford objected to the custody of her father, and the question was whether the father was entitled to such custody notwithstanding her objection. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn, who now presided in the Court, declared that he was so entitled. A father was entitled by law to the custody of his children till they attained the age of twenty-one years. But, nevertheless, the Court would not grant a *habeas corpus* to hand a child which was below that age over to its father, provided that it had attained an age of sufficient discretion to enable it to exercise a wise choice for its own interests. The whole question was, what was that age of discretion? The Court repudiated the notion that intellectual precocity in a female child could hasten the



arrival of the period of discretion; for that very precocity, if uncontrolled, might lead the child to irreparable injury. But what was this period, which it was so important to fix, but which the law, so far as regarded any direct enactment, had left unfixed? There is a statute which makes the abduction of a girl under sixteen penal, and thus, said the Lord Chief Justice, the Legislature had given to the Court a guide, which it might safely follow, in pointing out sixteen as the age up to which the father's right to the custody of his female child was to continue. It will not surprise any persons acquainted with the curious haphazard manner in which our law is fashioned, to observe that the guide supposed to be given by the Legislature to the Courts is inapplicable to the case of a male child. Some day we shall behold the Court of Queen's Bench groping among the Year-books to discover what is to be done with a troublesome youth of fifteen whose "intellectual precocity" renders him unable to acquiesce in the religious teaching or the birch of Harrow or Eton, and who claims to choose a system of education for himself. If we were asked to explain why Parliament, instead of leaving such questions open to interminable discussion, does not settle them by a short and plain enactment, we should conjecture that the reason is the same as that which generally prevails against shooting foxes—namely, that it spoils sport.

The Court of Queen's Bench having by this decision indicated the age of sixteen years as that beyond which, in the case of a female child, it will not interfere, it follows that a girl of more than eighteen years must be allowed to exercise discretion; and Mr. Justice Blackburn was doubtless right in refusing to grant a *habeas corpus* in the case of a girl of more than eighteen years of age, unless it could be shown that she was under restraint. Mr. Lyons says that he came to England because it is a free country, and he seems to find it rather more free than suits his taste. We very much doubt whether his appeal to "the all-powerful tribunal of public opinion" will come to much, but it is open to him to make his daughter a ward in Chancery.

#### CONCERTS.

(Concluding Notice.)

AMONG the concerts most deserving notice that have marked the past season those of Mr. Leslie are particularly distinguished. "Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir" has for many years been well-known; but its founder and director has seriously modified the design which, in 1856, he originally entertained. His first idea was to make the public generally familiar with the madrigals and part-songs of the most renowned English, Italian, and German composers. This was carried out for years in the most satisfactory manner, although Mr. Leslie had exclusively amateurs to deal with, and, what made his task the more difficult, amateurs who could never be kept together for any long period. So, while admitting that, in the course of a series of performances, he may have brought his choir to a high degree of efficiency, a number of defaulters in the series following would necessitate the finding of an equal number of untrained aspirants to fill their places. Thus, virtually, Mr. Leslie had to begin his labours anew. At the outset, his "Choir" was pronounced, by competent judges, in every way equal to the renowned "*Männergesangverein*" from Cologne, whose performances, years ago, at the Hanover Square Rooms, are still remembered with satisfaction. But, as time went on, and most probably for the reason we have advanced, this excellence was hardly sustained. Mr. Leslie's recruits were in few instances equal to those who had seceded, and his task in the end became something very much like the punishment of Sisyphus. The stone was rolled up to the top of the hill at the termination of one season, but had rolled down again before the commencement of the next. Mr. Leslie, however, is a man not easily disconcerted; and, what with one shift and what with another, he has contrived to establish and uphold the reputation of his choir. He has now boldly entered the lists with the Philharmonic Society, the New Philharmonic Society, the Sacred Harmonic Society, &c. He gives concerts in the programmes of which the elements of attraction peculiar to each of these societies are combined. Symphonies, cantatas, masses (or selections from masses), concertos for pianoforte or violin, with orchestral accompaniments, &c., come all within his sphere. Whether his scheme is a good one remains to be proved; but no one can justly deny that it is carried out both in a liberal spirit, and with considerable judgment in the selection of materials.

To notice in detail the thirteen or fourteen concerts given by Mr. Leslie during the past season would require a great deal more space than we have at command. Some half of them were orchestral concerts; the rest, allowing for the interpolation of occasional ballads, instrumental solos, &c., were purely choral. By far the most interesting were the orchestral concerts; and this, we are inclined to believe, mainly because the choral programmes, of madrigals, part-songs, &c., were not invariably drawn from the best sources. Living composers in this school, at home and abroad, with very few exceptions, are by no means famous, being chiefly noticeable for more or less weak imitations of the Kückens, Säckers, Beckers, and others who have done their utmost to degrade the once vigorous and manly *Liedertafel* of Germany—that *Liedertafel* which, by his patriotic songs, Weber raised so high, for which poor Schubert composed to little or no purpose, and which Mendelssohn, "last of the Romans," did his best to elevate and purify. Mr. Leslie's first choral concert offered

a fair average example of the style of programme which we feel bound to condemn. This included part-songs, by Messrs. J. G. Callcott, R. L. de Pearsall, Joseph Barnby, and Samuel Reay (among others), which are little better than trifling. Then we had Bishop's commonplace glee, "The Fisherman's good night," and two of the stalest ballads in existence—"The Thorn," and "Oft in the still night." Three part-songs by Mendelssohn; his "First violet" (hacknied to death by Madlle. Jetty Treffz at the late M. Jullien's concerts); the most familiar of Haydn's canzonets ("My mother bids me bind my hair"), a genuine English madrigal by John Benet, and some tolerable pianoforte-playing, in no way atoned for the indifferent quality of the rest. It is true that on several occasions the programmes of the choral concerts, without accompaniment, contained pieces of the highest excellence; not only some of the finest specimens of the Italian and English madrigal, but two of Mendelssohn's glorious eight-part psalms—"Judge me, O God," and "Why rage fiercely the heathen?"—the execution of which by Mr. Leslie's choir could hardly be surpassed in vigour, point, and finish. At one concert in particular (not included in the regular series) the selection comprised two "Hymns of Praise" by Mendelssohn; Meyerbeer's somewhat laboured but ingenious "Pater Noster"; a motet, "Exaltabo Te"—an excellent specimen of Palestrina; Mendelssohn's beautiful hymn, "Hear my prayer," for soprano solo and chorus, with organ accompaniment (as originally written); a psalm by Schubert for women's voices; a motet, "O Salutaris," by Auber; and a curious "Ave Maria," by Arcadelt, who, born near the end of the fifteenth century, died in the middle of the sixteenth; besides Mendelssohn's eight-part psalm, "Judge me, O God," and, as if to show the difference between fulness and emptiness, the "Sanctus" from M. Gounod's pretentious Mass for men's voices. But this was an exceptional programme; and the most irreproachable entertainments in the course of the season were unquestionably those in which the orchestra was employed. That Mr. Leslie would be careful to provide an orchestra of the highest efficiency might have been taken for granted. About sixty competent players (the number, according to Schindler, considered by Beethoven all that was necessary for the adequate performance of his own immortal symphonies) assisted in these concerts; and, not to enumerate other things, we may state that Mendelssohn's "Reformation Symphony"—a prominent feature of the concert season of 1868—and the same composer's "Italian Symphony," were given (the first twice, the last once), in a manner to reflect as much credit on Mr. Leslie, the conductor, as on those who played under his direction. Hardly less did the orchestra distinguish itself in the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the sparkling vitality of which seems perennial. But most important of all must be ranked the production of certain works with which Mr. Leslie's audience, and indeed the majority of the London musical public, were wholly unacquainted. A foretaste had been conceded a year earlier, in the shape of Mendelssohn's music to the *Antigone* of Sophocles, and the unanimous favour accorded to this doubtless encouraged Mr. Leslie to go further onward in the same direction, and to insert the subjoined paragraph in his prospectus for the season:—

After the performances of last season of Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, Mr. Leslie announced that he intended to introduce several works of great interest in which orchestral accompaniment would be employed. In the fulfilment of that announcement his present series of concerts is given; and, while endeavouring to maintain the reputation gained during past seasons by the performance of unaccompanied music, he trusts to supply a want long felt in the metropolis by giving works (or portions of them) which have been heard only at long intervals of time, but many of which are undoubted masterpieces.

How well the promise contained in this announcement was carried out may be understood when it is added that the noble music to *Edipus in Colonus*, some few curtailments (we cannot but think unadvisable) allowed for, absorbed an entire part of the first grand orchestral concert. *Edipus*, like *Antigone* and *Athalie*, as is well known, was composed by Mendelssohn at the instigation of the late King of Prussia, who was also very desirous that the illustrious musician, whom he had attempted in vain to attach exclusively to his Court, should equally write music for a condensed version of the trilogy of *Æschylus*—*Agamemnon*, the *Choephora*, and the *Eumenides* (the three plays thrown into one)—a task presenting obstacles upon which Mendelssohn dwells minutely in letters to Bunsen and Müller.\* With reference to the *Edipus in Colonus* we have nothing to add to what has already been said, unless it be to express one regret, universally felt—that *Edipus Tyrannus*, the first play of the Sophoclean trilogy, was never put in full score, and another, as universally felt, that the complete sketch of this *Edipus*, which Mendelssohn tells Müller he has made ("*Auch die letztere, der 'König Edipus,' ist im Entwurf fertig*"), has not been published. The performance, under Mr. Leslie's direction, was admirable from beginning to end, and afforded so much satisfaction that one of the principal choruses (like the superb "Hymn to Eros" in *Antigone*) was subsequently introduced, as a special attraction, at other concerts. But, in addition to *Edipus in Colonus*, Mr. Leslie brought forward a very fine hymn by Cherubini ("Inclina Domine"), together with selections from J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor, Schubert's Mass in E flat, and

\* "Die Zusammenziehung in ein Stück vermehrt diese Schwierigkeit ganz ausserordentlich, und ich wage zu behaupten, dass kein jetzt lebender Musiker im Stande sei, diese Riesenaufgabe gewissenhaft zu lösen—geschweige denn, dass ich es könnte."—*Briefe, 1833 bis 1847. Pag. 436.*

Beethoven's Mass in C. These last made every one long for the masses "in their integrity"—more especially for the first two, the one so elaborate, the other so beautiful, both so striking and yet so utterly unlike each other. We have still to name Handel's *Acis and Galatea*; the melodious and graceful "Vespera de Dominica" of Mozart; the *Ruinen von Athen* of Beethoven; and the *Antigone* of Mendelssohn. All this by no means familiar music had been carefully practised, and was for the most part carefully and effectively executed. To talk of the so-styled "*Messe Solennelle*" of M. Gounod among such truly Orphean compositions seems absurd. Nevertheless, history is history; and it is our duty to record that Mr. Leslie presented that piece, with all the honours, in the midst of them. It can hardly be said, as a plea for its introduction, that—

verborum vetus interit atas,  
Et ————— florum modò nata vigetque—

inasmuch as, though the authors of the other works enumerated are long since gone, there is a freshness in their melody (not to speak of their immeasurable superiority in other respects) which causes the manufactured tune of M. Gounod to sound all the more worn and *fade*; and the "*verborum interit atas*" would seem to apply more truthfully to the living than to the dead. What the director can have found in this windy, insipid mass to induce him to award it a place among such masterpieces of art, we are at a loss to imagine.

With the object of increasing and varying the attractions of his orchestral concerts, moreover, Mr. Leslie engaged some of the foremost artists of the day, to perform instrumental solos, concertos, &c. Among them were Mesdames Schumann and Arabella Goddard, Messrs. Hallé, Pauer, &c., for pianoforte; and, last not least, Herr Joachim, for violin. The solo singers, too, were of the best, including Maddles, Tietjens and Kellogg, Miss Edith Wynne, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Santley, and many others of more or less eminence. So that, on the whole, Mr. Leslie's thirteenth series has undoubtedly been the richest in material of any on record. What may be the financial result we do not profess to know; and whether the entirely new plan which our spirited countryman seems determined to adopt in future is more likely to answer than that upon which he originally built his hopes of fortune, remains to be proved. We are of opinion that an annual series of concerts devoted exclusively to madrigals and part-songs, from the best masters, rehearsed with scrupulous diligence, and executed as nearly as possible to perfection, might become an established institution. But Mr. Leslie is clearly not of that mind, or he would not have entered into a new sphere of action, a sphere in which he is inevitably exposed to competition.

Last year a series of concerts was projected by Mr. Joseph Barnby, some of whose part-songs have occasionally been heard in public. "Mr. Barnby's Choir," judging by the character of the performances, is in direct opposition to Mr. Leslie. So much the worse for both, seeing that Mr. Leslie's own experience has plainly demonstrated the unlikelihood of London being in want of two institutions of the kind. If one cannot be made to pay, it is difficult to imagine how two can be made to pay. But Mr. Barnby is both industrious and energetic. He is not a practised conductor, as was convincingly shown by the manner in which the music composed by Mendelssohn for the *Athalie* of Racine was performed, under his direction, at the first and second concerts. Nor did the "Reformation Symphony" (also given twice), which Mr. Barnby was the first to introduce to a London audience\*, fare better, the execution being coarse and ill-balanced throughout.

It was a somewhat bold venture to begin with the very difficult music of *Athalie*, which has baffled the skill of more than one conductor. The "Reformation Symphony," however, may be regarded in some measure as a *protégée* of Mr. Barnby's, inasmuch as he has made and published two arrangements of it for the pianoforte—one as a duet, the other as a solo. But if these arrangements confer a prescriptive right in the symphony, we have only to urge that, as *noblesse oblige*, it behoved the privileged "arranger" to secure a better performance of a work in which he must naturally have felt a deep interest. Mr. Barnby's choir, in numbers greatly exceeding that of Mr. Leslie, is in no respect as efficient. A choir can no more be perfected than a city can be built, in a day. Mr. Leslie has spent thirteen years in training his choir, and has not yet got it quite in order; how then can it be expected that Mr. Barnby should accomplish in one year what Mr. Leslie has been unable to accomplish in thirteen? The programmes of Mr. Barnby are constructed much after the same fashion as those of his precursor and contemporary. The second and best of the concerts this year was devoted exclusively to the music of one composer—to *Athalie* and the "Reformation Symphony" being added the animated march ("posthumous") composed in 1841 at Dresden, in honour of a visit paid to that city by the painter Cornelius; the "Ave Maria," for soprano with chorus—a lovely fragment from the unfinished opera of *Lorelei*; four part-songs; the eighth book of *Lieder ohne Worte* for pianoforte, played, as it were, "*en robe de chambre, bonnet de nuit et pantoufles*," by Herr Ernst Pauer; and the splendid overture in C major, which has been christened the "Trumpet Overture," but which under any other name would sound as well. At another concert was brought forward

M. Gounod's *Messe Solennelle*. This was really well performed, perhaps as well, if not better, than at Mr. Leslie's, and with precisely the same result. Accustom the public to such "sacred" compositions, and there is no knowing what they may ultimately refuse to accept. It is not easy to cultivate taste in a large community, but it is very easy to corrupt taste even when passably cultivated. M. Gounod's sacred works, like his more ambitious orchestral works, are vastly inferior to his operas—although even his operas are overrated; but the Mass in G is full of the *ad captandum* "sensational" effects by which the unwary are readily taken in; and for this reason it is likely, in certain circles, to make head for a time, and to maintain a position until something still more *ad captandum* and "sensational" comes to displace it. At the same concert we had a very nicely written, if not very original, motet ("King all glorious"), the composition of Mr. Barnby himself; besides Beethoven's grandest pianoforte concerto (No. 5, in E flat), very finely played by Madame Schumann (who also gave three numbers from the Eighth Book of *Lieder ohne Worte*—like Herr Pauer, "*en robe de chambre*"); the hymn, "Hear my prayer," in which Miss Banks sang the solos; and the magnificent eight-part psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came"—the last executed in a great measure after a style that may be termed "perfunctory." The remaining concerts call for no particular remark; but of one thing we are certain—that if these performances do not materially improve they can never take firm hold of the public. Where we find uncommon pretension we expect also to find something uncommon to support it; but up to the present time we have observed in the concerts of "Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir" much pretension and little else.

Of a series of entertainments, styled "Ancient and Modern Concerts," instituted with the avowed object of restoring the defunct Ancient Concerts, and subsequently remodelled so as to include both ancient and modern music, it will suffice to say that two only have been given, and that the scheme has apparently fallen through. Worse performances than these have rarely been heard in St. James's Hall—or, indeed, in London. Herr Schachner, composer of the oratorio, *Israel's Return from Babylon*, was the conductor; but his conducting was to little purpose. Why will amateurs, instead of aiding musicians by their countenance and support, embark in speculations, on their own account, about the management of which they can possibly have no idea?

The eighth and last of the regular series of Philharmonic Concerts, and the "complimentary concert" offered to subscribers gratis, and to non-subscribers at a lower price of admission than has been the long-established custom of the Society, were both more or less interesting. At the first, in the Hanover Square Rooms, we had the symphony in C, which Haydn, or somebody for him, nick-named *La Danse des Ours*, and Beethoven's No. 8 (in F); a new overture, entitled *La Selva Incanta*, very clever, very lively, and full of character, composed expressly for the occasion by Mr. Benedict; Auber's tuneful and brilliant overture written for the International Exhibition of 1862; Herr Max Bruch's much-talked-of violin concerto, which Joseph Joachim is reported to have introduced with great success in Germany, but which all the ability of Herr Ludwig Straus (who never played better than on this occasion) failed to make interesting; and Mendelssohn's second pianoforte concerto (D minor), Herr Ernst Lubeck's very unfinished performance of which may be compared with that by Signor Andreoli of the same composer's *Serenade e rondo Giugoso*, at one of the recent concerts of the New Philharmonic Society. There was also some excellent singing, by Madame Trebelli and Madlle. Christine Nilsson, the last of whom, among other things, gave the quaint and charming "Chanson des Djins," from Auber's new opera, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, which she sang in the most captivating way imaginable. This concert was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal Family, who, as usual, on entering and taking leave, were edified with the National Anthem, which, except on State visits, is wholly superfluous, and, combined with the annoying intrusiveness of a large number of the audience on such occasions, probably prevents these illustrious personages from more frequently gracing musical entertainments with their presence. The Duke of Edinburgh escaped the second infliction by quitting the room at the end of the first part of the concert. At the "complimentary concert," held in the more commodious arena of the St. James's Hall, where it is rumoured that henceforth the Philharmonic Concerts will take place, the symphonies were Mozart's "Jupiter" and Mendelssohn's "Italian," both well played, and both gaining no little in delicacy of colouring through the change of *locale*. The concerto was Beethoven's in G major, for pianoforte (No. 4), the refined and masterly, though somewhat reserved, execution of which by Mr. Charles Hallé, who adopted the "*cadenzas*" written by Beethoven himself for the first and last movements, was a genuine treat after the pretentious and blundering performances of this and other such works by certain distinguished *virtuosi* who have recently exhibited themselves and their peculiarities. But the feature of the programme was the eminently beautiful and very original "fantasia-overture" (why so called we are at a loss to explain, seeing that nothing can be more symmetrical in form), composed by Professor Sterndale Bennett for the Jubilee Concert by which the Philharmonic Society, in 1862, celebrated its fiftieth anniversary. We have nothing to add to what we have already said of Professor Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, unless it be that on each new hearing it discloses fresh beauties—so delicate and so closely woven is its texture. The members of the

\* The first performance in England, and probably the finest ever heard, of the "Reformation Symphony" was at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns.



orchestra to a man played this overture *con amore*. They doubtless looked back to their late director with regret, ably as his place is now filled by Mr. Cusins; and they must equally have borne in mind that the composer of *Paradise and the Peri* is one of the too few musicians of whom this country has a just right to feel proud. Madame Trebelli, Madlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Santley were the singers; and we are glad to be able to express our admiration of the manner in which Madlle. Nilsson gave Beethoven's magnificent "Ah perfido!" from one end to the other. It was simply perfect, and all the more remarkable in an artist accustomed habitually to Italian composers whose idea of expressing passion and sentiment in music differs so essentially from that of Beethoven, Mozart, and the other great Germans. The last piece in this "Complimentary Concert" was Weber's "*Jubel*" overture, which, closing with the tune of the Prussian National Anthem, the same as our own, stood appropriately enough in place of "God save the Queen." The concert was a real success.

The *matinées* of the Musical Union have taken place as usual in St. James's Hall; but as the director, Mr. Ella, persists in writing his own criticisms in advance and challenging all those who may be disinclined to accept his criticism as canonical, we have not thought it necessary to attend them. At the same time, we may state a fact that is notorious. The absence of Herr Joachim, Signor Piatti, Madame Schumann, Mr. Hallé, and other renowned artists has robbed the performances of the Musical Union of much of their *prestige*; and they are now, at the best, but second-rate exhibitions.

## REVIEWS.

### NAPOLÉON AND PIUS VII.\*

THERE is no part of the elder Napoleon's history more thoroughly characteristic of him, and none which leaves a more distinct and unqualified impression, than his dealings, first and last, with Pius VII. At the time it filled the stoutest Protestants with indignant sympathy for a Pope who was the victim of inflated and brutal insolence which would have been without excuse even in an Oriental conqueror, and who bore wanton affronts as well as wrong with serene meekness and cheerfulness, and a dignity never at fault. And there is but one version of the story. The deliberate injustice, the reckless contempt of other men's most sacred feelings and convictions, the arranged and scenic displays of gratuitous coarseness and rudeness, the combination, with the consciousness of irresistible force and the most unscrupulous purpose to use it, of the meanest and dirtiest tricks of the most crooked and most cowardly of pettifoggers—all this is displayed in as glaring colours by M. Thiers as it is by Cardinal Consalvi or M. Artaud. There are greater crimes in the Emperor's career, and more unpardonable instances of cruel and desolating ambition, but there is no clearer proof of the deep and inbred vulgarity and ruffianism which formed the basis of Napoleon's character than his treatment of the Pope.

The story is told afresh and with much ability by M. de Haussonville. It is a story which, from its completeness, its certainty, its touching vicissitudes, and the vivid contrast of characters presented in it, will bear a good deal of telling; and with the attempts unceasingly going on to make the world forget the real nature of the man who founded modern Imperialism, it is as well not to forget so compact and so convincing an evidence of what he was. M. de Haussonville is also able to fill up, from recent publications of the correspondence of the time or from documents still unpublished, a good many details in the well-known outline of events; and these details in every case deepen and confirm all that the world conceived of the Emperor's incredible falseness, meanness, and insolence. But every story, even the most straightforward and undeniable, has its under sides, and its secondary yet not unimportant trains of incident and fact. The special interest of M. de Haussonville's book is that he brings out firmly and impartially some of the less considered, but not the less real, features of these transactions—features which are not unnaturally lost sight of or unheeded in the broad and perfectly clear aspects of the matter as a whole, but yet which ought not to be left out of the account when things come to be considered as a matter of history. In the glare of Napoleon's fraud and lying and brutal violence, the smaller failings of the men who suffered from them are lost. But they were there nevertheless. In regard to him, they were as nothing; in all that they did towards him, and compared with him, the Roman Court was almost without guile or fault. But the historian has to judge, not only of the crimes of the tyrant, but of the deportment of the martyr under his trial. In either case suffering undeserved and cruel wrong, he may be equal to his trial or below it. In the present instance, when the story comes to be related by a calm and conscientious investigator, who abhors and brands oppression, yet does not allow himself under sentimental recollections of the past to forget how brave men, entrusted with great interests, ought to meet oppression, it results, we think, that though it is difficult to imagine anything so bad as the monstrous outrages on the part of the French Government, all was not true or straightforward, or equal to its position and principles, on the part of the Papal Court. There was, it is true, especially at last, much dignity and patience in calmly

enduring the worst; but there was also, till the worst became inevitable, an amount of fear, of weakness, of unworthy compliance, of still more unworthy flattery and affected admiration of the successful and unscrupulous adventurer, which only the contrast of that adventurer's detestable arrogance and injustice could have made the world forget or pardon.

It was no doubt fortunate for the Roman Church and the Papacy that the Venice Conclave ended so unexpectedly in the election of Chiaramonte, an election which drew with it the Ministry of the able and honest Consalvi. A greater man than Pius VII. there might certainly have been, but it is more than doubtful whether he was to be found among the Cardinals of that day; and it seemed highly probable at one time that the new Pope would be pledged to be a mere tool of the ambition of Austria, flushed as it was at the moment with its shortlived ascendancy in Italy. The changes which soon followed after Marengo found a Pope at Rome who, so far from being committed to Austria or to the old state of things, had, while Bishop of Imola, made rather an ostentatious display of his sympathy for the new ideas of liberty and progress, of which the French armies professed to be the heralds. In this early liberalism, as well as in some other points of character, there are, amid great differences, certain resemblances between the seventh and the ninth Pius. One result was that Buonaparte, now rising into power, thought that he saw the means of coming to an understanding, which might be of great use and importance to him, with a Pope who seemed, both by temper and opinions, to be more willing than the ecclesiastics of the old *régime* to look favourably on recent changes, and to co-operate hopefully and sincerely with the new men in power. With an Austrian Pope it is not easy to imagine his thinking of reconciliation with Rome; with Pius VII. he at once turned his attention to a Concordat.

Given the state of things at the time, in France and at Rome, the general idea and the outlines of the Concordat seem in themselves fair and reasonable. Both parties had great objects to gain, and the bargain, though a hard one for the Church, was one which, only a year or two before, would have seemed too good to hope for. Buonaparte, no doubt, showed from the first the deliberate and calculated discourtesy and arrogance which he looked upon, not perhaps without reason, as a powerful instrument to impress those with whom he transacted business with a due sense both of his power and his unscrupulousness. And, as M. de Haussonville remarks, he took a great deal too much credit for "raising up the altars" in France; for, as might be expected, his zeal for the Concordat arose from his finding that religion was becoming once more popular in France; and in fact religious worship had been restored in forty thousand communes, and in Paris itself, by the clergy and the people themselves, before the Concordat was spoken of. The Church gained recognition, a certain amount of titular rank, and a certain amount of Government money; the Government succeeded, with the ample interpretations of a revolutionary Executive, to the prerogatives in things ecclesiastical of the old Monarchy. But if this had been all, though the civil power, and the military dictator whom it obeyed, gained the lion's share in the transaction, the Church had recovered ground which at one time seemed irretrievably lost, and there was nothing to be ashamed of in the compromise, and nothing very intolerable in its conditions.

But this was not all. It was not the compromise itself—it was not even the harsh conditions insisted upon, both at first and afterwards, in points where substantial power might well have yielded to scruples, and given way about mere appearances; it was the manner in which the negotiations were carried on which ought to have opened the eyes of Pius VII. and Consalvi to the real character of the man with whom they were dealing. From the first they became aware that they had to do with a man who, whether from passion or from cool forethought, put all consideration and respect for other men beneath his feet, and saw nothing unbecoming in inflicting the most wanton and mortifying affronts on those who, with the highest titles to veneration, trusted themselves to his honour and courtesy. But what they learned afterwards was much more than this. They soon found that this illustrious hero and conqueror, the magnanimous and large-hearted protector of religion, was capable, not merely of browbeating and bullying, and trying to frighten a helpless priest with the bluster of a pretended knowledge of theology and canon law, but of attempting to surprise and take him in by the flagrant arts of a sharper and a cheat. There is nothing probably in the whole history of diplomacy, full as it is of shifty transactions, to match in gross and insulting fraud the attempt of the Abbé Bernier, by Buonaparte's orders, to make the Pope's envoy, Consalvi, formally sign, without knowing it, a different set of articles from those which, after long discussions, had been agreed upon. A Pope and a Cardinal might, in accordance with Christian precepts, put up with the coarseness and personal offensiveness of a successful soldier. But what a very short experience taught them was that this fortunate and powerful adventurer was the most profoundly immoral, the most meanly false and treacherous, of mankind, the most selfish of conscious actors with an everlasting profession of generosity on his lips.

Yet with this full knowledge, with the keen and bitter certainty that he had tricked them in fact, and tried to trick them more, and that at any moment, if it happened to suit him, he would trick them again, Pius VII. and his best and most trusted agents went on pouring forth their admiration and

\* *L'Eglise Romaine et le premier Empire.* Par M. le Comte d'Haussonville. 2 vols. Paris: Michel Lévy. 1868.

obsequious homage before the feet of the new Charlemagne. It was not only a weak and foolish creature, like the Legate Caprara, bribed to be unfaithful to his trust, and consoled under the Emperor's insults and still more offensive patronizing by the archbishopric of Milan, the payment of his debts, and the privilege of *entrée* to Josephine's select parties, who was carried away with this spirit of adulation. It was not only the great mass of the French dignified clergy of whose astonishing self-degradation and want of decent regard for principle and honour, in their flattery of the successful usurper, M. de Haussonville speaks with mingled shame and irony. Napoleon was addressed in terms of wild and exaggerated enthusiasm which it makes one's ears tingle to hear, by really conscientious and respectable men, with a full sense, as the event showed at last, of self-respect and duty, and with a genuine value for the great interests which they believed committed to their care. There were stronger and abler men living at the time than the Pope and his Minister, but none more disinterested, more sincere, or with a more delicate appreciation of their trust.

There was a good deal to be said for the Concordat, but there was no excuse for the ignoble and fatal compliance of the Pope's journey to Paris to crown the new Emperor. Putting aside all questions of right and legality, and the unprecedented character of the demand, the Pope and his advisers knew by this time a good deal of the nature of the man who asked, from the highest religious authority on earth, the special and emphatic consecration of his power. They had found him one who, with the most pompous expressions of good will, was ready at every turn to cheat and insult them, and on whom it was simply impossible to rely for keeping faith with them. Their own sense of dignity, their convictions, their traditions, their instincts, all warned them not to yield. There was but one avowed reason in favour of the Pope's going to Paris. It was the hope that by personal intercourse with Napoleon he might get alterations made in some of the most obnoxious arrangements, added, simply by the mere will of the Emperor, to the Concordat. But this hope was of the vaguest kind. The Emperor promised nothing but in the most general terms. He really offered nothing in return for the sacrifice demanded of the Pope. And this was not the whole. The man who was pressing the Pope to crown him was the man who had just seized and murdered the Duke d'Enghien. To make the world forget this atrocity was one of the reasons why he wished to show himself to mankind as the special favourite of the Pope. Yet with all this knowledge and all these warnings, the Pope, with infinite reluctance, and after a vain parade of anxious consultations and correspondences, which added no light to what was clear, though they might furnish some bad excuses to the timid and hesitating, resolved on the unpardonable step of assenting to an unheard-of and outrageous demand, for which nothing but the arbitrary will of Napoleon could be urged as a reason, and against which the principles and the honour of the Catholic Church should have rendered its Head inflexible.

The coronation and the Pope's journey to Paris were to the Emperor partly in the nature of an experiment. They gave Napoleon, to a certain extent, the measure of what he had at one time respected as an important power, but of which the force could not be calculated with the same ease as the other forces with which he had to deal. He wanted to see how far he could bend the Roman Court to his purposes; how far a great deal of frightening, mixed with a sparing portion of flattery, would make it a manageable instrument. And he, not very unnaturally, came to the conclusion that he might count on a good deal from a Pope who had yielded so much. The fatal compliance of the coronation was followed by a series of the most insolent and offensive demands, which ended, as all the world knows, in the seizure of Rome and the captivity of Savona. These events would very probably have come to pass anyhow, sooner or later; but it would have been far better for the reputation of Pius VII. if they had happened earlier, and not at the conclusion of a quarrel caused by the intolerable humiliations inflicted without remorse by the Emperor on a Pope who still professed to see in him the most glorious of mankind, and to which undoubtedly the Pope's unworthy acquiescence in the matter of the coronation had encouraged the new Charlemagne. He thought he might reckon indefinitely on the effects of intimidation. But he made just the mistake which a cynic like him was apt to make. Fear had a great deal to do in drowning the voice of conscience, of reason, of self-respect in Pius VII. and his advisers. Only it was not personal fear. Pius VII. and Consalvi were without fear for their lives and fortunes, as they were without personal ends of ambition and gain. But the fear that haunted them was for the outward advantages and status of the Church. A schism, or the establishment of Protestantism in France by the great revolutionary despot, was the bugbear ever present to the imagination of the Romans. When the dangers and menaces around them passed from this ground, and simply threatened their persons, the Emperor found that they were suddenly beyond the range of his aim and his weapons, and that the timidity and obsequiousness on which he had on other occasions so accurately reckoned had changed into the most serene and intrepid indifference to his promises or his anger.

What is to be said of Pius VII. is that he was exposed to a trial of which it is difficult in our day to measure the real force—a trial in which the fascination exercised for a long time on him by Napoleon was as great an element as his fear for the interests of his Church; and that the rest of the French and Italian eccle-

siastical world was involved in the same madness of welcoming in a revolutionary infidel the saviour and restorer of Christianity, and was carried away by the same discreditable extravagance of mingled flattery and terror. M. de Haussonville, an intelligent yet considerate judge, remarks with sorrow how, under the elder Napoleon, as on other occasions, the French clergy showed an unworthy eagerness to hail with indiscriminating adulation the last comer, whoever he may be, in the possession of power. He speaks of

l'occasion, hélas! trop fréquemment offerte de découvrir à quel point le clergé français était au fond sans convictions politiques, et avec quelle facilité, sans de grands frais, moyennant quelques vagues avances, les ecclésiastiques les plus engagés envers l'ancien ordre de choses pouvaient être soudainement ralliés au nouveau régime.

He tells the story, with an amusing gravity worthy of Le Sage, of the invention, in the *bureau* of M. de Portalis, of the *féte* of S. Napoleon, and of the pious hurry of Mgr. d'Osmond, Bishop of Nancy, to celebrate it with processions and confraternities, before even he could find out who S. Napoleon was. But the story of S. Napoleon is a small matter compared with that of which M. de Haussonville gives the details—the proceedings about the Catechism imposed by the Imperial authority on the French dioceses. It is too long for our limits here, but a more instructive illustration of the spirit of those days could not be found. The Imperial agents, in concert with the Pope's envoy, Caprara, interpolated in Bossuet's catechism, which was set forth as the one catechism for all the French dioceses, a long chapter in which the most unlimited obedience was inculcated, with the most sacred sanctions, toward the Emperor by name and his family. The whole proceeding was condemned by the astonished and scandalized authorities at Rome, and the Legate Caprara was formally forbidden to have anything more to do with it. The Legate, in direct opposition to his instructions, and knowing how much more formidable was the wrath of the Emperor than the displeasure of the Vatican, ventured formally and publicly to approve the catechism; and yet, after this, neither the Pope nor the French Bishops dared openly to express their disapprobation. The feeling of disgust and annoyance was extreme, but it was silent. The story would be incomplete without adding that one change in the catechism was allowed by the exacting Emperor, to satisfy the scruples of those on whom it was forced. The Emperor had erased from Bossuet's catechism the old doctrine, *hors de l'Eglise point de salut*. As a compensation to those who had to swallow the extravagant servility of the Government catechism, this doctrine, on the earnest representations of Cardinal Fesch, was suffered to be restored. M. de Haussonville writes:—

Le Cardinal Fesch avait objection au chapitre du nouveau catéchisme qui reconnaissait la possibilité du salut pour les âmes nées en dehors de l'Eglise Catholique; mais il n'en avait aucune contre les développements inattendus donnés au quatrième commandement. On ne sait pas en détail ce qui se passait à St.-Cloud. Le résultat seul est connu. Le chef du gouvernement, dit M. Jauffret, tenait beaucoup à ce que le nouveau catéchisme fût partout favorablement accueilli à cause du chapitre qui le concernait; c'est pourquoi il donna des ordres pour qu'on modifiât les passages qui pouvaient faire suspecter la doctrine de ce livre. On rétablit même au chapitre de l'Eglise les expressions, *hors de l'Eglise point de salut*, que les éditeurs avaient cru devoir rendre autrement. Il est facile de comprendre en effet que l'empereur ait eu dans cette circonstance de la peine de se défendre sérieusement contre son oncle. Quoi! pouvait-il dire avec une grande force de raisonnement le Cardinal Fesch, vous voulez de la damnation éternelle pour ceux qui se tiennent en dehors de votre gouvernement, ou bien, qui ont seulement le tort de n'être pas animés à l'égard de votre majesté d'un amour suffisant; et vous ne voulez pas que l'Eglise menace d'une peine semblable ceux qui ne reconnaissent pas son autorité! Cela serait contradictoire. A cette argumentation de *hominem*, il n'y avait rien à répondre. Comme il ne s'agissait après tout que de laisser danner quelques âmes de plus, l'empereur n'y regarda pas de trop près, et accepta la transaction qui était, comme à l'ordinaire, entièrement à son profit.

#### RICHARDSON'S CLARISSA.\*

MR. DALLAS deserves the thanks of every lover of English literature for his endeavour to rehabilitate one of its most unquestionable masterpieces. Most people begin their study of Richardson with *Pamela*, and the insufferable prolixity of that complete letter-writer—for it is not much more—usually stifles any desire to become better acquainted with so ineffably tiresome an author. *Pamela* is only worth reading by professional students of the literature and moral tone of the period. The case is very different with *Clarissa*. There is a stir and movement and liveliness in the bookseller's second story which not even Richardson's warmest admirers could think they found in the first, whatever merits it may be supposed to have from a didactic point of view. Nobody can pretend that the plot of *Clarissa* does not excite and keep up one's keenest interest, from the beginning to its terrible climax and its tragic consummation. As Macaulay said to Thackeray in a characteristic outburst, reported in Mr. Dallas's introduction—"If you have once entered on *Clarissa*, and are infected by it, you can't leave it." And this is equally true of men and women who are without Macaulay's inexhaustible and insatiable power of taking interest in things. People who have supped on the horrors and complexities of such writers as Mr. Collins or Miss Braddon may still find their attention fast engaged by the woes of Miss Clarissa Harlowe, and the endless machinations of her destroyer. But then they will probably be driven, by this very engagement of their interest and its intensity, to resort to the

\* *Clarissa*. A Novel. By Samuel Richardson. Edited by E. S. Dallas. 3 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.



rather demoralizing and tiring device of skipping. For it cannot be concealed, as we turn over the pages of the original and unabridged *Clarissa*, that its prolixity in some parts is repulsive even to the man who takes up his novel in as serious a spirit as if it were an ethical treatise. Richardson, as Mr. Dallas reminds us, was sixty years old when he wrote his best book, and at sixty most reflective tradesmen, especially if the world has gone very well with them, are addicted to heavy moralizing and preaching. Besides, the author may perhaps have felt that the amount of wickedness in his romance demanded a proportionately handsome amount of sermonizing by way of make-weight. Not satisfied that virtue should teach itself by example, he insists on setting forth the advantages of virtue in an abstract manner, and impressing its claims upon us with all the severity of didactic commonplace. This is plainly a fault. When your heart is torn with the anguish of a noble-minded woman, and inflamed with anger against her ruthless betrayer, it is a piece of unspeakable bathos to ask us, directly or indirectly, to lend our ears to garrulities about right and wrong. If one does not hate vice, in seeing the circumstances of *Clarissa Harlowe's* fate, no number of general propositions is at all likely to engender the proper amount of indignation. Seeing that this mistaken prolixity, where prolixity was less than anywhere else to be endured, has succeeded in thrusting what is really an admirable work of art into the limbo of books unread, Mr. Dallas wisely bethought him that perhaps, if this unreadable matter were curtailed with a pretty free hand, his countrymen might be induced again to turn to a romance which has probably excited more sincere enthusiasm among Frenchmen than any other single product of our literature. Mr. Dallas goes too far when he says that in the reigning literature of France during the last century "there was not to be found a trace of English influence save that of our novelist." For, in truth, that portion of French literature during this time which most especially made it the reigning literature of Europe was strongly impregnated with English influences. French philosophy was characteristically a continuation of Locke and Newton, and, as M. Villenain has said, nearly every bolt of the freethinkers was drawn from the quiver of the English Deists. Mr. Buckle has expatiated on this connexion with his customary amplitude of detail. But this exaggeration is not at all necessary for Mr. Dallas's case, which is, that Richardson has met among Frenchmen, and even Germans, with an amount of recognition that has never been accorded to him by the later generations of English people. This, we take it, is beyond dispute. There are two reasons to account for it. The ordinary novel-reader found the unabridged *Clarissa* too heavy for him, while the people with understanding and patience enough to appreciate all its merits had probably for the most part forsworn fiction, and neglected *Clarissa* along with flimsier books. Mr. Dallas's edition will, at any rate, obviate the objections of the first class. He has not set to work with a reckless enjoyment of his prerogative, nor cut and dashed on the right hand and on the left. If anything, he has been too conscientiously tender, too solicitous to retain all the characteristics of his author's art. Still, *Clarissa* is now readable, like any other three-volume novel, by anybody with the feeblest capacity of being interested in the exploits and sufferings of some of the most admirable characters in the whole range of fiction. As is usual when a good thing has been done, we only wonder why it was never done before. Why were not men of letters before Mr. Dallas stimulated by that saying of Scott's, in which he has found a highly appropriate motto for his title-page, that "a modern reader may be permitted to wish that *Clarissa* had been a good deal abridged at the beginning"? However, let us be thankful that the abridgment has been made at last, and made with judgment and discretion. For, though we can scarcely go so far as the editor in his superlative estimate of *Clarissa* as "the noblest of all novels," yet nothing can be more desirable than that in these days—when writers of fiction, with the rarest exceptions, are content either with superficial reproduction or equally superficial outrage of the facts of life—we should cease to neglect a story which, while closely realistic with the agreeable realism of primitive art, yet rises fully to the height of human tragedy.

The conditions of Richardson's success in *Clarissa* are very striking. The climax of his plot is the wickedest crime in the calendar, perpetrated under the most atrocious and disgusting circumstances that one can well imagine. Yet, somehow, the sweet and pure nobleness of the unhappy heroine sheds such a light over the story that the horror of the crime, which with a smaller artist would have made the whole book lurid and foul, seems only to touch us indirectly. Founded on an impurity, the romance glows and is radiant with the very purest impressions. The most censorious critic in such matters will allow that not a shadow of vicious influence can be found in *Clarissa*. Every man or woman who is not, to begin with, as corrupt as Lovelace himself, will be vehemently set against the brutality of unbridled passion, not stimulated to yield to it, or even to think about it, by Richardson's portrayal of its mastery and violence. Even a modern Lovelace—and the vile type survives—who should be persuaded to read *Clarissa* would infallibly be moved to a better mood, and constrained to leave his usual courses for a month at any rate. They are but sickly moralists, with a puny faith in the virtue or principles of their clients, who fear a book that only presents crime in such a light as to make it unmistakably hideous even in the eyes of men who might previously not have shrunk from its commission. Probably the

secret of all this is that Richardson has steered so thoroughly wide of anything like an intermixture of sentimental with descriptive matter. Try to conceal or colour lust with delicacy, romance of circumstance, tenderness of feeling, or anything that is morally creditable in men's eyes, and the danger of such work is unfathomable and unending. Witness the corruption of certain modern French tales and studies. Not a sentimental line in *Clarissa* veils the ugliness and cruelty of the outrage, which stands just as baldly hateful as a vindictive murder or a crafty and destructive fraud. It is this which makes the story so emphatically moral. Not for one second can one sympathize with Lovelace. We detest him before he has wrought his iniquity; and we despise him for his silly noise and vehemence when all is over with his victim. Yet he is no vulgar melodramatic villain, but just the ordinary clever scoundrel of polite society, and with the clever scoundrel's eminent points—his wit, shiftness, gaiety, wicked levity. Lovelace's letters are incomparably good, full of life and reality; and it is exactly because they are so real and unstrained that they fill us with a hearty aversion for the meanness of that gaiety which is merely the product of robust health and unflinching selfishness. People have wondered how it came to pass that a domestic and decorous bookseller could conceive and draw a rake to such perfection. Even the rakes with thicker heads than Lovelace—Tourville and Mowbray—are excellently sketched. And here, by the way, we are inclined to dissent from Mr. Dallas's complaint of want of background. The minor characters who fill in the background are full of truthfulness and life, from the abominable Mrs. Sinclair and Sally Martin and Elias Brand up to Belford and *Clarissa's* brother and sister. Nothing in its way can be better than the by-play between Miss Howe and her mother and the worthy Hickman; in some portions of this there is really good comedy. Again, though left in a certain shadow, still the reader constantly finds himself thinking of the effect of *Clarissa's* terrible miseries and her ultimate fate upon her hard and unamiable relations at Harlowe Place. This is an ever-present background to any reader of right sensibility, though his own imagination is left to fill it in. It is one of Richardson's chief merits as an artist that he weaves his story as it were in a single piece. Take up a modern novel, and the chances are a hundred to one that you find yourself engaged not on one story but on two, or perhaps three, linked together by some unspeakably slender thread. Richardson, like all other persons with a feeling for art, studies unity of construction, makes his story an integral work, and, while not excluding asides and by-play, holds them in strictest subordination to the central interest of his story. We fancy that this is all that Mr. Dallas means by want of background. To us it seems rather a virtue than a defect, provided that, along with strict unity of story, you have a just diversity of character. Of this diversity there is in *Clarissa* no lack. The meanly spiteful Arabella, the sullenly spiteful James Harlowe, the fiery and spirited Anna Howe, the sober Hickman, the thick-headed rake Tourville, the reformable rake Belford, the incorrigible and clever rake Lovelace, the pure, gentle, and high-minded *Clarissa Harlowe*—all these people are drawn with a firmness of hand and distinctness of outline that are not to be surpassed.

There is something amusingly characteristic of the century in Richardson's prefatory assurance that "it will be proper to observe, for the sake of such as may apprehend hurt to the morals of youth from the more freely-written letters, that the gentlemen, though professed libertines as to the female sex, and making it one of their wicked maxims to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either infidels or scoffers." That there should be any consolation derivable from this queer combination of unimpeached orthodoxy with unscrupulous libertinage is natural in a century in which, as has been said, religion was only something to be proved, not to be particularly acted on. Still, that such a creation as *Clarissa Harlowe* was possible, and that her story should excite unbounded and sincere enthusiasm, prove in some sort that, in spite of all its artificiality and hollowiness, there was in the over-reviled eighteenth century an honest love of moral beauty to which the formality of its expression did imperfect justice. The fault was, and you may see it in *Clarissa* as elsewhere, that the best people of that time stopped short at morality; they never got to the higher and more elevating ground of what, to avoid a long paraphrase, we may be allowed to call spirituality. They loved virtue in some better sense than the mere payment of tithes of anise and cummin; but they lacked the consciousness of that aspect of things which is not the mere reflection of social right and wrong, but is subtler, less definable, less measurable. Turn from Pope to Wordsworth, and one perceives that in the nineteenth century ideas, almost faculties, have come into the human mind which slumbered or were absent a hundred years before. It must be confessed, however, that the sweet virtue and tenderness of *Clarissa Harlowe*, absolutely free as it is from any nanby-pamby element, is so pure and lofty as all but to transcend the mere moral standards of the time. And it is just possible, too, that the modern sharpening of the spiritual sense and craving may have given some occasion for falling away in plain morals. We are too near to be able to tell, but perhaps fifty years hence people may reflect that the purity, endurance, courage, and tender single-mindedness of *Clarissa Harlowe* made up a type that was too high for a generation of virtuous simperers.

## FREEMAN'S NORMAN CONQUEST.—VOL. II.\*

THE double title of Mr. Freeman's second volume points fairly enough to a double interest which it possesses. In itself it is a narrative of the reign of Eadward the Confessor, a period which, like the preceding era of the Danish Kings, Mr. Freeman may fairly claim to have restored to English history. As a part of his story of the Conquest it enables us to see at once the scope and plan of the work he has undertaken. The year of Hastings and the coronation of William forms naturally the centre of the narrative. A volume will be devoted to the after reign of the Conqueror, as the present one is devoted to that preliminary struggle between Norman and Englishman which forms the eve of the Conquest. In addition to these, a supplementary summary of the general results of that great event will form a parallel to the introduction which has already detailed its causes. The plan is a large and admirable one, and thus far the execution is quite equal to the design. We miss in the present volume many of the less agreeable characteristics of the first. There is less talk and more business. We have fewer of those elaborate dissertations on disputed points which, like Lord Macaulay's similar disquisitions, are so painfully convincing that they harden us against being convinced. In their place we have a story new to all but professed historians, a story of great men and great events, told with a power of realization, an intimate knowledge of the time, a sympathy with the actors in it, a zeal and eloquence which leave little to be desired. The style remains as before, clear, definite, precise, though wanting in the subtler qualities of grace and flexibility which make words the echoes of every phase of feeling which the narrative may excite. But in more than one passage Mr. Freeman has given evidence of a power of picturesque description of which the preceding volume afforded little promise. The march of Godwine on Gloucester could hardly be better told than in words like these:—

Loath as the Earl and his followers were to fight against their Lord the King, they saw no hope but in an appeal to arms, and the men of the three Earldoms made themselves ready for battle. From the heights of the Cotswolds on which they had been gathered they marched down the hill-side which overlooks the fairest and most fertile of English valleys. The broad Severn wound through the plain beneath them; beyond its sandy flood rose, range beyond range, the hills which guarded the land of the still unconquered Briton. Far away, like a glimpse of another world opened the deep vale of the Welch Axe, the mountain land of Brecheineog, where in the furthest distance the giant Beacons soar, vast and dim, the mightiest natural fortress of the southern Cymry. Even then some glimpses of days to come may have kindled the soul of Harold, as he looked forth on the land which was before many years to ring with his renown, and to see his name engraved as conqueror on the trophies of so many battle fields. They passed by relics of unrecorded antiquity, by fortresses and tombs reared by the hands of men who had been forgotten before the days of Cædwin, some perhaps even before the days of Cæsar. They passed by the vast hill fort of Uleybury, where the Briton had bid defiance to the Roman invader. They passed by the huge mound, the Giant's-Chamber of the dead, covering the remains of men whose name and race had passed away perhaps before even the Briton had fixed himself in the islands of the West. Straight in their path rose the towers, in that day no doubt tall and slender, of the great minster of the city, which was their goal, where their king sat a willing captive in the hands of the enemies of his people. And still far beyond rose other hills, the heights of Herefordshire and Shropshire, the blue range of Malvern, and the far-distant Titterstone, bringing the host as it were into the actual presence of the evil deeds with which the stranger was defiling that lovely region. Godwine had kept his watch on the heights of Beverstone as Thrasybulos had kept his on the heights of Phylæ, and he now came down with the truest sons of England at his bidding, ready as need might be to strive for his freedom either in the debates of the Witan or in the actual storm of battle.

Godwine is the great figure of the opening of this book, as Harold is the great figure of its close. The atmosphere of mere fable through which ages have viewed alike the father and the son is replaced, in Mr. Freeman's volume, by a clear and accurate study of two of the most remarkable of English administrations. Above all, the statesman in whose hands the cessation of the Danish rule left the fortunes of the realm, the restorer of the line of Alfred, the virtual governor of England through the earlier period of Eadward's rule, stands at last clear in historic light. It is impossible to estimate too highly the patient labour, the sound criticism, the large research into the annals of Lorraine and the North as well as our own national chronicles, by which this restoration of a great Minister has been effected, or the full justice which is thus for the first time done to the ability of his rule, to his vigilant guardianship of the realm, to his stern enforcement of the public peace, to the hold he obtained on national feeling, to the eloquence with which he swayed the deliberations of the Witan. It is perhaps inevitable that a little more than full justice should here and there be done. In the summary of the Earl's character, with which he closes the account of his life, Mr. Freeman has risen into an impassioned rhetoric in ranking him with the highest names among the patriots and statesmen of our history. But eloquent as the panegyric is, we own to a preference for the cooler estimate of Godwine's character which runs through the impartial narrative of the events in which he figured. "Godwine," to quote Mr. Freeman's calmer judgment,

Godwine was essentially a wary statesman, and in no sense a chivalrous hero. We have seen that mighty as was the power of his eloquence he did not trust to his eloquence only. He knew how to practise the baser as well as the nobler arts of statesmanship. He knew how to win over political adversaries by bribes, threats, and promises, and how to find means of chastisement for those who remained to the last immovable by the voice of the charmer. When we think of the vast extent of his possessions, most or all

of which must have been acquired by royal grant, it is almost impossible to acquit him of a grasping disposition.

It is to minds of this lower moral type that Providence often entrusts the guidance of peoples in times of quiet revolution. The cool prudence, the sensitive selfishness, the want of enthusiasm, the quiet perception of what is possible, the unscrupulous adroitness of men like Godwine, or Cecil, or Palmerston, fit them admirably for the administration of affairs in transitional periods of national history. But it is an utter misuse of words to call such men great, and such phrases as the "Great Earl" and the like are, now that we can judge Godwine fairly, something worse than errors of enthusiasm. He had, indeed, as the two statesmen we have named with him had, a real love for England. He had, like them, a singular dexterity in the management of men and of affairs, great vigilance, industry, and caution. But he was utterly without moral or intellectual height. There was an element of petty selfishness about him that robbed him in his lifetime even of the credit that he had fairly earned. His civil government was just and effective, yet he suffered sheer greed for family aggrandizement to alienate from him the sympathies of two-thirds of the realm. His foreign policy was skilful and adroit, yet in the crisis of his life he had to witness its unanimous condemnation by his countrymen. As the representative of patriotic feeling he towered high over the King and his Court, but so startling were the abuses of his ecclesiastical administration that he transferred the power of all moral superiority to Edward and his Normans. He seems to have been unable to discern any of the deeper tendencies of his time, or to grasp more than the most superficial indications of popular feeling. With all his shrewdness he had suffered an anti-national party to take root in the land, and when one really just and patriotic act roused them into hostility he found that at the noblest moment of his life he stood alone. The panic of his flight, the hesitations of his return, show the same commonplace temper; the very stigma which his enemies attached to his death-bed, false as it is, is not the sort of stigma which men dare to fix on a man really great.

But if Godwine cannot be classed in the first rank of statesmen, he proved himself an admirable administrator of public affairs in an age of transition. Throughout the reign of the Confessor England was unconsciously drifting into new relations to the Church and to Christendom. The Conquest was only the forcible hurrying on of the gradual process which was bringing England into harmony with the general system of Western Europe; and, blind as statesmen like Godwine are to the real tendencies of the times in which they live, he had the tact which enables his class to accommodate themselves quietly to the changing relations of the world around them. The foreign policy of Eadward's reign, so admirably illustrated in Mr. Freeman's book, brings this out with singular clearness. Under the Danish Kings, England had formed, as it were, a part of Scandinavia; her perils, her wars, her alliances, the sovereignty of her rulers had knit her exclusively to the kingdoms of Northern Europe, and made their revolutions her own. The accession of Eadward was far from changing her political relations. The throne of the Confessor was menaced by the claims of Magnus of Norway—claims supported, as Mr. Freeman hints, by a Danish party within the realm of which Osgod Clapa was a type. It was on the North that Godwine's eye was fixed by his early training, by his traditions of statesmanship, and by the alliances of his house. While from time to time he cruised along the coast with a fleet strong enough to meet the possible invader, his hand is seen keeping up a system of political balance between the rival Powers of the North. It was in the very crisis of this Scandinavian policy that he suddenly found himself at issue with English feeling. However wise and statesmanlike his plans may seem, the feeling of the people had drifted away from the North, and the whole Witan followed Leofric in rejecting Godwine's proposal to meddle with its revolutions. Nothing throws a more remarkable light on the character of Godwine than this unconscious drifting of people and statesmen away from each other, but it is no less significant that the old policy seems from that moment to have been utterly abandoned, and that no trace of it appears in the after administration of the heir of Godwine's statesmanship as well as of his name. The hand of Harold is ever stretched out to Lorraine and the Empire, but till Testig flings the sword of Hardrada into the balance, we hear little of the North.

Mr. Freeman has naturally devoted most time and labour to the grander incidents of the revolution which first overthrew and then restored the power of Earl Godwine than to the causes of it. But it is impossible to ascribe it simply, or even chiefly, to the influence of the Norman favourites of Eadward. High as their official dignities placed them in mere political rank, they were without any real hold on the realm, and when their English friends forsook them at the Earl's return, they fell without a blow. What really overthrew Godwine was the moral indignation of nine-tenths of the realm. Mr. Freeman is far from defending the scandalous traffic which the Earl carried on in the higher Church preferment, but he fails to point out the position in which it placed him in an age which, whether in England or in Normandy, was slowly rising to a higher conception of spiritual things. Sward and Leofric were on this point at one with Eadward or Duke William, that in some dim way they bowed—either by the outer signs of benefactions for religious purposes, or by superstitious piety, or by a stricter administration of Church patronage—to the growing moral sense about them. Godwine alone stood utterly untouched by the great movement; the founder of no religious house, the plunderer, as the monks

\* *History of the Norman Conquest of England.* By E. A. Freeman, M.A. Vol. II. Reign of Eadward the Confessor. Oxford: Macmillan & Co. 1868.



asserted, of many, the patron of the most daring violation of morality and religion that that age had seen. It is hard to doubt that it was the outrage of Swegen at Leominster, added to the brutal murder of his cousin, that roused against Godwine and his house an indignation which all his greed and ambition would never have provoked. The scandalous inlawing of the criminal was a direct insult to the moral sense of the realm. The expulsion of the whole house followed quickly on it, and the renewal of Swegen's outlawry is one of the first acts of the Witan after their expulsion. It is in the slight notice he bestows on these moral causes for Godwine's overthrow that we think Mr. Freeman does injustice to something greater than Godwine. England went with Leofric and Sward in their refusal to support any longer a system of government which contradicted all its higher and nobler instincts. The flight of the great Minister to Flanders was an emphatic declaration that the Northern spirit of lawless outrage and contempt of sacred things was henceforth banished from English soil. But the sentence was all that England asked. A year of exile brought Godwine back, and the year had taught Englishmen that, faulty as he was, in him and in his house lay their hope of national independence. With the death of Godwine passed away the baser element of a character strangely compounded of good and ill; the nobler lived on in Harold.

For the incidents of this revolution we must refer our readers to the glowing pages of Mr. Freeman. The story is nobly told, and it is hard to retain critical coolness in face of the writer's enthusiasm. The outrage of Count Eustace, the march upon Gloucester as we have already given it, the hurried flight, the daring return, the panic-stricken rush of the Norman prelates through the streets of London, are vivid pictures that will not soon be forgotten. And if we have ventured to take a lower estimate of the chief actor in these great scenes than Mr. Freeman has taken, we cannot but close with the noble words of farewell which the historian lays upon his tomb:—

To know what Godwine was we have but to cast away the fables of later days, to turn to the records of his own time, to see how he looked in the eyes of men who had seen and heard him, of men who had felt the blessings of his rule and whose hearts had been stirred by the voice of his mighty eloquence. No man ever deserved a higher or a more lasting place in national gratitude than the first man who, being neither king nor priest, stands forth in English history as endowed with all the highest attributes of the statesman. In him, in those distant times, we can revere the great minister, the unrivalled parliamentary leader, the man who could sway councils and assemblies at his will, and whose voice during five and thirty years of political life was never raised in any cause but that of the welfare of England. Side by side with all that is worthiest in our later history—side by side with his own counterpart two ages afterwards, the second deliverer from the yoke of the stranger, the victor of Lewes, the martyr of Evesham—side by side with all who from his day to ours have in the field or in the senate struggled or suffered in the cause of English freedom—side by side with the worthies of the thirteenth and the worthies of the seventeenth century—will the voice of truthful history rising above the calumnies of ages place the name of the great deliverer of the eleventh, the Earl of happy memory, whose greatness was ever the greatness of England, whose life was one long offering to her welfare, and whose death came fittingly as the crown of that glorious life when he had once more given peace and freedom to the land which he loved so well.

(To be continued.)

#### DEMOCRATIC MORALITY.\*

THE Congress which met last year at Geneva represented, it may be supposed, the combustible elements which lie beneath the surface of European society. Opinions will differ as to the extent of the danger thus indicated to the established order of things. The speeches were probably feeble enough, and the wisdom of the meeting might be inferred from the ingenious proposal that we should all go to war immediately in order to establish a lasting peace. The cynic, however, might doubt whether the fact that the Congress talked nonsense was any proof that it did not express the sentiments of a very numerous and powerful class. If some millions of persons should propose to upset all existing political systems, it would be a very serious matter, even if they were millions of the ignorant and stupid. It was possible then to regard the Geneva Congress as a very ominous phenomenon; it gave voice to the inarticulate mutterings of a democracy which might at any day become dangerous. If we laughed at its want of logic or common sense, we might feel an uncomfortable sense that we were laughing at the first symptoms of a great social storm. Perhaps some light may be thrown upon the true character of the animating motives of the Congress by the book before us. M. Jules Barni appears to have been one of its distinguished members, and quotes its decisions with profound respect. He reprints his opening address, in which he anticipates that it "will mark its place in the most glorious pages of the annals of humanity." He looks forward to the day, distant it is true, when its labours will lead to their legitimate conclusion, and a "league of peace and liberty, a true cosmopolitan federation," will be founded, and will speedily suppress war and bring Governments to the discharge of their true functions, the elevation of the masses and the extinction of ignorance. The lectures here republished contain, we may say, the gospel of which the members of the Congress are the destined apostles. We turn to their pages to discover what ominous principles subversive of all established order are popular amongst these terrible democrats, in the strength of which the spectre of revolution, fondly supposed to be laid at rest, will again stalk abroad amongst the nations.

\* *La Morale dans la Démocratie.* Par Jules Barni. Paris: G. Baillière. 1868.

The preface seems to be worthy of some terrible design. M. Barni begins by informing us that he puts aside all theological and metaphysical dogmas. He speaks, indeed, of religion in a patronizing manner. We are glad to find that he does not consider all religions to be universally and inevitably bad. As a rule, perhaps they are destructive of all lofty views of morality; but it is possible that they may at times be useful auxiliaries. He even goes so far as to admit, by way of example, that the religion of Channing deserved the sympathy of philosophers and the blessings of the human race. If Voltaire had met with a religion of this humane and reasonable sort, he would not have exclaimed "écrasons l'infâme!" Rightly as we may object to most lessons that are taught in the name of Christianity, we should not in fairness deny that it has its good points. In short, if Christianity is made to know its place, to interpret the Gospel according to the modern spirit—or, in other words, according to the views of M. Barni—he will be content to extend to it toleration, if not absolute approval. Christians will therefore be unreasonable if they set M. Barni down as an uncompromising opponent; if they will be content to occupy a strictly subordination position, he will be so condescending as to make more or less use of them. Of metaphysicians he speaks even more kindly, and indeed he is very much given to quoting Kant, and takes much apparent pride in showing his familiarity with so great an authority. This is the more natural as M. Barni, in spite of his renunciation of metaphysics, makes great use of imprescriptible rights of humanity and other favourite arguments of metaphysicians. He even seems to believe in the Social Contract.

From such an opening we may expect something startling. When a man cuts loose from all theology and metaphysics, we are prepared for some novel developments. It is not worth while to say that Christian morality, as commonly understood, is altogether corrupting unless you have something to put in its place. If the Sermon on the Mount is to be repealed, the rules of our new lawgiver will probably shock some antiquated but ingrained prejudices. We turned therefore with some interest to the consideration of the new system which, if the Congress of Geneva leaves its mark in the annals of humanity, is to be the code for all future generations. M. Barni expounds morality as it affects the individual, the family, the State, and the relations of different States to each other. We thus obtain a general view of the system which is to supplant the Ten Commandments and other ancient formulas. What has this terrible democrat to tell us as to the laws which his followers, when triumphant, will force upon a world still imbued with the corruptions of Christianity? We hasten to reply. The individual, we are told, must be chaste and sober. Drunkenness is one of the greatest evils of modern society, and in confirmation of this undeniable proposition we have some of the usual statistics. M. Barni next proves that we ought not to be too fond of official decorations, and that idleness is a vice. Moreover, we should die courageously, and we should endeavour to labour at our own improvement. So far there is nothing very startling; and, indeed, if other authorities were wanting in support of these views, we should be inclined to refer to the admirable sentiments which have found a refuge in our copybooks. M. Barni might have found, for example, some useful hints about procreation, and as to the policy of honesty. We are next informed that marriage is a sacred institution, that men should treat women with respect, that they should not marry on purely mercenary grounds, that children should be well educated, and that some care should be taken of servants. The poor should be properly lodged, though Government interference should not be carried to undue limits, and co-operation should be encouraged, though the plans for a State organization of labour are emphatically repudiated. By the time we have reached this point we begin to rub our eyes, and to look back to the preface to be sure that we are really reading the work of an infidel democrat. We feel like one of those persons who bought the books whose outside wrappings promised revelations from the confessional, and instead of the expected indecencies discovered a commonplace tract. Nothing can be more unimpeachable than M. Barni's morality. Cut out some few sentences in honour of Voltaire and Rousseau, fill the space with texts, and they will serve as excellent sermons for preachers of the humdrum school. They would be rather dull, but sermons of that class are expected to be dull. When M. Barni, however, reaches the relations of morality to the State, we expect that something more terrible must be coming; we shall at last see the red flag unfurled, and listen to denunciations of everything that we have been accustomed to hold sacred. To say the truth, M. Barni condemns all existing systems with sufficient emphasis. The "inalienable and imprescriptible rights of human personality" condemn, it seems, all forms of government but one, and that is a free democracy. Democracy, he says, will inevitably triumph, but there is the danger, so often pointed out, of a tyranny of the majority; to avoid this we must insist upon freedom of the press, upon freedom of conscience, and upon a thorough education of the people. Otherwise we shall find that, instead of democracy, we have the base imitation of a demagoguery, and that the rule of the stupid will lead us gradually to Caesarism. And here we find ourselves insensibly brought back to the regions of extreme commonplace. Surely we have heard something very like all this before, and have heard it from the mouths of most unimpeachable Conservatives. The tyranny of the majority has been one of the favourite bugbears of the political writers of all schools ever since it has been invented.

We would on no account deny that it is a very real and very serious danger; and we are glad to hear that so uncompromising a democrat is properly sensible of its evils. Only we are still a little disappointed to find him moralizing in so familiar and commonplace a vein. There is still one chance of more startling sentiments, and that is in the chapters devoted to international morality. Here we find that there ought to be a "parliament of man, a federation of the world"; and if the terms of the federation could be satisfactorily settled, we fancy that few philosophers could object. If all disputes could be arranged without blowing thousands of men to fragments, and standing armies could be safely dismissed, we should consider it a clear gain. But there has always been the preliminary difficulty, how this Utopian state of affairs is to be brought about. M. Barni answers that the first step is to convert every country into a virtuous democratic republic. This little task once accomplished, we shall all love each other like brothers, and our disputes will all be brought to a peaceable issue. We should have been glad if this point had been made out rather more clearly; for, as far as our experience has hitherto gone, democratic republics are quite as ready to appeal to the *ultima ratio* as the most despotic monarchs. But the discussion is of the less practical importance inasmuch as the preliminary measure of upsetting all existing governments will supply us with enough wars and rumours of wars to last our time. When we have formed the United States of Europe on the model of the great Western republic, we may perhaps be in a much wiser and happier state of society; but the road to that desirable consummation will certainly lead through a series of revolutionary struggles to which even the struggles which ended in 1815 may be trifling.

The practical application of M. Barni's rather commonplace series of sermons is that everything should be upset from the foundations; and we cannot quarrel with it as being too tame. But so vigorous a conclusion suggests a question or two which we must be content with indicating without attempting to answer. It is a necessary condition to the success of M. Barni's proposal that everybody should first of all have been made virtuous and intelligent in a higher degree than heretofore. Otherwise we shall be landed in a demagoguery instead of a democracy, and the governments of the future may be as tyrannical and warlike as their predecessors. It would therefore have been worth his while to show us a little more fully how we are to do without the religious sanction which he so calmly throws overboard. A Christian can give some plain reasons for being sober, chaste, industrious, and tolerant. As M. Barni does not accept those reasons, he should give us some more effectual motives; because, after all, few people are likely to be made virtuous by listening to dull sermons which only differ from sermons of the deist school of "cold morality" by the excision of all theology. And whilst we wait for M. Barni's reply, it may be worth while for his opponents to consider the curious problem how it comes to pass that gentlemen of his school, even when preaching the most ordinary morality, are so anxious to repudiate the aid of theology. There may be some useful lessons to be learnt by those who differ most widely from M. Barni, in the fact that infidels and atheists of a certain class have become so moderate and respectable in their moral teaching.

#### ANTONIO DE MORGÁ.

DE MORGÁ'S history of the discovery and settlement of the Philippine Islands may be wanting in much of the romantic interest or the quaint and curious matter which belonged to previous publications of the Hakluyt Society. We cannot but think, nevertheless, that the Council has done well and wisely in admitting the work to a place in the series of its translations. The extreme rarity of the original work constitutes in itself a title to attention, which is augmented in turn by the slender amount of knowledge which is either possessed by the public at large, or even available for the student, touching that remarkable settlement of the far East. De Morgá's work is, in point of form, rather of an historical than a geographical class. Still the large amount of geographical matter involved in the narrative, together with the valuable and curious details concerning the physical history, the natural productions, and the aboriginal races of the Philippine group, bring it entirely within the scope of the Hakluyt Society's transactions. If this did not suffice, there is at least the technical ground of Alvaro de Mendaña's second and last voyage, by his pilot, Fernandez de Quiros, addressed to De Morgá, and included in his narrative. De Morgá's work, printed in Mexico in 1609, has become extremely rare. There is no copy of it in the Bibliothèque Impériale of Paris. The present translation is from a transcript of the copy in the Grenville Library in the British Museum. We have not had the opportunity of comparing the translation with the original text, but we have every confidence in Mr. Stanley's faithfulness and competence to the task. His version has the merit at all events of being clear and readable, and bears no signs of hasty execution, albeit he is at the pains to inform us that the work only occupied him exactly a calendar month. This speed, considering that De Morgá's work was announced in the reports of the Hakluyt Society as in progress so long ago as

the year 1851, may be quoted as a noteworthy instance of making up for lost time. We could have wished that the editor had allowed himself so little more delay as would have supplied us with a table or analysis of contents. This unpardonable omission is barely compensated for by the index and glossary with which the volume closes.

Little is known of De Morgá himself beyond the scanty particulars which we are enabled to glean from his book. The High Court of Justice, or Audiencia, of Manila having lately been abolished by royal decree, it had been decided by the Council in the year 1593, after consulting with His Majesty King Philip, that the office of Lieutenant-Assessor in judicial causes, which had been filled by the licentiate Pedro de Rojas since the abolition, should be made of more importance, that the title should be thenceforth that of Lieutenant-General of the Governor and Captain-General, and that in judicial matters it should confer the power of hearing causes in appeal which did not exceed the value of a thousand Castilian ducats. Rojas being thereupon promoted to be Alcalde of Mexico, His Majesty, in the same year, nominated Dr. Antonio De Morgá to the newly-constituted dignity. De Morgá got as far as New Spain early in the following year, but, owing to some delay in the supply of shipping, was unable to reach Manila till the 11th of June, 1595. He found the new Governor, Don Luis Dasmariñas, on the point of engaging in an expedition for the object of setting the exiled King, Phrauncar (Phra Uenar) Langara once more upon the throne of Cambodia, and securing thereby a footing for Spanish conquest upon that part of the mainland. The instigators of this design, Diego Bellosa and Blas Ruiz de Hernan Gonzales, were strongly backed by the monks of the order of St. Dominic. De Morgá seems to have had no favourable opinion of these two adventurers, and stoutly opposed the expedition, sending in to the Governor a formal minute in writing against it. The design was, however, carried out, and was attended with much success. It does not appear that De Morgá was won to approval of it. Nevertheless, he gives a letter addressed to him by the restored Phrauncar, in which His Majesty says he has been told by Don Blas that De Morgá, "with his good heart, took part in and assisted" the expedition. This may have been a lie on the part of that unscrupulous buccaneer, who, in a long letter or report addressed to De Morgá, July 20, 1598, speaks very frankly of his own proceedings, and seems to have no misgivings, not only as to the piratical nature of the whole concern, but as to his personal baseness and ingratitude in seeking to despoil a sovereign whom he had ostensibly set out to restore, and from whom he had received many favours. His immoral propositions for the annexation of Cambodia and further extension of Spanish rule were rejected, it seems, by the jurists and theologians of Manila. In a somewhat doubtful passage of his Report, Blas Ruiz himself complains of having had to pay his own expenses and being left without property, the war not having been considered a just one. At the same time he winds up with an attempt to propitiate De Morgá. Remembering his "very curious armoury," he sends "a bottle and little flask of ivory," begging him to forgive the trifle, and promising something better next year. The intervention of De Morgá and the legists of Manila, though unable wholly to restrain the ambitious policy of the Governor and his successor Don Francisco Tello, had a beneficial effect in mitigating the ill-treatment which the unfortunate natives met with under Spanish intervention. The new Governor, Tello, brought with him instructions for the restoration of the High Court of Justice, of which De Morgá was appointed auditor. This was in the year 1598. In the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Hispania* he is described as "senator or triumvir" of the royal Court. He himself speaks of his having spent at Manila eight of the best years of his life. In the curious *Diálogo Cortesano Filipino* of P. Fr. Joseph Torrubia (Madrid, 1736 and 1753), the inhabitant of the Court of Madrid says he has never heard of De Morgá or his book. The Philippine Spaniard speaks of him as a man in whom arms and science were united in a most friendly manner, and adds that he possessed a copy of De Morgá's book, which was then extremely rare. Our writer seems to have been not so much conspicuous for his literary merits as for his qualities as a jurist and administrator, as well as a commander. The authorities we have quoted make mention of his prudence, valour, and skill in military enterprises; and his own narrative gives a highly graphic account of the expedition in which he was engaged against the famous privateer and first Dutch circumnavigator Oliver Van Noort. We are enabled to check De Morgá's own account of the conflict by means of a Dutch report of Van Noort's voyage, and his action with the auditor, which Mr. Stanley has translated from the *Recueil des Voyages*, published at Amsterdam in 1716 (ed. 2). The two agree sufficiently to bear out the fairness and modesty of De Morgá's account of his exploit. It is odd that in his Report, as well as in the order laid down for his guidance by Governor Tello, the hostile ships are described as English. They were in fact fitted out under patents or letters of marque from Prince Maurice of Nassau. But Noort's flagship, the *Maurice*, had taken part with the English fleet in the sack of Cadiz in 1596, and it seems probable that many English served on board against the common enemy. One Englishman was in fact captured by the natives on shore, as De Morgá tells us. This was John Culleway, of London, a musician, as we learn from Van Noort's account. The task of fortifying the fort of Cabit, and providing for the capture or destruction of Van Noort's squadron, was undertaken with vigour by the chief auditor. He quickly fitted out a few light vessels, including the

\* *The Philippine Islands, Moluccas, Siam, Cambodia, Japan, and China, at the Close of the Sixteenth Century.* By Antonio de Morgá. Translated from the Spanish, with Notes and a Preface, by the Hon. Henry E. J. Stanley. London: Printed for the Hakluyt Society. 1863.



*San Diego de Seba*, his flagship, and the galleon *San Bartolome*, which he hastily launched from the stocks, and, with Captain Juan de Alcega as his admiral, with Indian crews under Spanish officers, he set to sea in pursuit of the Dutch corsair. His fighting instructions, issued the day of Sta. Lucia, December 13, 1600, are models of clearness and pith. Next day, coming within close range, the Manila admiral, says the Dutch account, after discharging a broadside, grappled the *Maurice*, part of his crew springing on board her "with a furious mien, carrying shields and gilded helmets, and all sorts of armour," and they shouted dreadfully "Amayna Perros, Amayna"—that is to say, "Strike dogs, strike your sails and flag." Van Noort encouraged his men by threatening to blow up the ship. The result was that the Dutchman took fire, and De Morga recalled his men by signal. His own ship, inferior in size and equipment, was by this time in a sinking state. A quaint and rough woodcut, reproduced from the Dutch narrative, represents her in the act of foundering. Fifty of De Morga's crew were killed or drowned. The auditor himself, after keeping afloat four hours, got to a small desert island, Fortuna, and thence to Manila, with the remnant of his crew. Meanwhile his consort, Juan de Alcega, had made a short account of Van Noort's second in command, Lambert Viessman, whom he brought with his crew into Manila and disposed of by the garrote. Van Noort, having managed to get under the fire on board his ship, was content to abandon the enterprise, and made his way back to Rotterdam, August 26, 1601, after an absence of three years. A copy of a letter in the Hydrographic Department, Madrid, to the Conde de Monterrey, Viceroy of New Spain, 1600, compared by Navarrete, June 23, 1794, with the original in the Archives of the Indies at Seville, has enabled Mr. Stanley to add the following particulars of Spanish bravery:—

When De Morga's ship was getting very full of water, a Jesuit named Padre Santiago, with a crucifix in his hand, called out, "See now, Christian Spaniards, where is your courage? see that this is the cause of God: die then, die like good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and do not become food for fishes; see that of two evils which threaten us, the least is to enter the enemy's ship, and if we lose one ship we gain another." At this exhortation some sprang on board, others held back because of the fire on board the enemy caused by some cartridges which they lighted on purpose to frighten the Spaniards. When the ship was going down, De Morga stripped off his clothes at the persuasion of a servant of his named Joseph de Naveda, who gave him a mattress of . . . (blank in the original, probably straw of maize), and the two stripped of their clothes threw themselves into the sea, as did many others, but the lesser number reached land. Some reached the enemy's ship seeking succour, where those heretics received them with spears and thrust at them with much cruelty. Amongst them Captain Gomez de Molina received a lance wound, and with it swam to shore, where he died on the beach of loss of blood.

In 1603 De Morga was transferred to Mexico in the capacity of Alcalde or President of the Audiencia, and in July of that year he left the islands with a convoy for New Spain in the admiral's ship *Espiritu Santo*. He reports the particulars of a tremendous storm which almost destroyed the vessel. It was struck by a water-spout, and the lightning killed three men and stunned sixteen others. We have not the means of following the author with any minuteness into his career in the Western hemisphere. One particular which the editor has succeeded in disinterring confirms us in the impression that the same principles of equity and benevolence which distinguished De Morga's administration in the Philippines were upheld in his treatment of the fiercer-blooded and less tractable population who came under his rule in Mexican provinces. From a printed document in the British Museum, dated April the 14th, 1616, a legalized copy of which was made by the notary public, Juan de Zamudio, March the 21st, 1617, authority is given by De Morga, as President of the Audiencia of Quito, for the opening of a road between Quito and Caracas, by P. Fray Diego de Velasco and his companions, on the express condition that the unsettled Indians and mulattos are to be treated with gentleness and to be paid for their labour. A similar slight testimony to the efforts of the administration during De Morga's residence in Manila is supplied through the medium of a Dutch corsair, who intercepted letters from him ordering a priest to interfere in behalf of the natives against a Spaniard who was oppressing them. From the principles of jurisprudence and polity which ran through the treatment of the native race during this pattern period of Spanish rule, a moral may be drawn, the editor justly observes, for the government of those of our own settlements where a dominant European race, though in a minority of numbers, has to deal with the rights and interests of a majority lower in blood and in civilization. It is not without point that he recalls the complaint of Mr. Eyre, supported as it is by the testimony of Captain Grey, that of the Superintendent of Port Phillip, and others, that the testimony of the natives was not admitted in any degree in any court of law in Australia, and that, when the lives of the aborigines have been taken in the district of Port Phillip, in no single instance has the settler been brought before the proper tribunal. With this complaint may be coupled the late request of the Jamaica negroes for independent magistrates, and the public declaration of Sir J. P. Grant that "there was no justice in Jamaica for the poor man." It was to the impartial and high-handed equity dealt out by the Spanish administrators from an early period, and perpetuated in the main to later times, that we may trace much of the exceptional prosperity which has marked the settlement of the Philippines. With the example of Java before us, we may demur to the unqualified statement of the editor that that colony is to be regarded as more successful than any belonging to any other European country. It cannot be denied, however, that while the Portuguese have lost all the settlements

which the arbitrary line of Pope Alexander VI. permitted them to found in those seas, the Philippines continue to augment the resources of the Mother-country to the extent of half-a-million sterling a year; while we have the evidence of Mr. Consul Farnen, writing from Manila in April, 1848, that there were "many things in the Spanish colonial system which were not unworthy the attention of Downing Street." Such a result may fairly be quoted as a triumph for Philip the Prudent, and the measures which, through his able and conscientious officers, he initiated. A more formal inquiry into the history of the present state and resources of the colony may shortly be looked for, the Spanish Government having in the beginning of the present year issued a Commission to MM. Gayangos and Vera to examine the Archives of the Indies at Seville and other public depositories of the kingdom, and to publish all that concerned the legislation of the Spanish settlements beyond the seas. Still De Morga's work, loosely constructed as it is, and slight as a literary effort, will be found indispensable to forming a just idea of the early administration of the Philippines, especially at the period when his own influence established his traditional reputation as the natives' friend.

The Appendix contains several particulars relating to the Philippine Islands in modern times, with respect to matters treated of by De Morga. M. Mallat, we observe, speaks of the administration of justice as now the weak point in the government of the islands, and Mr. Rienzi vaguely insinuates the same charge. If so, things must have sadly degenerated since De Morga's time. It must be observed, however, that the first of these writers speaks of the royal Audiencia as that "respectable, great, and noble institution, the only one of its kind in the Philippines, and which forms a counterpoise to the vast powers of the Governor-General." He adds that when one of the Captains-General thought fit to establish a permanent court-martial for the repression of incendiaries, the Audiencia did its duty by protesting against this as illegal. Mr. Rienzi, too, while indulging in sneers against the monks, owns that these monks often show zeal and courage in defending the native Christians of this great archipelago against the despotism and cupidity of certain alcaldes. It is then to the tyranny and jealousy of caste and race that we must look, here as elsewhere, for the dark side of European rule over an aboriginal stock. The best of laws and most honourable of precedents are of little avail in the hands of unscrupulous cliques or of unworthy successors. In the time of La Perouse we hear of the contempt in which the natives were held by the Spanish settlers generally, and the oppression that he witnessed at the hands of their masters. He himself was struck with their capacity, skill, and other good qualities, and speaks of the Malay element among them at least, as distinct from the Papuan, as the boldest and most energetic race of any in the Eastern Archipelago. They were treated by law as free subjects, and allowed to be possessors of land. With this estimate of the Philippine natives De Morga's narrative generally agrees. Ere closing our remarks we would refer to the interesting episode of the deaths of the missionary friars of Nagasaki, which have become prominent from the act of beatification lately accorded to them by the Pope. De Morga gives a letter addressed to himself by Fray Martin de Aguirre on the road to execution, Jan. 28, 1597, in company with twenty-five other servants of God. From this martyr's "last adieu to the Lady Doña Juana" we learn the name of De Morga's wife. We regret that we have no further particulars to contribute to our imperfect notice of a man who, in jurisprudence, in letters, and in arms, was every way worthy of his age and race.

#### ESSAYS ON CHURCH POLICY.\*

THE appearance of this volume contemporaneously with the issue of a third series of Mr. Orby Shipley's *Essays on The Church and the World* seems almost to challenge a comparison between the respective manifestoes of the Ritualists and the Rationalists; we need not scruple to use the latter term, because the writers apply it to themselves. It would be quite beyond our purpose to pursue such a comparison into detail, but two obvious remarks suggest themselves on the surface. In the first place, while three volumes of High Church essays have appeared in successive years, containing some sixteen papers each from different writers, this is the first Broad Church answer to the challenge, and the book contains only eight essays from seven writers, two being contributed by the editor. Of these writers five are clergymen and two laymen, and the names of two only are generally known to the public—Mr. Llewellyn Davies, and Mr. Seeley, the reputed author of *Ecce Homo*. It would be very unfair to saddle them, like the famous Seven of the *Essays and Reviews*, with the opprobrious designation of *Septem contra Christum*; for of Christ most of them say exceedingly little, except that the editor tells us the proper time has not yet arrived for bringing the question of His divinity before the Law Courts. Still less can they be called *Septem contra Ecclesiam*, for they are uncompromising champions of the Church—in a certain sense. Like Dean Stanley in his recent Address at Sion College, they consider the maintenance of a Church Establishment—if possible even in Ireland—the one thing needful. We will not say that they have forgotten that there is such a thing as *propter vitam*

\* *Essays on Church Policy*. Edited by the Rev. W. L. Clay, M.A., Incumbent of Rainhill, Lancashire. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

*vivendi perdere causas*; but the second marked distinction to be noticed between these essayists and their High Church rivals is one which inevitably recalls that line to one's memory. Questions of the most various kinds, moral, liturgical, dogmatic, devotional, no less than ecclesiastical, are handled by the Ritualist writers, who have evidently set themselves to master, with whatever success, not only the true position, but the proper functions, duties, and spiritual life of the Christian community in all its bearings. Their last volume, for instance, includes essays on subjects so widely diverse as the Ritual Report, Spiritual Retreats, Schools of Thought in the English Church, Invocation of Saints, and the Immaterial Literature of the Day, as well as Church Politics. The one subject of the Broad Church volume, as its name imports, is ecclesiastical, or, if we may coin a clumsy but convenient compound, ecclesiastico-political. Two essays are expressly devoted to maintaining the supreme importance of a Church Establishment, as against what the editor calls "the Free Church heresy"—the only heresy that seems to be recognised in his system—one in reference to England, the other to the colonies; and this is the central idea of all the rest, with the solitary exception of Mr. Seeley's. Nor is the explanation far to seek. Mr. Llewellyn Davies, who writes against the "voluntary principle," strikes the key-note of the entire volume when he says that churches set free from the State "are more likely to use their freedom in expelling than in fostering Colensos." Mr. Westlake is even more explicit. There would, he thinks, be no great objection to a voluntary system, "if we might dream of its being accompanied by the absolute prohibition of the endowment of dogma"—a suggestion which would have been invaluable to Julian the Apostate, who was too tolerant to persecute Christianity, but accompanied his toleration by "the absolute prohibition" of his Christian subjects receiving a liberal education. In short, the whole volume is one long protest against any shred or residuum of dogma being allowed to mar the purity and freedom of the religion of the future. There must indeed, Mr. Clay admits, be some standard of common belief, or rather common profession, to secure the coherence of a Church, but though the quantity cannot sink below a certain minimum, the quality may be constantly changing. "For the present, the work of dissolving dogma has gone far enough" in the Church of England; and he advises his friends to rest and be thankful for a little while, till "the general public, which at present unconsciously believes in two if not three Gods" (!), is prepared to put another great question into the crucible. But if ever the majority of the nation becomes Unitarian, "Unitarian should be substituted for Trinitarian dogmas in the prescribed formularies," because a permitted diversity of belief on that subject would probably split up the Church. Which doctrine, if either, is the true one, the essayist omits to inquire.

We have said that Mr. Seeley's paper is an exception in character to the rest. And as it appears to us the ablest, and in every way the best, a few words may be said about it here before proceeding to discuss the general drift of the volume. It commences with an attempt to prove that the Broad Church clergy are the only available agency for controlling the spiritual destinies of the next generation, and this is the writer's point of contact with his fellow-labourers. But the greater part of his essay is taken up with a series of practical suggestions, many of them sensible and pointed enough, as to the best method of educating preachers for their office, and might have appeared, under the title of "Suggestions on Clerical Education" or "Advice to Preachers," in any volume bearing on ecclesiastical subjects. Few clergymen, of whatever school, could fail to derive many valuable hints from its perusal. We can hardly say as much for the remaining writers. They are so intent on showing the necessity of an Established Church for securing freedom of opinion among the clergy that they are not very careful to explain what use the clergy are to make of this freedom, except in a negative direction, when they have got it. Mr. Fowle, who writes amiably and with a sort of vague sense that a parish priest has something to do for his flock as well as something not to believe or teach, throws out a few hints about the best way of attracting the working-classes to church. But, so far as they are not professedly borrowed from the High Church party, like his indignant censure of surplice-fees and pew-rents, and his recommendation of the offertory, they are scarcely felicitous. He seems equally to dislike the old "parson and clerk duet" and the modern Ritualistic service, but his own expedient of a choir composed of both sexes and placed, neither in the chancel nor the organ-loft, but in the front seats of the nave, is as destitute of novelty as of any other merit, while it is open to the gravest practical objections, both musical and moral. He appears to agree with Mr. Abbott, Head-Master of the City of London School, who devotes himself expressly to the consideration of congregational worship, in entertaining some peculiar but unexplained antipathy to "placing the faces of the choristers in a direction at right angles to the congregational line of sight." Mr. Abbott, indeed, considers that this rectangular arrangement of choristers, and the distinguishing either them or the minister by any official dress, though it is "most picturesque," implies that "the esoteric celebrators of the worship are supposed to be infected with the divine contagion of the rites they are performing"—are, in fact, a kind of Christian bacchanals. The only other noticeable feature in Mr. Abbott's essay, besides an elaborate dullness and entire absence of point which makes us commiserate the *alumni* of the City of London School, is the startling announcement that "John Wesley has more adherents than can be boasted by the

Anglican Church." The only authority quoted for this statement is a letter in the *Times*. It is due, however, to Mr. Abbott to add that he is so far from being unduly prejudiced in favour of the Wesleyans that he considers their system "vulgar," because they require from their members "a real desire to save their souls."

The leading idea of all the essays, as we said before, is a common protest against disestablishing the Church, not for the sake of any privileges conferred on an establishment, but because it is the one security against the imposition of doctrinal beliefs. "The one thing essential to her Establishment," says the editor in italics, "is the necessity for ceding the ultimate control over her discipline, her ceremonial, and the articles of her faith to the State." Under the circumstances it seems a little hard that two of the essayists should go out of their way to attack poor Lord Amberley for the nonsensical rhapsodies which he was permitted last year to foist into the *Fortnightly Review*. There was, to be sure, something rather grotesque in proposing *totidem verbis* that the Church should have no doctrines, and that the obligation of the clergy to use certain formularies should be accompanied with an express proviso that they need not believe them. Still his lordship only wished, with the natural impetuosity of youth, to jump at the results which Mr. Clay would reach by a safer and more gradual process. There are still to be some articles of belief exempted from criticism as a condition of holding benefices, but the State is to modify them from time to time (or indeed, if necessary, reverse them) as the nation emerges from its spiritual babyhood and becomes ripe for that "comprehensive system of Christian teaching" from which all Christian dogma has been eliminated. The Legislature, indeed, as Mr. Berkley reminds us, is not called upon to determine whether a dogma is true, but "whether it is a truth of which the conscience of men generally is convinced;" and this office he considers that "a mixed assembly of Anglicans, Nonconformists, Roman Catholics, and Jews" is admirably qualified to discharge. We really doubt if Lord Amberley, in his wildest moments, excogitated so strange a notion as this, of deciding whether, say, eternal punishment or the Real Presence is "a truth the conscience of men is generally convinced of" by the vote of a majority of the House of Commons. As regards the former doctrine, however, Mr. Clay assures us that, a generation hence, educated Christians will be as incapable of believing it as they are now of believing that the sun goes round the earth. So, perhaps, Parliament may be spared the trouble of dividing upon it. With all their dislike for dogma, we cannot recollect ever to have met with writers who are more contemptuously dogmatic than these essayists, with the exception of Mr. Llewellyn Davies, who writes in a temperate and reverential tone. Mr. Clay is benevolently anxious that people should not be deprived too suddenly of their "spiritual go-carts," that is, their doctrinal beliefs; and wishes them only to discover by degrees, as they are able to bear it, that the dogmatic "kernel" has been eaten out of the "sound-looking nut," while the State, by each fresh decision of the Privy Council, "is quietly unmaking old orthodoxies," and "the silent progress of religious (?) rationalism" consigns doctrine after doctrine to oblivion. Mr. Berkley blandly assures us that "between Catholic principles and Liberal principles there can be no compromise" (he is speaking equally of Roman Catholics and Anglicans) because "it is hardly possible that there can be two ways of seeing—namely, by opening your eyes and by shutting them." In other words, all who agree with him keep their eyes open, and all who disagree with him keep them shut. There is the same quiet assumption of superiority throughout the volume. It is not so much argued as implied that orthodoxy of whatever type has become obsolete, and must be improved off the face of the earth as fast as an enlightened regard for popular superstitions will allow. Protestantism has devoured Catholicism, and is in its turn to be swallowed up by the advancing tide of Rationalism. Only when a clean sweep has been made of all existing forms of orthodoxy will there be room for the free development of the Church of the future. One writer may serve as spokesman for the rest:—

Protestantism, as a phase of progress, has done its work; it was a protest against Roman aberrations from principles held in common with Rome; the question now is as to the principles—and Protestantism is of no avail here. As a consequence, it seems everywhere playing back into the hands of the Catholic party, because it has not faith enough or strength enough to go forward, to be consistent, to become—what it must become or else fall to pieces—Rational Religion. Never was there a grander career before any Church than lies before our own Church now, had she but leaders who dared to lead her; only, like all great careers, it is difficult and arduous, and the passing lights of compromise will hardly hold out longer. If the Church of England is to be indeed the Church of the future, it can only be by taking deeper ground than she has taken before; it is neither as Catholic nor as Protestant that she will hold her own in the rising generation; she must become the Church whom the truth has made free.

We are far from meaning to affirm that the main thesis of these essayists contains no element of truth, though we cannot but think that they have hit upon the most suicidal method of advocating it. Few educated men will be disposed to question the two propositions which Mr. Llewellyn Davies sets himself to establish, that there is more real freedom and energy of thought in an Established Church than in a Dissenting community, and that spiritual religion is not benefited in the long run, but the reverse, by the premature attempt to separate the wheat from the tares, and form a Church composed exclusively of the elect. But it does not at all follow that the present tendency of things may not be against Establishments, even where they continue to exist; still less that among the numberless sects of America one

will ever  
to anticip  
paramoun  
must be s  
tionally  
Amberley  
religion  
the Broad  
acts as a  
human si  
who belie  
Christiani  
benefit m  
rity of th  
scribe art  
We shall  
or whethe  
or, as Mr.  
ence and  
has been  
centuries.  
conceivab  
also conc  
the word  
a sense  
Christian  
metaphor  
of Christi  
are evinc  
summatio  
four that  
pertinent  
conceivab  
wisdom o  
of champ  
contempt  
anything  
month.

of a  
absence o  
danger o  
which it  
nite opin  
a represe  
the evid  
making h  
little dev  
associated  
authoress  
have so  
in one s  
been thos  
most ch  
are lavis  
with a  
quiet hin  
not to h  
morally  
an admin  
insincerit  
any draw  
belongs c  
creation.  
the spiri  
for their  
their dis  
she does  
drawing  
Her nau  
nursery  
hidden p  
the circu  
them.  
"Succ  
Graham  
to mentio  
last half,  
a Ballio  
entrance  
day on w  
the post  
Stoke,"  
we learn  
relaxed  
of cricke  
master a  
January  
had bee  
Botanica



will eventually come to be established, as Mr. Clay seems to anticipate. Nor does it follow that establishment is of such paramount importance to the Church that all other interests must be subordinated to it. And Mr. Llewellyn Davies is unquestionably right in observing, of such an established chaos as Lord Amberley and Mr. Clay look forward to, that every considerable religious society would decline to enter it. Establishment, like the Broad Church party which it inevitably fosters and protects, acts as a useful check on clerical intolerance, and keeps the human side of Christianity from being forgotten. But those who believe—and they are the overwhelming majority—that Christianity has also a divine element will always feel that the benefit may be too dearly purchased, and that when the authority of the State is invoked, not to curb fanaticism, but to proscribe articles of faith, it is turned into an intolerable nuisance. We shall not discuss here whether Christianity is true or not, or whether, if it be true, it is separable from all the “dogmas”—or, as Mr. Clay calls them, with an exquisite perfection of reverence and good taste, the “spiritual go-carts”—with which it has been mistakenly identified in the belief of the last eighteen centuries. The question before us is a simpler one. It is conceivable that Christianity may turn out to be a fable. It is also conceivable that there may be a good time coming when the word will be generally used, as Strauss uses it now, in a sense wholly irrespective of any single doctrine of the Christian Church, or, to adopt another of Mr. Clay’s happy metaphors, when all the dogmatic nuts which sixty generations of Christians have been so unprofitably grinding their teeth upon are eviscerated of their kernels. But, whenever that blessed consummation does arrive, it is as clear as that two and two make four that a volume of *Essays on Church Policy* will be an impertinent anachronism. And for this plain reason—that no conceivable scheme of policy, though matured by the devout wisdom of Lord Amberley, and guarded by the sevenfold shield of champions whose faith in themselves is as unbounded as their contempt for the authority they have outgrown, will galvanize anything calling itself a Church into life for another twelve-month.

#### SUCCESS.\*

A STORY constructed for the purpose of illustrating the style of a numerous modern school of writers must always, in the absence of any warning preface or introductory note, remain in danger of being mistaken for a *bonâ fide* specimen of the type which it represents. Without committing ourselves to any definite opinion on the subject, we are inclined to regard *Success* as a representative novel of this kind, in which the authoress—for the evidence of a lady’s hand is unmistakable—has failed in making her design sufficiently plain to her readers. The pleasant little device of an initial prefixed to the surname would naturally associate itself with such a plan, as a transparent disguise dear to authoresses, like the pretty imitations of masculine attire which have so long been dear to ladies generally. “G. Prole” has in one sense fully justified the title of her book. She has been thoroughly successful in stringing together a series of the most charming absurdities. Blunders on all manner of subjects are lavished with an innocent profusion, and at the same time with a demure gravity, conveying to the initiated reader a quiet hint of the intended joke which it appeals to his honour not to betray. The male dolls of the story are dressed, both morally and intellectually, in the extreme of the fashion, with an admiring reverence which it seems almost cruel to suspect of insincerity; and the female characters are drawn—where there is any drawing of character at all—with the accurate malice which belongs only to intimate personal friendships in the fairer half of creation. The writer has thus succeeded admirably in catching the spirit of her literary sisters, who draw on their imagination for their heroines and their men, and on their visiting-list for their disagreeable women. With the sensational school of writers she does not concern herself, and she has exhibited some skill in drawing the line of separation which marks them off from her plan. Her naughty people are naughty with the naughtiness of the nursery only; and they never by any chance turn down the forbidden paths of any other naughtiness to the entrance of which the circumstances of their lives appear to be continually bringing them.

“Success” had begun already to wait on the career of Mr. Graham Vyvian before the reader makes his acquaintance. Not to mention the minor glories of “the best prizes at school in my last half,” he had won the more widely recognised distinction of a Balliol Scholarship, and was accordingly “reading for his entrance at Oxford after Christmas.” From the golden August day on which the story opens till the Christmas holidays, he filled the post of third master or usher in “the Grammar School at Stoke,” and late in December, just as the school was breaking up, we learn that “he spent a tranquil day, working as hard as the relaxed state of school discipline would allow, substituting a game of cricket for his morning stroll, and accompanying the headmaster and his wife in a quiet evening walk.” . . . “On a cold January morning he went to Oxford. . . . One day, when he had been about a fortnight” there, “he was attracted in the Botanical Gardens by the appearance of a gentleman commoner,

who was walking meditatively up and down.” As he “stood gazing at this favoured specimen of manhood,” an acquaintance casually asked him “what on earth he was staring at,” and informed him that the meditative gentleman commoner was “Conyngham of Christ Church, one of the cleverest men in the University” and a leading speaker at the Union, where Graham went to hear him speak, and “resolved to make his acquaintance. He went to call upon Conyngham the next day,” in compliance with the well-known etiquette of Oxford men, and was in consequence invited to breakfast on the following morning at Christ Church, where he met “a Fellow of Merton of profound learning.” “From this time he was admitted into Conyngham’s set,” and was a frequent guest of the Fellow of Merton, till he “went down to Grantham for the Christmas vacation,” which appears in that year to have immediately followed the January term. On his return to Oxford “his first object of ambition was the Hertford University Scholarship, which he obtained. By this he gained more than enough from the University to pay his expenses there, and took his place among the promising undergraduates.” The “Hertford,” it may be as well to mention, is endowed with the dividends on 1,100l. in the New Three per Cents., and is tenable for one year only. After this beginning it is almost needless to add that Graham, during the whole of a “triumphant Oxford career,” “failed in nothing for which he tried,” and that at its close he could achieve the “success” of obtaining a private tutorship in Sir Francis Conyngham’s family.

The author’s conception of “society,” as viewed by the modern lady-novelist, is as felicitous as her pictures of Oxford life. Cherwold House in June was the perfection of a country gentleman’s seat in the South of England, and was crowded with visitors, although Sir Francis Conyngham, who was a county member, was obliged, even in June, occasionally to be in London. His family—besides the children, who dined in the schoolroom with the tutor and governess—consisted only of his eldest son, who had left Christ Church some year or two previously, and his ward, Lady Celeste Trevor, a niece of Lady Conyngham, who had not yet been presented at Court. Conyngham and Lady Celeste cherished a deep, though unacknowledged, attachment for each other, the suspicion of which for some mysterious reason greatly disquieted the baronet and his wife. Lady Conyngham, therefore, took advantage of a winter visit to Paris to invent a story about a certain Lord Augustus Clare, who was “a fine fellow and an elder son,” which she related to Conyngham, and “something else” not specified which she related to her niece, “in order to keep them apart”; and Graham, who had been for several years deeply in love with a young lady “of a blush-rose complexion, dimples, and luxuriant dark hair,” named Bessie Leigh, whom on his recommendation Lady Conyngham had engaged as governess, proposed to Lady Celeste with a view to his own advancement in life, and after explaining satisfactorily to Sir Francis and his wife that their indignation at his proposal was absurd, and their opposition superfluous, married her. This step made it necessary “that Graham’s former intention of becoming a barrister, with a view to his ultimately filling some high judicial position, should be abandoned,” and that he should prepare for going into Parliament. “Meanwhile Sir Francis was to aid him in procuring some Government appointment,” which was very easily arranged, as Sir Francis and Graham were both Conservatives, and a Liberal Ministry was in power. The situation, “which was one of those under Government that are only procurable through interest, gave him a liberal salary, and a good position,” till the death of a rich uncle, who had turned him out of his house some years before, placed him in possession of the ancient seat and large estates of the Vyvian family. This property, as might be expected from a gentleman ambitious of a seat in Parliament and of social rank, he forthwith sold, buying instead a place called “The Oaks,” in the Southern county in which Cherwold was situated. One night at a large London party he was addressed by a lady whom he recognised as the sister-in-law of the Grammar Schoolmaster at Stoke, who introduced him to her husband, Mr. St. George, a great Parliamentary leader and “wealthy Minister of State.” Mrs. St. George, at whose house he became from this time a frequent and welcome guest, was an active political lady, and had spurred on her husband, the “Minister of State,” from one success to another, so that she, like Graham, was anxiously watching the progress of affairs, which “about the middle of the Session were culminating in the political world.” “But the end came at last,” and with somewhat singular results. One baking July day Graham dashed up to Mrs. St. George’s door in a cab:—

“The Ministry is gone out,” he announced, as she sprang up to meet him. “We may congratulate each other.”

“Hurrah!” she said, clapping her hands. “Now St. George shall be what I wish him, and you, Mr. Graham, the member for Erle.”

Mr. Vyvian’s unfulfilling “success” attended him at Erle, and the author has been very happy in her sketch of a borough election according to the lady-novelist view. A rich tenant-farmer of Cherwold, “who had also property in the town of Erle,” and of course therefore was a borough voter, meeting Mr. Vyvian one evening, and mentioning casually that “there’s many votes goes with mine,” appealed to him in behalf of a man whom Vyvian knew as “one of the most notorious ruffians in the country.” Bob Stokes was “now lying in Erle gaol under a charge of theft and assault, and his trial comes off next week. You’ll be on the Bench, sir, and it only needs you to speak a good word for him to get him off.” The “trial” “came off” in due course, and was, as such trials usually are,

\* *Success*. A Novel. By G. Prole. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1868.

at "the petty sessions." "When the scowling fellow was brought into the jury-room, the tide of popular favour set strongly against him." The evidence was extremely clear, but one of the witnesses hesitated a little under severe cross-examination by the magistrates, and after Graham had addressed his brother-justices in a brilliant speech for the defence, "the prisoner was dismissed." Farmer Barton was waiting anxiously at Graham's gate on his return home. "How did it go, sir? Is he free?" "He is free," was the reply. And at a few minutes to four on the day of the election, when Graham was in a small minority, the farmer and his friends came up in a body to the poll, and turned the scale in his favour. "Success" was now completely achieved, and Graham's political life thenceforth was a series of eloquent speeches, which "took the House by storm," and frequently occupied "more than a column in the *Times*."

But the hard, cruel, brilliant, selfish being who had jilted a sweet young creature "with a blush-rose complexion" could never be allowed to go unpunished by an authoress of well-regulated mind. He had "ascended to his heights," as Bessie had once called them; but sublime as is the elevation afforded by "a column in the *Times*," it is not happiness; and Graham Vyvian, the man "without a heart," was a blighted and disappointed man. In the Session, while he was making his famous speeches, he managed pretty well; but in the recess "few men were more wretched." Lady Celeste was mad; and her madness, the hereditary taint of which had been the burden of Lady Conyngham's soul in reference to her idolized son, had developed itself after this fashion. Mr. Conyngham, on learning after Graham's marriage the deception which his mother had practised on him, entered on a "long pilgrimage through Asia" and the world generally, in which he "became alternately a sort of Mentor and Good Samaritan to the young officers" whom he met. He had just decided to return home from Northern India, where he was staying with his friend Colonel Travers, when the troops were suddenly "ordered out to assist in taking a small fort which was being defended by some rascally Arabs," and Conyngham, joining as a volunteer, was mortally wounded. The sword which had maintained the British honour against this Arab invasion he sent as an appropriate dying gift to Lady Celeste in England, and it reached her when she was on the point of dressing for a ball at Mrs. St. George's. Her appearance at the ball created some sensation. She was "all in white, her cheeks as bloodless as the pearls round her neck, with the heavy sword of a cavalry officer slung round her waist"; and Bessie Leigh, assisted by a certain Colonel Tudor, kindly took her home, while Graham, intent at the moment on one of his brilliant speeches "in the House," had neglected a summons which was sent to him, and only returned, when the House rose, to find his wife gone, no one knew how or where. Rushing madly to the London terminus whence trains were starting for the Southern counties at frequent intervals in the middle of the night, he arrived at Cherwold to learn that Lady Celeste was neither there nor at the Oaks, and came back to London to find a telegram from a seaport—evidently Southampton—which his wife had reached by an equally convenient night-service on the South-Western line, and where he found her "wrapped in an old tarpaulin" on board the *Liverpool*, a vessel on the point of sailing for India, having been received, with the sword by her side, as an ordinary passenger.

The chequered fortunes and bruised heart of Bessie Leigh would have entitled her, at the hands of any male novelist, to a happier lot at last than that which our author has assigned to her. But Bessie is so nice and charming—a little too miraculously wise and good, it may be—that the writer could form a very just estimate of the treatment which she might expect from her own sex; and Colonel Tudor's antecedents would leave a reasonable probability that he might again devote himself to drinking brandy in champagne glasses, and rush howling about the passages at midnight, as he had been accustomed to do in the early days of his acquaintance with Bessie. "Uncle Claud" owed his inheritance of the family estates of the Tudors at Filands to the fact that he possessed a somewhat more seasoned head than his elder brother, the Squire, whose death from *delirium tremens* had brought to a premature termination a system of fraternal festivities, consisting in raw spirits, gambling, fighting, and yelling at each other, in which the Squire and the Captain were accustomed to indulge every evening after dinner, when Bessie entered on her duties as governess to the Squire's little girls. It was her first situation; and nothing could be more simple and natural under the circumstances than that she should think, after listening for two or three nights to the brotherly duet downstairs, that it would be much nicer if the gentlemen would come into the drawing-room and hear her sing. The "success" of the experiment in her case was but temporary as regards the Squire; and one or two relapses on the part of the Captain leave it, we must fear, very doubtful to what manner of life poor Bessie is doomed with the Colonel.

We have not space for extracts from the elaborate conversations which contest the palm of success with the incidents throughout these volumes, or for the love scenes with which they abound. Of the latter we may give a single specimen:—

"Who charms me," whispered Graham, "who understands me as you do? No one. Dear Julia—"

He stopped suddenly, and withdrawing his arm from her waist, "Confound it!" he cried, "here am I upon the very verge of proposing! And—"

"You inconceivable coward! how dare you?—"

"Hush, don't speak, you mean, small creature!"

Julia, we may explain, was the head-master's sister-in-law, and afterwards Mrs. St. George. On the whole, we must congratulate the authoress of *Success* on an attempt which we trust she may at some future time repeat with greater care in detail, and with a more distinct intimation to her readers of her design to exhibit the astonishing nonsense which is often expected to pass current as genuine fiction. But there is just a possibility—a very slight one perhaps—that we may have been mistaken after all, and that she imagines herself in all seriousness to have written an original story. If so, we must recall the expression of our hope that she will ever write another.

#### ITALIAN JOURNEYS.\*

MR. W. D. HOWELLS'S *Italian Journeys* are very agreeable reading. After allowing so much as this, we need be at no trouble to assign any further *raison d'être* for this pleasant supplement to the same author's popular sketches of Venetian Life. Mr. Howells is neither a sentimental traveller nor a professedly unsentimental one. Neither is he a newspaper correspondent, bound to be amusing where the reader least expects it, or to rove from Dan to Beersheba in quest of undiscovered mines of entertainment at half-way houses. Nor is he an art critic in search of undiscovered ancient masters, nor an historian with a crotchet to be vamped up into a theory, nor a missionary on the look-out for more or less convertible soil. In short, he is not one of those one-eyed travellers on whom the late Archbishop Whately, in the gossip on things in general which he was pleased to call annotations on Bacon's Essays, so genially descends. Political demonstrations, poets' tombs, cathedral frescoes, and hôtel bills alike attract or repel his notice, and he is, if anything, rather more ashamed of his interest in the poets and painters of the past than in the waiters and *laquais de place* of the present day. He eschews enthusiasm and scorns sentiment, except when an incidental apparition of the British Lion arouses his national spleen, or when an unavoidable opportunity for expressing belief in the eternity of the Union calls for a pardonable splash of perfunctory patriotism. Otherwise he is precisely the kind of travelling companion whom, in these thoughtful days, one would prefer in one's progress over ground well worn by more conscientious predecessors—an easy-going citizen of the world who knows when to be suggestively vivacious and when to fall into a sympathetic half slumber. "What is Rome, after all, when you come to it?" is the query he propounds, or rather lets drop, on his first page; and as long as he adheres to this keynote he is invariably refreshing. It is only when, from an uneasy sense of duty, he lapses from the light into the funny style, that we have to pardon the outbreaks of so unexceptionable a fellow-traveller. Otherwise, it might be hinted that there is in some of his sallies just a dash of that vulgarity which cannot be tolerated in a travelled American, though in your ordinary British tourist it is of course only what might be expected, and is therefore to be contemptuously put up with. Mr. Carlyle scarcely have been "alluded" to as "that Historical Heavyweight who writes the Life of Frederick the Great." It is barely humorous to reflect (comically) upon the truth that "history and the progress of the arts and sciences" are nothing "but one long *Katzenjammer*" (*sic*). It is in the manner less of the late Mr. Hawthorne than of our own Mr. Sala to speak of Tiberius as "that well-meaning but mistaken prince," and facetiously to prefix to his name the style of "His late Majesty." Nor ought so agreeable a cultivator of gentlemanly reserve, in recording the impressions of his visit to the Sistine Chapel, to have noticed either what the Pope did with his pocket handkerchief, or to have thought he noticed (for only newspaper correspondents are predisposed to perceive such things) the "gleaming, terrible, side-long looks, full of hate and guile," in the countenance of Cardinal Antonelli.

For a sceptical traveller, Mr. Howells contrives to obtain much amusement, both for himself and his readers, out of his more or less rapid journeys over beaten tracks. He appears rarely to have been misled, even by his guide-book, into premature belief in what he saw, and his readers may refresh the doubts which occurred to them on the spot by a reference to this very matter-of-fact commentary. At the same time, *vixere fortes ante Agamemnona*; and many of the delusions in which Mr. Howells rather ostentatiously disbelieves had long before ceased to exercise a charm upon any but an absolutely invincible credulity. Who, for instance, still imagines that the coal-cellar at Ferrara was actually the prison of Tasso? As far back as 1786, Goethe recorded his absolute disbelief in the fiction, and, almost in the same words as Mr. Howells, attributed its origin to the interested inventiveness of the local custodians. Who imagines that any traces of Tiberius's wickedness are discoverable in the ruins on Capri; or who, even before Professor Beesley ventilated his startling discovery, took for granted all the scandal which is the foundation of the popular belief in that wickedness itself?

There is only one subject on which we momentarily hoped that Mr. Howells's desultory travels might have cast fresh light, but he has added nothing to the little which is known on the doubtful question of the *Sette Comuni*. These villages, situate on the route from Trient to Venice, are inhabited by a population of distinctly Germanic descent, in the midst of an Italian district. As

\* *Italian Journeys*. By W. D. Howells. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1868.



it was impossible to connect their dialect with any of the written variations of either High or Low German, the philologists of the *renaissance* boldly went back to the historical tradition of the invasion of the Cimbric in the time of Marius, and found in these isolated Germans an unaccountable relic of that "tribe." Since modern research has entirely revolutionized the conception of Italian ethnology, it can hardly be doubted that the influx of Low German population (to which, as Grimm has shown, the Cimbric indisputably belonged) permanently affected Italy at a time long preceding that of the inroads in the last century of the Roman Republic. Those who, like the English traveller quoted by Mr. Howells, still hold to the theory of the Celtic origin of the Cimbric, may therefore make as little or as much as they choose of the absence of Celtic usages and traditions from the life of this mysterious colony. But the isolation in which until lately it has contrived to maintain itself points with far greater probability to a later origin; and if, as is said, affinities can be traced between its dialect and that of certain South German districts in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, it is, to say the least, far from unlikely that a migration of the middle ages may have been transferred to the more fabulous, but not more obscure, times of antiquity. Without going so far as to degrade these famous communities into mere military settlements of a still later period, we should be strongly inclined to concur in the half-way suggestion of Mr. Isaac Taylor (who quotes the Schmeller whose name Mr. Howells or his printer has transformed into one borne by no "German savant" known to us), that these communities are "fragments thrown off at the time of either the Burgundian or the Lombardic invasions, which the isolation of the mountain-valleys has prevented from becoming Italianized." Mr. Howells's inquiries have thrown no light on this perplexing subject—a fact which is to be the more regretted because there is every likelihood that, before many travellers of more persevering habits have penetrated into these villages, their inhabitants will have become wholly and irreversibly Italianized. But it is the privilege of the lightsome voyager airily to brush past such a phenomenon as this, to copy a page of vocables from "Schweller," and to introduce his own little contribution towards delaying a solution by observing that the Cimbric with whom he conversed looked rather like a Cornishman. The name of this person was Lazzaretti in Italian, "and in his own tongue Brück, which, pronouncing less regularly, we made Brick, in compliment to his qualities of good-fellowship"—a piece of playfulness which will, we hope, disgust the well-regulated mind of any ethnologist who has pondered on the vexed question of the origin of the *Sette Comuni*. But nothing is sacred to these pioneers of learning.

Mr. Howells spent a day at Pompeii, and "a half-hour at Herculaneum," thereby irresistibly reminding us of his immortal compatriot who ran up with a return ticket from Civita Vecchia for five-and-thirty minutes in the Eternal City. But though he was unable to correct the impressions of Bulwer's novel by repeated visits, there is much freshness and truthfulness in his description of his visit to Pompeii. In passing this encomium, we are far from referring to the following "happy thought" suggested to Mr. Howells by the circumstance that some of the fields which cover the still unexcavated part of Pompeii are planted with cotton. It will be observed that the citizen of the world rejects the fancy as commonplace, but that the American patriot can nevertheless not forbear from caressing it for a moment before dismissing it:—

The fields are now planted with cotton, and of course we thought these commonplaces about the wonder the Pompeians would feel could they come back to see that new-world plant growing above their buried homes. We might have told them, the day of our visit, that this cruel plant, so long watered with the tears of our slaves and fed with the blood of men, was now an exile from its native fields, where war was ploughing with sword and shot the guilty land, and rooting up the subtle fibres of the oppression in which cotton had grown king. And the ghosts of wicked old Pompeii, remembering the manifold sins that called the fires of hell to devour her, and thinking on this exiled plant, the latest witness of God's unforgetting justice, might well have shuddered, through all their shadow, to feel how terribly he destroys the enemies of nature and man.

But this *ex post facto* anathema upon the unsuspecting ladies and gentlemen who have to suffer so many inflictions besides the original expectation of Vesuvius is only delivered in passing, and under a kind of caveat; and when Mr. Howells, instead of saying what he might be expected to say, recurs to his more natural manner of lightly describing what he saw, he contrives to give, in a very few touches, a very effective picture of the impression which Pompeii makes upon most educated travellers. He marks, with excellent power of observation, the elements in this "phantasm of the past," which make it "something not death, something not life—something that is the one when you turn to determine its essence as the other"; and he rightly finds not so much in the houses themselves, as in their frescoes, with their sameness of subject and brilliancy of execution, and the "stare" of their gods and goddesses (the term is derived from a happy expression of Mr. King-ley's), that which above all startles and entralls the modern unlooked-for guest. Short and unpretending (with the exception of the matter-of-course outburst quoted) as is the chapter on this familiar theme, it strikes the true key which any man of feeling and taste is sure to find before he leaves Italy behind him; however used-up he may imagine himself to be about ruins and rubbish, and however strongly his sympathy with progress may incline him to visits to Protestant ragged schools.

If it is really in Protestant ragged schools that the lower orders of Italy run the best chance of being taught the value of honesty

and truth, we agree with Mr. Howells that their efforts must be attended with inestimable benefit. There is nothing more hopeless in a nation than its loss of the perception of the radical difference between right and wrong, and its loss of a belief in the existence of this perception in its rulers. It needs not Mr. Howells's multifarious experience of Italian hosts, waiters, and *laquais de place* to apprise us of the danger that this loss may become a permanent one in Italy. It needs not even to have roved, like him, to and fro among her ancient cities and scattered homesteads, to know that Italy's long servitude to the foreigner and the priest has undermined her national health. Among Italians who have mixed with foreigners in their own country or in exile we are so familiar with the enthusiastic, with the martyr-type, that we attach too little importance to another which, unhappily, is quite as common. Yet who is not acquainted with the Italian who regards with polite doubtfulness, deepening in more communicative moments into the avowal of cynical disbelief, those very hopes and aspirations which he has adopted as a political shibboleth? The history of his unhappy country, a history of falsehood and deception, has eaten into his soul, and he cannot free it from the canker. These are among thinking men; and how small a proportion of the Italian population can be accredited with such an epithet! The mass lives only for the day, with its heroes and its hates, its sudden bursts of enthusiasm and its perpetual variation of petty grievances. The wonderful childishness of the ordinary Italian has nothing of innocence about it. "I wonder," exclaims Mr. Howells, thinking of his old friends the Venetians, "what those poor people do, now they are free, and deprived of the sweet, perilous luxury of defying their tyrants by constant acts of subtle disdain? Life in Venetia must be very dull; no more explosion of pasteboard petards; no more treason in bouquets; no more stealthy inscriptions on the walls—it must be insufferably dull." "*Ebbene, pazienza*," adds this acute observer, quite in the spirit of one of the sceptical patriots to whom we have just referred, "Perhaps Victor Emmanuel may betray them yet."

As we close this lively and, notwithstanding its occasional flippancy, really suggestive volume, we feel that it has once more, however lightly, taught the old lesson which every Italian traveller brings home with regard to the future of a land which must evermore be second in his affections only to that of his birth. The foreigner has been the curse of Italy. With everything that can make a nation one and great, except an historical sense of her own independence, she has not yet shaken off the incubus which, in great things as in small, has hindered her free development. A burst of popular enthusiasm such as that which drove away the Bourbons, a European conjuncture such as that which freed Venice, may shake off a dynasty or expel an army, but neither can restore a nation to itself. Long and bitter as the sufferings of Italy have been, she will have to pass through many trials before she can look forward with confidence to the future. There is nothing of happier omen for her than the genuine and thorough reform in education towards which the first steps have already been taken at Turin and Florence; for now that she has, arms in hand, recovered her boundaries, she must set about recasting the people which dwells within them. Only another and a manlier generation can accomplish the task which the present has prepared for it. The inheritance which genius, fortune, and ardour have grasped, it will need the self-command of a whole nation to retain. The vices of the Italians, which Mr. Howells and other observers have so well illustrated, are the vices of boys and of women. The virtues of which they have given an earnest, but an earnest which only long and laborious years of national self-education can ripen into fulfilment, are the virtues of men.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

IT is no less creditable to the sagacity than conducive to the fame of Gibbon \* that he should have selected as the subject of his history a period throughout which matters of fact are tolerably well ascertained. Had his theme been the rise instead of the declension of Rome, not much would by this time be left of the stately historical edifice to assail which, under present circumstances, would be like trying to batter down one of the Pyramids. The present condition of early Roman history is not unlike that of Imperial Rome in the era described by Gibbon. Scarcely has a sovereign been chosen, and confirmed, and installed, when a new election becomes necessary. We have just seen Niebuhr dethroned by Mommsen, and now we find Ihne advancing pretensions to unseat the latter. The statement, however, of his claim is its own refutation. Mommsen, it seems, is not sufficiently thorough. He exhibits the results, but not the processes, of criticism. Ihne aspires to write a work which shall be its own commentary, and instruct the reader, not merely in the truth of history, but in the grounds of belief. This is as much as to say that he aspires to free readers, and those not of the class who have fame in their gift. A history that stops to discuss every difficulty can never possess the sweep, the flow, the classic finish of consummate mastery, nor impose itself upon the great body of readers. It can but honourably occupy a subordinate position, until the advent of some more acute critic still, who has learned from his predecessors themselves how to supersede them. At the same

\* *Römische Geschichte*. Von W. Ihne. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Engelmann. London: Asher & Co.

time, Ihne's work is an excellent specimen of its class. The author is equally acute and industrious, and the terse conciseness alike of his narrative and his comments deserves the highest acknowledgment. His want of originality is compensated by a corresponding freedom from paradoxes, at least from paradoxes of his own invention. At the same time his dependence on the views current in his own circle has prevented him from feeling the influence of that great tide of reaction against sceptical extravagance which is visibly setting in, and which promises to bring back with it so many of the old beliefs. He depends far too much on Schwegler, a most acute critic certainly, but pre-eminently rash, arrogant, and unsafe. Sir George Lewis is frequently quoted with approval, but we should like to have seen some reference to Mr. Dyer, whose sobriety and unostentatious good sense are admirably adapted to impregnate German criticism with the very qualities it most requires.

Another volume on early Italian history, by the late Joseph Rubino\*, relates principally to the historical and mythological traditions of the pre-Roman epoch. Some questions of the era of the Kings are also elucidated. The work merits high praise as an example of careful, cautious, and ingenious investigation.

The history of the United States†, from the first disputes with the Mother-country to the adoption of the Constitution, is one of the most instructive of all histories to the student of politics, and—military operations apart—one of the most disheartening to the general reader from its extreme dryness. It cannot exactly be called monotonous, for there is variety enough, but somehow its variety has the effect of monotony. As its value depends on the soundness of the political conclusions deduced from it, it must necessarily be barren without the employment of sedulous labour, while, by an unhappy fatality, its dullness is in precise proportion to the labour employed. Herr Kiesselbach has done his best for it, and indeed his faculty as a narrator and his power of arranging complicated material seem to be in advance of his sagacity as a political philosopher. His work was apparently composed under the influence of prepossessions which, while they prevailed in Europe, caused all American matters to be judged with unreasonable severity.

Dr. Kętrzyński's‡ work is designed to prove that the Lygii, the Rugii, the Dulgibini, and a dozen other barbarous tribes mentioned by Tacitus, were not Germans, but Slavonians. The controversy, uninteresting in itself, is worth noticing as a symptom of the patriotic tendencies of the Slavonian literati, and of the Panslavist agitation which they promote.

Two volumes on the concluding passages of the career of the Emperor Maximilian, by his medical attendant, Dr. Basch§, are interesting for the light they afford respecting the intrigues which enveloped this unfortunate prince, and which, by retaining him in Mexico contrary to his original intentions, contributed to his destruction. It was Maximilian's misfortune to have been invariably the tool of somebody, and never to have had a disinterested adviser. No one in the country but himself seems to have entertained any serious belief in the success of his enterprise, but many saw their advantage in affecting to believe in it. The most mischievous of the intriguers who surrounded Maximilian, was, in Dr. Basch's estimation, Father Fischer, the representative of the Ultramontane faction in the Church. As, however, Maximilian is said to have entrusted Father Fischer with the publication of his memoirs and papers, his own opinion of this ecclesiastic would seem to have been more favourable. Dr. Basch's own qualifications as an historian are of a humble order. He is competent to state facts intelligibly, but does not possess the slightest faculty for delineating character. The personages of his narrative pass before us like shadows, and there is such a deficiency of local colouring that, but for the references to him in Maximilian's correspondence, one might almost doubt whether Dr. Basch had been in Mexico at all. There is more vigour in the narrative of circumstances of which the writer was an eyewitness, especially the taking of Queretaro, and the episode of his imprisonment. Everything we learn of Maximilian confirms the usual opinion of his character. He appears throughout as one of the best-intentioned, most humane, and most chivalrous of princes, eminent in every qualification for the government of a civilized people in time of peace, and devoid of everything that could have given him a chance of success in Mexico.

The memoirs of Hans von Schweinichen|| afford a curious picture of German life in the latter part of the sixteenth century. Hans was a Silesian junker; page, secretary, and general factotum to the petty Prince of Liegnitz. This potentate, having become involved in debt, and got his duchy confiscated, set out on a tour through Germany with a view of repairing his fortunes. He was

an utterly reckless and harebrained adventurer, who amused himself during casual intervals of sobriety with designs on the crown of Poland and the hand of Queen Elizabeth. But he never had any money, and most of his time was spent in duresse at the inns of the cities he visited, waiting until a sufficient sum could be raised in one way or another to discharge his host's demands. The incident would usually terminate by his clandestine departure from the town, leaving his faithful Hans literally in pawn, to follow as best he could. The latter's accounts of his shifts and dilemmas are in general very entertaining, and his picture of the manners of the time is most curious. It certainly justifies the character for gluttony and intemperance fastened by the unanimous voice of contemporary satire upon the Germans of the period. There are probably no three words of such habitual occurrence in his memoirs as *Ein guter Rausch*. It must be borne in mind that all this merrymaking took place in an epoch of peace, prosperity, and population, before the fearful ravage of the Thirty Years' War. Hans eventually returned home, inherited his patrimonial estates, and became eminently respectable. We nevertheless find him recording, on the occasion of his second nuptials:—"Ich bin an allen drei Tagen, welche die Hochzeit währte, mit einem guten Rausche zu Bette gegangen und ein Bräutigam wie Tobias bei seiner Braut gewesen: schweigen wir davon."

Schweinichen's memoirs are part of a series of reprints. Another similar collection, but of greater pretension and merit, is published by Brockhaus at Leipsic.¶ The volumes before us contain excellent editions of some of the best writings of Theodor Körner and Georg Forster.

The agitation against the Concordat in Austria has prompted a publication by Dr. Sebastian Brünner†, intended to bring the character, Ministers, and measures of Joseph II. into discredit, but which we should consider more calculated to produce a contrary effect. The more important portion of it consists of an abstract of the correspondence of Cardinal Herzan, who was Austrian Minister at the Court of Rome from 1770 to 1796, during the period, therefore, when Joseph's ecclesiastical reforms were carried into operation. Herzan appears to have represented his Government with fidelity and dexterity, and thus incurs the displeasure of Dr. Brünner, who evidently conceives that the Cardinal's spiritual obligations to the Pope should have been held paramount to his duties towards his temporal sovereign—a useful hint to Governments which are under the necessity of employing or negotiating with Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. The correspondence possesses considerable interest. The character of Pius VI. seems to have borne much resemblance to that of Pius IX., and the policy of the Court of Rome in his days, though less actuated by fanaticism, was essentially the same as at present. In some respects, indeed, matters have altered greatly for the worse. The second division of Dr. Brünner's work abounds with evidence of the moderation and tolerance of the dignified Austrian ecclesiastics in the time of Joseph II. This, in Dr. Brünner's eyes, is merely a proof of their subservience; it may be so, but if the Austrian Government was able to impress the character it desired upon the clergy of the days of Joseph, its action may possibly be equally efficacious at the present time. Dr. Brünner ought to perceive that the overthrow of absolute power in Austria involves a corresponding change of system in spiritual matters. He argues as if the Church still had Metternich at her back. Notwithstanding his intolerance, however, he writes in a spirit of conscientious fairness, and deserves our best acknowledgments for the highly interesting mass of material he has collected. He is quite correct in pointing out that Joseph's reforms were undertaken in anything but a spirit of liberalism, as at present understood; but he does not show why the salutary measures of despots may not be lawfully carried out by their constitutional successors.

Herr Kohler's‡ contribution to the study of the Old Testament, and Dr. Holsten's§ to that of the New, are able works, but very abstruse. In the former, the obscurity arises from the nature of the subject, which is only fully intelligible to the Hebrew scholar; in the latter, from the abruptness and uncouthness of the author's style. This is really to be regretted, as he is evidently possessed of strong common sense, and his subject is one on which writers of lively imaginations and strong prepossessions have indulged themselves in the most unwarrantable vagaries.

Dr. Levy's Dictionary on the Targum|| has received some rough handling on the part of German critics. We, on our own part, would not be hard on a production which, though its shortcomings are palpable, forms yet one of the very few elementary aids to a study which, if we mistake not, will not long hence

\* *Beiträge zur Vorgeschichte Italiens*. Von Joseph Rubino. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

† *Der amerikanische Federalist. Politische Studien für die deutsche Gegenwart*. Von W. Kiesselbach. Bremen: Kühtmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die Jagier*. Von Dr. W. Kętrzyński. Posen: Leitgeber. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Erinnerungen aus Mexico. Geschichte der letzten zehn Monate des Kaiserreichs*. Von Dr. S. Basch. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Leben, Lieben und Thaten des Hans von Schweinichen*. Neu erzählt von A. Diezmann. Leipzig: Wigand. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Bibliothek der Deutschen Nationalliteratur des achtzehnten und neunzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Bde. 12–14. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die theologische Dienerschaft am Hofe Joseph II. Geheime Correspondenzen und Enthüllungen*. Von S. Brünner. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Der Segen Jacobs kritisch-historisch untersucht und erklärt*. Von K. Kohler. Berlin: Benlian. London: Nutt.

§ *Zum Evangelium des Paulus und des Petrus*. Von C. Holsten. Rostock: Stiller. London: Nutt.

|| *Chaldäisches Wörterbuch über die Targumim*. Von Rabb. Dr. J. Levy. Leipzig: Baumgärtner. London: Nutt.



become comparatively popular among us. The labours on this field are indeed scanty enough as it is. If we mention Nathan ben Jeckiel, Buxtorf, Laudan, Sachs, and one or two living men, the list of Aramaic lexicographers worthy of the name is pretty well exhausted. Nor is this to be wondered at. The difficulties connected with these studies are so enormous that few have the courage to approach them, fewer still to persevere in them to the end. We are particularly glad to find that the author has adopted the more practical alphabetical instead of the etymological arrangement, which in most cases is but futile. The doubtful derivation of a mass of Semitic words, not to mention the foreign (chiefly Greek) terms that have crept into the Targums and Talmuds, would make the search a matter of weary labour. Professor Fleischer has contributed some supplementary additions which, coming from his hand, are doubly welcome. We trust that the author will soon be enabled to furnish a second and improved edition. Type and execution are excellent.

Dr. Bastian\*, the renowned traveller, is a man whose undertakings are invariably on a colossal scale. Compared with the extent of his journeys, the travels of Speke and Baker are but summer tours, and the erudition displayed in his writings combines the knowledge of the Anthropological Society on the one hand with that of the University of Göttingen on the other. His last publication, on the ideas respecting the soul entertained among various nations, is not of voluminous extent, but is absolutely astounding for the amount of knowledge it displays. It is almost exclusively a close-packed mass of references to, and quotations from, all imaginable authors, respecting the beliefs of all the nations on the face of the earth. As Dr. Bastian rarely takes the trouble to translate his authorities, his work is a most polyglottic medley, and there is so little of his own in it that it is impossible to say whether his mastery of the subject bears any reasonable proportion to his faculty for accumulating details. His work is, however, an invaluable storehouse of facts carefully authenticated by references, and of extreme importance to students of theology, philosophy, and ethnology.

An essay on dreams, by Dr. Pfaff†, is interesting, but, as usual with dissertations on this topic, very inconclusive. Dr. Pfaff has evidently a stronger leaning to a belief in the prophetic character of dreams than he cares to acknowledge. Hence he is vague and unsatisfactory. He has, however, well exhibited the difference between the scientific and the merely fanciful way of viewing the subject, and gives much curious information respecting the opinions of the Arabs.

Dr. Rinne's psychological essay‡ may be described as an attempt to mediate between the spiritual and materialistic schools of thought, composed in a perfectly conciliatory spirit, but with a leaning to the former. It is vigorous and full of matter, but so abstruse that the author is sometimes obliged to resort to mathematical diagrams and formulæ to render his philosophy comparatively intelligible.

It would have been so interesting to learn the opinion of Professor von Sybel§ on English Universities that we feel considerable disappointment on finding his pamphlet, notwithstanding its title, chiefly occupied with the exposure of two deficiencies which he has discovered in the Universities of Germany. These relate to the important particulars of time and money. The mass of extant knowledge, he says, has been immensely augmented, but the duration of academic terms remains as before. To this it may be replied that the duration of human existence has not been prolonged either, and that busy epochs like ours have less time than ever to bestow on the University. The other complaint is but too well-founded. If Professor von Sybel can persuade the entire German nation to contribute as much as Mr. Whitworth for educational endowments, he will have accomplished a laudable and difficult achievement. If Government aid is to be invoked, he must be prepared to find Government claiming in return a degree of authoritative supervision which might prove disagreeable to a Professor of his sturdy liberalism and independence.

A work by Professor Honegger|| of Zurich is intended to comprise, in five volumes, the history of civilization since the beginning of the century. Inventions, discoveries, voyages, arts, literature, political and judicial reforms, are all to find a place in its comprehensive pages. Separate studies on the coryphæi of the age are to be added, especially, it would seem, on such as have had the advantage of being Germans. The first volume embraces the period of the first French Empire. So extensive an undertaking must of necessity be either very voluminous or rather superficial. Professor Honegger has judiciously preferred the latter alternative. Notwithstanding his professions of originality, his work is in fact a compilation, ably executed indeed, but chiefly commendable as a help to research.

\* *Beiträge zur vergleichenden Psychologie. Die Seele und ihre Erscheinungsweisen in der Ethnographie.* Von A. Bastian. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Das Traumleben und seine Deutung.* Von Dr. E. R. Pfaff. Leipzig: Denicke. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Materialismus und ethisches Bedürfniss in ihrem Verhältnisse zur Psychologie.* Von H. A. Rinne. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Nutt.

§ *Die deutschen und die auswärtigen Universitäten.* Von Heinrich von Sybel. Bonn: Cohen. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Grundsteine einer allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der neuesten Zeit.* Von J. J. Honegger. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Weber. London: Nutt.

Teuffel's history of Roman literature\*, so far as it has hitherto proceeded, is distinguished by the truly Roman qualities of strict method and extreme conciseness. No feature of interest, however, is left unnoticed, and the notes, which are considerably more extensive than the text, contain a cloud of references to writers who have treated particular points at greater length.

Herr Fritsche† has employed his time to much advantage on the greatest of comic poets. His "Studies on Molière" comprise a list of all the proper names which occur in the writings of the dramatist. The ability to explain these satisfactorily implies a most extensive acquaintance with *belles lettres* in general, and with the early French, Italian, and Spanish drama in particular. The commentator manifests no deficiency in this respect; but his etymologies are sometimes rather fanciful.

Franz Kern's criticism on Rückert's *Wisdom of the Brahmins*‡ is a somewhat rare example of a commentary at once interesting in itself and really conducive to the understanding of the work to which it relates. The writer's success is partly attributable to his modesty; he is not one of those critics "who rather study to display themselves than to explain their author." He is simply and honestly desirous of elucidating Rückert's meaning, and of educating a coherent scheme of speculative and practical philosophy from his author's bewildering exuberance and occasional inconsistencies. His criticism, both philosophic and æsthetic, is distinguished by sobriety and good sense, and it may be hoped that his work will do much to popularize the treasures of poetry and wisdom contained in Rückert's great didactic poem.

A copious but not prolix commentary on *Hamlet*, annexed to an edition of the play by Dr. Heussi§, is unambitious, but serviceable. It deals both with questions of text and interpretation, and nearly always in a satisfactory manner. It deserves attention as a pattern for those commentaries on our national writers for which the introduction of English studies into our schools may be expected to create a demand.

\* *Geschichte der Römischen Literatur.* Von W. S. Teuffel. Lief. 1. Leipzig: Teubner. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Molière-Studien. Ein Namenbuch zu Molière's Werken, mit philologischen und historischen Erläuterungen.* Von H. Fritsche. Dantzig: Bertling. London: Nutt.

‡ *Friedrich Rückert's Weisheit der Brahmanen.* Dargestellt und beurtheilt von F. Kern. Oldenburg: Schmidt. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Shakspeare's Hamlet.* Erklärt von Dr. Jacob Heussi. Pärchim: Heussi. London: Asher & Co.

#### NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

The SATURDAY REVIEW is duly registered for transmission abroad.

Nearly all the back Numbers of the SATURDAY REVIEW may be obtained through any Bookseller, or of the Publisher, at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, W.C., to whom all Communications relating to Advertisements should likewise be addressed.

Cloth Cases for Binding all the Volumes may be had at the Office, price 2s. each. Also, Reading Cases, price 2s. 6d. each.

## THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

#### CONTENTS OF No. 668, AUGUST 15, 1868:

Spain and the <i>Tornado</i> .	The Future Parliament.	America.	France.
Railway Prospects.	British Capital Abroad.		
	The Deadlock in Victoria.		
	Volunteer Gunners.		
	Laurels.		
	Making the Best of Things.		
	Buttercups.		
	National Prosperity and the Reformation.		
"No Popery" at the Crystal Palace.	Scientific Instruction.	Penitentiaries.	
Saint Thomas of Canterbury.	A Cry from Cardiff.	Concerts.	
	Napoleon and Pius VII.		
	Richardson's <i>Clarissa</i> .	Freeman's Norman Conquest.	
	Democratic Morality.	Antonio de Morga.	Essays on Church Policy.
	Success.	Italian Journeys.	
	German Literature.		

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**RAY SOCIETY.—THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING**  
will be held at Norwich, on Friday, August 22, 1868, at 3 p.m. in the Meeting Room of Section D of the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

H. T. STANTON, F.R.S., Secretary.

**ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL AND COLLEGE.**  
WINTER SESSION, 1868-9. THE INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS will be given by Mr. THOMAS SMITH, on Thursday, October 1, at 2 p.m.  
Students can reside within the Hospital walls, subject to the College Regulations. All information respecting both the Hospital and College may be obtained on application, either personally or by letter, to the Resident Warden, Mr. MONAGHAN HANSEN, and at the Museum or Library.

**HIGH SCHOOL of EDINBURGH.—SESSION 1868-69.**

THE LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF EDINBURGH.

## MASTERS.

**JAMES DONALDSON, LL.D.,** Rector, 4 Mayfield Street.

**JOHN CARMICHAEL, M.A.,** Edin., F.S.A. Scot., 4 Mary Place.

**WILLIAM MACDONALD, M.A.,** Edin., Chalmers Crescent, Grange.

**PETER PETERSON, M.A.,** Edin. (First-class Honours in Classics), Assistant.

**JOHN MACMILLAN, M.A.,** Edin., F.S.A. Scot., Examiner, 6 Buccleuch Place.

**English (First English Master)—JOHN M. ROSS, 20 Great King Street.**

**Second English Master—FRED. B. CALVERT, 100 Upper Gray Street.**

**French (ALBERT H. SCHNEIDER, Assistant).**

**German—ALBERT VON RAVENSBURG, 74 George Street.**

**Mathematics and Arithmetic—DAVID MUNN, 41 St. King Street, and Assistants.**

**Writing and Book-keeping (WILLIAM COOPER, 17 York Place).**

**LECTURERS ON SCIENCE.**

**Chemistry—Dr. STEVENSON MACADAM, 23 Brighton Place, Portobello.**

**Natural Philosophy—WILLIAM LEES, M.A.,** Edin., 5 Meadow Place.

**Zoology—JAMES DAVIES.**

**Botany—JOHN SADLER, F.R.S.,** Assistant to the Professor of Botany in the University of Edinburgh.

**Fortification, Civil and Mining Engineering—Lieutenant JOHN MACKIE, Engineer, 65 York Place.**

**Drawing—WALTER FERGUSON, F.S.A. Scot., 70 Gilmore Place.**

**Fencing and Gymnastics—Captain ROLAND, 7 Bellevue Terrace.**

**Hindustani—JOHN THOMSON, P.H.**

## EXAMINERS.

Professors KELLAND, BLACKIE, SELLAR, and MASSON.

Junior and Drill Sergeant—WILLIAM ROLLO.

The HIGH SCHOOL will Reassemble on Thursday the 1st of October, when the Classes will be Opened for the ensuing Session:

The First or Rudimentary Class, by Mr. Macdonald;

The Second Class, by Mr. Carmichael;

The Third Class, by Mr. Macdonald;

The Fourth Class, by Mr. Carmichael;

The Fifth and Sixth Classes, by Dr. Donaldson;

The Fifth in Greek, by Mr. Macdonald;

The English and other Classes, by their respective Masters.

The High School System, as now amended, is as follows:

1. The Curriculum extends over Six years.
2. A Class, when formed, is taught by the same Classical Master for Four years, and is then transferred for Two years to the Rector; but during the Fifth year of the Course the Greek Division of the Class remains under the Tuition of its original Master.
3. Classics maintain that prominent place which their great importance demands.
4. English forms a distinct Department, under the charge of Two Masters, who carry out a systematic Course of Training in all the Classes.
5. In the Department of Modern Languages a great aim of the Masters is to impart to the Pupils real, not only in Translation, but also in Conversation and Correspondence.
6. Mathematics and Arithmetic are assigned to one Master, with Assistants, in order that each subject may receive the undivided attention of its proper Teacher, and that more ample opportunities may be afforded for the study of the several branches of Applied Mathematics.
7. A Course of Botany and Natural History is attended by the Junior Pupils, and of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and Physiology by the Senior Classes.
8. Quarterly Examinations by written papers have been organized, and are conducted regularly in all the Classes.

In consequence of these arrangements, and of the additions lately made to the Staff of Teachers, the High School is now in a position to furnish systematic instruction in all those branches of knowledge which constitute a Course of Liberal Education, preparing alike for the English, Scottish, and Irish Universities; for the Military, Naval, and Medical (preliminary) Examinations; for the Indian and other Civil Service Competitions; and for Commercial pursuits. In distributing the duties among the various Departments, care has been taken that while the efficiency of the School as a Classical Seminary of the highest order is fully secured, every facility is at the same time given for the study of the other subjects included in the Course. Prospective students, containing full details as to system, books, fees, &c., may be had on application to the Rector, or any of the Masters; to the Junior at the school; to the City Clerk, City Chambers; or to the Principal Booksellers in Edinburgh.

Attendance will be given at the High School on Monday the 29th, Tuesday the 30th, and Wednesday the 31st of September, from Twelve till Three o'clock, for the purpose of Enrolling Pupils.

Borders are received by Dr. Donaldson, Mr. Carmichael, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Munn, and Mr. Macmillan.

City Chambers, Edinburgh, August 6, 1868.

**DURHAM SCHOOL.—FIVE KING'S SCHOLARSHIPS**

will be Vacant in November next, value £40 a Year each, for Five and probably Six Years. CANDIDATES must be under Fifteen years of age.—Apply to the Head-Master.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE INSTITUTION FOR LADIES, Tufnell Park, Camden Road, London.**

Reopens September 1st.

Fee for Residents in Finishing School, 60 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Middle School, 40 Guineas per annum.

Fee for Residents in Elementary School, 30 Guineas per annum.

Payment reckoned from Entrance.

Governess-Students received. Certificates granted.

For Prospectuses, with List of Rev. Patrons and Lady-Patronesses, address Mrs. MONK, Lady-Principal, at the College.

**KENSINGTON PROPRIETARY SCHOOL.**

Patron—The Right Hon. and Right Rev. the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

President—The Ven. Archbishop SINCLAIR, Vicar of Kensington.

Head-Master—The Rev. SAMUEL KINGSFORD, M.A., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Assisted by Sixteen other Masters in Classics, Mathematics, English Literature, Modern Languages, &c.

Particulars as to Admission, Terms, Boarding-houses, &c., may be obtained from the HEAD-MASTER, 27 Kensington Square, W., or by letter to the Secretary, the Rev. J. P. GILL, M.A., 25 Kensington Square, W.

The Term commences on Thursday, September 3, 1868.

**UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, Lansdown, Bath.—The Rev. THEODORE W. JAMES, M.A.,** Vice-Principal, has Vacancies for BOARDERS.

At this school, Sons of Gentlemen are thoroughly prepared for the Universities; for the Sandhurst, Woolwich, East India Civil Service, Marine, Naval Cadetship, and other Competitive Examinations; and for the several Professions.—Address, Rev. THEODORE W. JAMES, 1 Lansdown Crescent, Bath.

**CIVIL SERVICE and ARMY.—Mr. W. M. LUPTON**

(Author of "English History and Arithmetic for Competitive Examinations") has GENTLEMEN preparing for all Departments of both Services.—Address, 15 Beaufort Buildings, Strand.

**NOVEMBER LINE EXAMINATION or WOOLWICH.**

The Rev. Dr. HUGHES, who has passed great numbers, has Two going up next time, and can receive PUPILS wishing to work uninterruptedly.—Castlebar Court, Ealing, W.

**WOOLWICH, SANDHURST, DIRECT COMMISSIONS, INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, &c.—The Rev. W. H. JOHNSTONE, M.A.,** formerly Professor, Examiner, and Chaplain in the Royal Military College, Addiscombe, prepares PUPILS for the above.—Broms Grove House, Croydon.

**FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus**

College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEFFERSON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principal of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

## PREPARATION for the ARMY and UNIVERSITIES.—A

MARRIED RECTOR in South Shropshire, Graduate of Trin. Coll. Camb., and an old Rugbyman, who takes Four Pupils, has TWO VACANCIES. Classics, Mathematics, French, Shooting and Fishing. Highest references. Terms, inclusive, from £160.—Address, Graduate, Post Office, Much Wenlock, Salop.

## WINCHESTER COLLEGE.—PUPILS are prepared for

Winchester and the other Public Schools at The Grange, Ewell, Surrey, by Dr. BEHL, whose Pupils have had distinguished success. At the last Examination at Winchester College, one of Dr. BEHL's Pupils gained the Third Place in a Competition with 128 Candidates.—For terms and full particulars address Dr. BEHL, The Grange, Ewell, near Epsom, Surrey.

## TUITION at OXFORD.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN,

who is partly engaged in College work at Oxford, receives into his House Two or Three PUPILS to prepare for Matriculation or other Examinations. Special facilities offered to candidates for Scholarships.—Address, M.A., care of Messrs. Street Brothers, 30 St. Paul's, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

## BONN on RHINE, Prussia.—Dr. W. C. PERRY receives a

few PUPILS at Bonn, and prepares them for the Universities, the Civil and Military Services, and Mercantile Life. Especial attention is paid to the Languages and Literature of Germany and France. References will be given to the highest Academic authorities in England and Germany. Terms, 150 Guineas per annum.—Address, Bonn on Rhine.

## EDUCATION at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, for the SONS of

GENTLEMEN, who are thoroughly prepared by a CLERGYMAN, Graduate of Oxford, for the Universities, Public Schools, Competitive Examinations, &c.—For Prospectuses, apply to the Rev. M.A., Belmont House; or to Mr. BIVA, 46 Regent Street, W.

## EDUCATION (superior), Rue des Champs Elysées, 55, Brussels.

FRENCH and GERMAN PROTESTANT EDUCATIONAL HOME for YOUNG LADIES.—Principal—Madame BUCHOT. Inclusive Terms, 60 Guineas.—Address as above; or Miss Watson, 108 Regent Street, W.

## EDUCATION (superior) in GERMANY, where the SONS of

GENTLEMEN are thoroughly prepared for the Universities, Professional, and other pursuits. A very liberal Table kept; kind treatment, and best Society. Highest references in London.—For an interview or Prospectus, address Pastor VISMANN, University and School Agency, 46 Regent Street, W.

## EDUCATION.—A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, formerly

Scholar of his College (Oxford), and a Second-class Man, receives PUPILS to prepare for the Public Schools. At a small of these he has had great success, and his Pupils have, in the last Two years, obtained Two Scholarships at Wellington College. Name and references given on application. Inclusive terms, 60 Guineas.—Address, No. 28, care of Messrs. Biv & Co., 46 Regent Street, W.

## EDUCATION.—THE RECTOR (married) of a Country Parish

in Notts has room for SIX BOYS, to be prepared for the Public Schools or otherwise.—Address, Rev. A. R. D. FRANKLAND, Lambley Rectory, Nottingham.

## EDUCATION.—Dr. MARTIN REED, of Hurst Court,

Hastings, receives the SONS of GENTLEMEN between the ages of six and Eighteen. First-class Private School.—Highest references and full particulars on application.

## THE Rev. A. L. HUSSEY, M.A., Ch. Ch. Oxford, prepares

BOYS for the Public Schools, at Petterley House, near High Wycombe, Bucks. Tottenham, Great Missenden.

## THE Rev. A. J. D. DORSEY, B.D. Camb., assisted by

Professors of King's College, London, Fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, and eminent Orientalists, will receive, on October 1, SIX SONS of NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN, to be prepared for Diplomatic and Parliamentary Life, Army and Navy, Civil Service, &c.—Address, 13 Prince Square, Kensington Gardens, W.

## PRIVATE TUITION at the SEA-SIDE.—THE RECTOR of

pleasant, very quiet Watering-place, formerly a Scholar of Trin. Coll. Camb., and a Fellow of the Royal Society, with Ten years' experience in Tuition, prepares FIVE PUPILS for the Universities.—One Vacancy.—Address, Rev. R. C. M. ROSE, Rectory, Southwold.

## HOME and SCHOOL.—A WIDOW LADY, with One Young

Son, is desirous of receiving into her Home Two or Three SONS of GENTLEMEN, who would derive the benefit of attending a first-class Preparatory school, previous to entering Rugby or other Public School. The highest references can be given.—Address, M. E. F. Old, Old, Rugby.

## ETON ELECTION.—A BARRISTER, whose Son has just

passed successfully, intends Wintering abroad, and wishes for TWO PUPILS to read Classics, Mathematics, and Modern Languages.—Address, 51, Brompton, Publisher, 215 Regent Street.

## TUTOR.—A GENTLEMAN, who has had many Years'

unvaried success in preparing Pupils for the Public Schools, desires an Engagement as RESIDENT or VISITING TUTOR.—Address, R. F., 3 Newland Street, Kensington.

## AN experienced TUTOR is DISENGAGED. Classics, Mathe-

matics, and superior Instruction. Highest references.—Address, R. A. Mr. Howells Agency, 3 Chancery Lane, London. (Patrons—the Earl of Scarborough, the Earl of Fermanagh, the Lord Muncaster, &c.)

## QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Ireland.—THE PROFESSORSHIP of

MODERN LANGUAGES in the Queen's College at Galway being now Vacant, Candidates for that Office are requested to forward their Testimonials to the Under-Secretary, Dublin Castle, on or before the 20th September next, in order that the same may be submitted to his Excellency the Lord-Lieutenant.

The Candidate who may be selected for the above Professorship will have to enter upon his duties before the end of September.

Dublin Castle, August 5, 1868.

## GOVERNNESS REQUIRED, to Educate THREE LITTLE

GIRLS under Twelve years of age, already fairly advanced (and in part only, one BOY of Eight, until he goes to school in a year). She must be a earnest and intelligent member of the Church of England, but of no extreme views; not under Twenty-six years old, or quite inexperienced in teaching. She must be well versed in History, able to speak French fluently, and thoroughly understand its Grammar; be competent to teach the Piano, and possess a practical and theoretical knowledge of Music. Singing and Drawing, or Water-colour Painting, would be considered great advantages. But neither are stipulated for, nor any knowledge of German or Italian. A cheerful disposition, combined with quiet manners, and a fondness for country life as a rule, with pleasure and interest in teaching, are sought for. Salary offered, £40 per annum (to increase progressively), and Washing.—Applicants personally to address, by letter, Mrs. S. Mr. Morley's, Post Office, Watford, Herts.

## WANTED, in September, by a LADY, a NON-RESIDENT

SECRETARYSHIP. Neighbourhood of Kensington preferred.—Address, R. E. Warren's Library, Edwards Terrace, Kensington.

## SUPERINTENDENT or MANAGER.—THE WIDOW of a

Naval Chaplain wishes to undertake the charge of a SCHOOL, BOARDING-HOUSE, or PUBLIC INSTITUTION, where diligent Superintendence and management are required. The Advertiser has been used to an active life and to the care of Pupils, and will be glad to furnish abundant testimony of her fitness for such employment.—Address, M. H. Messrs. Hallett & Co., 7 St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

## SUPERINTENDENT of NURSES, ST. GEORGE'S HOS-

PITAL.—A SUPERINTENDENT of NURSES is required at this Hospital. Persons willing to undertake the Office may apply to the Secretary for the Laws relating thereto. Applicants must be members of the Church of England, Widows or Unmarried, between Thirty and Forty-five years of age, and they will have to answer a set of questions which will be specified in the tender. No must be written in History, able to speak French fluently, and thoroughly understand its Grammar; be competent to teach the Piano, and possess a practical and theoretical knowledge of Music. Singing and Drawing, or Water-colour Painting, would be considered great advantages. But neither are stipulated for, nor any knowledge of German or Italian. A cheerful disposition, combined with quiet manners, and a fondness for country life as a rule, with pleasure and interest in teaching, are sought for. Salary offered, £40 per annum (to increase progressively), and Washing.—Applicants personally to address, by letter, Mrs. S. Mr. Morley's, Post Office, Watford, Herts.

August 10, 1868.

## A MARRIED MEDICAL MAN, having a large House

standing in its own Grounds, would receive an INVALID LADY or GENTLEMAN, requiring a quiet comfortable Home. Carriage kept.—Address, M. B. Foot Office, Croydon.

## LITERARY PROPERTY for SALE.—A valuable WEEKLY

PUBLICATION, with Copyright. It represents a special but very numerous class. It has a large Circulation, and much to commend it to Advertisers, and is easily conducted.—Address, E. V. G., 44 Berners Street, W.

## SCHWEPPE'S MALVERN SELTZER, prepared from the

Malvern Water, so long celebrated for its purity. Every Bottle is protected by a Label having Name and Trade Mark.—Manufacturers at London, Liverpool, Derby, Bristol, Glasgow, Malvern.



August 15, 1868.]

## The Saturday Review.

**MARGATE.**—The ROYAL HOTEL and ASSEMBLY ROOMS.—The Hotel Department is conducted upon the Parisian principle. Breakfast and Dinner à la Carte. Beds, 2s. to 3s. A good Cafe and Billiard Room. Table-d'Hôte at Two o'clock.

**GRAND HOTEL, Scarborough.**—The Largest and Handsomest Hotel in England. Charges moderate. AUGUSTUS FRICOUR, Manager.

**IFRACOMBE HOTEL.**—Perfect in all its arrangements. 100 Apartments, large and elegant Public Rooms. Promenade Terrace 1,000 feet in length facing the Atlantic. Board, if desired, at a fixed sum per day or week. Table-d'Hôte daily. Address, Mr. BULL, Ifracombe, North Devon.

**MALVERN.**—HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT and HOME for INVALIDS. Physicians—Dr. WILSON and Dr. RAYNER.—For Prospects apply to the House Surgeon.

**HYDROPATHY.**—SUDBROOK PARK, Richmond Hill, S.W. Physician—Dr. EDWARD LANE, M.A., M.D. Edin. Turkish Baths on the Premises.

**STEAM YACHTS.**—Messrs. YARROW & HEDLEY, Engineers, Isle of Dogs, Poplar, have for immediate delivery, a STEAM YACHT, 100 tons, 10 ft. 6 in. beam, and 10 ft. 6 in. power, speed 21 miles an hour; price £1,000. Also a newly Sea Twin SCREW YACHT, 27 ft. long, by 6 ft. beam, 6-horse power; speed 10 miles an hour; price £300.

**OVERLAND ROUTE.**—COMMUNICATION by STEAM between INDIA, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, &c., via EGYPT, from SOUTHAMPTON and MARSEILLES.

THE PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY BOOK PASSENGERS, and receive Cargo and Parcels, by their Steamers for

GIBRALTAR,	ADEN,	From Southampton every Saturday.
MALTA,	BOMBAY,	
ALEXANDRIA,		
CEYLON,	SINGAPORE,	From Southampton every fortnight;
MADRAS,	CHINA,	the day of departure being Saturday.
CALCUTTA,	JAPAN,	
BATAVIA,		
AUSTRALIA,	MELBOURNE,	From Southampton once a month;
KING GEORGE'S SOUND,	SYDNEY,	the day of departure being Saturday.

The Steamers leave Marseilles every Sunday. For full particulars as to Freight, Passage, and Insurance, apply at the Company's Office, 122 Leadenhall Street, London, or Oriental Place, Southampton.

**RODRIGUES' DRESSING CASES AND TRAVELLING DRESSING BAGS,** with Silver or Plated Fittings in every variety, MOUNTED and ORNAMENTED SUITES for the BOUDOIR, TOILETTE, and WRITING TABLE. RODRIGUES' DESPATCH BOXES and TRAVELLING WRITING CASES, in Russia or Morocco of the best quality, Binding Books, Envelope Cases, Inkstands, and Booksliders. CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAIT ALBUMS, of the best make, in handsome antique Morocco and Russia bindings, also in onyx, walnut, and combed of new and elegant designs, and a choice selection of elegant NOVELTIES for PRESENTS. At HENRY RODRIGUES', 42 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

**PATENT ENCAUSTIC, GEOMETRICAL, and GLAZED TILES,** Sound, Durable, and in bright Colours, for Churches, Halls, and Corridors. Manufacturers, MALKIN & CO., Burslem, Staffordshire.

London Agents, HAKLAND & FISHER, Ecclesiastical Decorators, 33 Southampton Street, Strand, where Designs and all Information may be had.

**H. J. & D. NICOLL, Tailors to the Queen, Royal Family, and the Courts of Europe.**

LONDON (114, 116, 118, 120 Regent Street); and MANCHESTER—10 Mosley Street. LIVERPOOL—50 Bold Street.

For TOURISTS and for AUGUST and SEPTEMBER SHOOTING. NICOLL'S JACKETS, with Cartridge Pockets, in various Mixed Colours of Waterproof Cheviot Wool Cloth, cool and strong, and in various Patterns, and more adapted to this variable Climate than any other fabric, the cost of each with Silk Sleeve Linings being 21s. 6d.

LIGHT CHEVIOT SUITS, from 22s.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Merchant Clothiers.

**HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.**

Illustrations, with prices, of Bedsteads and Bedroom Furniture, together with third List of Bedding, in any style, and Estimates free. HEAL & SON, 106, 107, 108 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

**HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.**

**BATHS and TOILET WARE.**—WILLIAM S. BURTON has ONE LARGE SHOW-ROOM devoted exclusively to the display of BATHS and TOILET WARE. The Stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever admitted to the Public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make this establishment the most distinguished in the country. Portable Showers, 7s. 6d.; Hair Showers, 4s. to 12s.; Nursery, 12s. to 25s.; Spouting, 12s. to 25s.; Hip, 14s. to 21s.; A large assortment of Gas Furnace, Hot and Cold Plunge, Vapour, and Camp Shower Baths. Toilet Ware in great variety, from 12s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

**THE BEST SHOW OF IRON BEDSTEADS in the Kingdom** in WILLIAM S. BURTON'S.—He has Four Large Rooms devoted to the exclusive show of Iron and Brass Bedsteads and Children's Cots, with appropriate Bedding and Bed-hangings. Portable Folding Bedsteads from 14s. to 25s.; Spouting, 12s. to 25s.; Hip, 14s. to 21s.; Bedsteads, in great variety, from 12s. 6d. to 45s. the set of three.

**WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER,** by appointment, to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, sends a CATALOGUE gratis and post free. It contains upwards of 700 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of

STERLING SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE, NICKEL SILVER and BRITANNIA METAL GOODS, DISH COVERS, HOT-WATER DISHES, STOVES and FENDERS, MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECES, KITCHEN RANGES, LAMPS, GASOLINIERS, TEA TRAYS, URNS and KETTLES, TABLE CUTLERY, CLOCKS and CANDELABRA, BATHS and TOILET WARE, IRON and BRASS BEDSTEADS, BEDDING and BED-HANGINGS, BED-ROOM CABINET FURNITURE, TURKEY GOODS, &c.

With List of Prices and Plans of the Twenty large Show Rooms at 33 Oxford Street, W. 1, 2, 3, and 4, Newmarket Street; 4, 6, and 6, Perry's Place; 1 and Newman Yard, London.

**WOOD TAPESTRY DECORATIONS (HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 2188),** in lieu of and more durable than Painting and Gilding. Plastered Walls, Ceilings, Doors, or other surfaces covered with real Wood selected. Special Designs in any style, and Estimates free. SHOW ROOMS—26 and 27 BERNERS STREET, LONDON.

**EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, and SOFAS, the Best Made.** 300 different Shapes constantly on View for Selection and Immediate Delivery. Easy Chairs made to any Shape on approval.—FILMER & SON, Upholsters, 31 and 33 Berners Street, Oxford St., W. 1, Factory, 44 and 45 Charles Street.

**INTENDING PURCHASERS of the SMEE'S SPRING MATTRESS, TUCKER'S PATENT, or SOMMER TUCKER, are respectfully cautioned against various imitations and infringements, preserving somewhat the appearance of the original, but wanting all its essential advantages.** The Smee's Spring Mattress bears the Label "Tucker's Patent," and a Number. Attention given to Bedding of any description at the International Exhibition, 1862, and may be obtained, price from 25s., of most respectable Bedding Warehousemen and Upholsters, and Wholesale of the Manufacturers, WILLIAM SMEE & SONS, Finsbury, near Moorgate Railway Terminus, London, E.C.

## FRENCH ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts of 1862 and 1867, under the Title of SOCIÉTÉ DU CABLE TRANSATLANTIQUE FRANÇAIS, Limited.

With a CAPITAL of £1,250,000, or 25,000,000 Francs, in 50,000 SHARES of £25 or 500 Francs, of which 10,000 are to be issued as fully-paid Shares, according to the Prospectus.

THE UNION BANK OF LONDON will receive SUBSCRIPTIONS for £1,000,000, in 50,000 Shares of £20 each of this Capital, on the following conditions:

Deposit on Application, £1 per Share.  
On Allotment, £1 per Share.  
On the 15th of October, 1868, £3.  
On the 15th of December, 1868, £2.

Honorary Committee in France.  
His Excellency M. DROUYN DE L'HUYS, Count MALLET, Senator.  
M. ELIE DE BEAUMONT, Senator. Vice-Admiral TREHOUART, Senator.

Directors.  
LONDON BOARD.  
The Right Hon. ROBERT LOWE, M.P., Chairman.  
CORNELIUS GRINNELL, Esq. (Messrs. GRINNELL & CO.)  
EDWARD J. HALSEY, Esq. (Messrs. FENNER, Huth & Co., and FENNER & CO., Havana).  
JULIUS REUTER, Esq.  
WILLIAM HENRY SCHRÖDER, Esq. (Messrs. J. H. Schröder & Co.)

PARIS BOARD.  
CONTRE AMIRAL LACAPELLE, Président.  
Le Marquis ELIACIN DE BEAUMONT.  
M. S. BOTTELLE, Sénateur.  
Le Baron PH. DE BOURGOING.  
M. CHARLES CRAPELET (MM. Rattier & Co.).  
Le Baron ÉMILE D'ERLANGER.

General Superintendent—Sir JAMES ANDERSON.  
Consulting Electricians.  
Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, F.R.S. | CROMWELL F. VARLEY, Esq., M.I.C.E.

Technical Adviser in France.  
M. BERTSCH, Member of the Committee of Telegraphs in France.  
Engineers and Electricians.  
LATIMER CLARK, Esq., M.I.C.E. | HENRY C. FORDE, Esq., M.I.C.E.  
FLEEMING JENKIN, Esq., F.R.S., M.I.C.E.

Bankers in London.—THE UNION BANK OF LONDON, Princes Street.  
Bankers in Paris.  
SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE DE CREDIT INDUSTRIEL ET COMMERCIAL.  
MM. ÉMILE ERLANGER ET CIE.

Bankers and Agents in New York.—Messrs. DUNCAN, SHERMAN, & CO.  
Solicitors.—Messrs. BISCHOFF, COKE, & BOMPAS.  
Sec. tary.—FREDERICK J. GRIFFITHS, Esq.

OFFICES IN LONDON.—BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, E.C.  
OFFICES IN PARIS.—RUE TAIBOUT, 20.

The object of the Company is to establish and work a direct Line of Telegraph between the Continent of Europe and the United States of America, in accordance with the Convention granted by the Imperial French Government to Baron EMILE ERLANGER, of Paris, and Mr. JULIUS REUTER, of London.

This Convention bears date 6th July, 1868, and confers the privilege of laying and working Submarine Telegraphs between France and the United States. The French Government binds itself not to grant any other concession for lines between France and North America during the period of twenty years from the 1st September, 1868.

A Concession granted by the State Legislature of New York, for Laying and Working Cables between that State and France, has been secured.

Arrangements have been made with the Submarine Telegraph Company for the exclusive use of one of their Wires between England and Dieppe, from which place the French Government will construct a Special Wire to Brest direct for the Company. By this means, the valuable co-operation of the Submarine Telegraph Company has been secured, and an uninterrupted route from England to the United States will be established.

The French Government has promised its support and assistance to the undertaking, and an Honorary Committee of the highest position has been formed in Paris.

It has been generally acknowledged that, both for political and commercial reasons, the laying of a direct and continuous Cable from the Continent of Europe to the United States was only a question of time; and considering the extraordinary increase of Telegraphic Messages wherever new facilities are afforded, it is to be expected that the new undertaking will create fresh traffic, independent of that of the old Companies, sufficient to ensure earnings of equal if not greater amount.

The published Report of the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company to their Annual Meeting, held in February last, contains the following statement:—"The revenue from the Cable is progressing satisfactorily, and the redemption in the rates, which commenced on December 1st (1867), has tended much to the improvement of business. The gross returns of traffic made by this Company since the 27th of July, 1867, by the Anglo-American Company, show the following daily averages, namely:

From July 27, 1867, to February 21, 1868,	the average per day has been about £1,045.
December 1, 1867, to February 21, 1868,	1,215.
January 1, 1868, to February 21, 1868,	1,300."

This average of £1,300 gives an income of about £475,000 a year. From their income, however, the existing Companies will be free. It will be the object of the New Company to fix such Rates for Messages as will secure the largest possible traffic. The price to be charged is intended to be £2 for a Message of 100 Words, and it seems not too sanguine an expectation that at this rate the Line will find constant employment.

The power of transmission of the new Cable is estimated, according to the Report of the Engineers and Electricians, at a minimum of twelve words per minute, which, allowing fourteen hours a day for waste time, and consequently only ten hours a day for actual work, and taking 200 working-days in the year, gives at the rate of £2 per Message, an Annual income of £432,000. Practically, the proportion of days and hours lost would, in all probability, be less than is assumed in this Estimate. The Working Expenses of the new Line may be calculated to amount to the sum of £25,000 per annum.

The proposed Cable will be laid in Two Sections—the first from Brest, in France, to the French Island of St. Pierre, off New-England; the second from St. Pierre either to New York direct, or to a point between Boston and New York, with a Special Line to the last-named City.

A Contract has been entered into with the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company, to manufacture and lay the Cable for the sum of £292,000, of which £100,000 is payable in cash by agreed instalments during the manufacture and shipment of the Cable. The remaining £192,000 will be payable in the following manner:—viz., 20,000 of fully paid-up Shares, after the section from Brest to St. Pierre shall have been laid and tested satisfactorily for thirty successive days; £10,000 in cash after the section from St. Pierre to the United States shall have been laid and tested for thirty days; and the final payment of £20,000 in fully paid-up Shares after the entire Cable shall have been six months in satisfactory operation.

Allowing £100,000 for the construction of the Land Lines, Engineers' Charges, Supervision, and all expenses up to the opening of the Line, and deducting the consideration hereafter stated to be given for the Concession upon success, there will remain a balance, by way of reserve, of £200,000.

The "Great Eastern" will be employed in laying the deep-sea portion. Sir SAMUEL CANNING, with a competent staff, will have charge of the submergence of the Cable. Sir JAMES ANDERSON will act on behalf of, and watch over the interests of, the Company.

The Cable is contracted to be shipped in June next, and the Line is expected to be open for traffic in the course of next year.

The Cable will be of the best construction, and generally of the same description as those manufactured by the Telegraph Construction Company for the Atlantic and Anglo-American Telegraph Companies. The Cable will be protected by Tar, like the 1865 Cable, and advantage has been taken of all the experience since gained. In accordance with the unanimous recommendation of the Engineers and Electricians, the weight of Copper in the Conductor has been increased from 300 lbs. to 400 lbs. per knot. By this means greater rapidity of transmission is obtained.

In tracing the Route, a detour has been made to avoid the risk of icebergs and anchorage on the Banks of Newfoundland. It is on these banks that all accidents to the existing Cables have occurred.

A Sir JAMES ANDERSON has recorded his opinion that the object thus sought for will be fully attained; that, in fact, the new Line will be entirely free from accidents by icebergs, and does not cross any anchorage resorted to by fishing-vessels. Nearly one-half the Cable will be in a depth of water where the submergence will be easy, and the recovery for repairs inexpensive. The deep-sea portion will be in a depth similar to that in which the present Cables are laid, and from which the 1865 Cable was recovered. Under these circumstances, and the Company's assurance of the services and experience of all the eminent men who have contributed to the success of the former Expeditions, the risk of the present undertaking is reduced to a minimum.

Arrangements have been made with Sir WILLIAM THOMSON, Mr. FLEEMING JENKIN, and Mr. VARNER, for the use of their Patented Instruments with any future improvements.

The Concessionaires, by an Agreement dated 3rd August, 1868, and scheduled to the Articles of Association, have agreed to transfer to the Company their Concession from the Imperial Government of France, together with their rights under the Concession from the State of New York, and the benefit of the undermentioned Agreements, and to defray all expenses up to the Registration of the Company, in consideration of 5,000 fully-paid Shares, to be allotted to them whenever the Cable shall have been successfully laid, and shall have continued to work satisfactorily for thirty days; and they shall be entitled to receive one-fifth part of the surplus net profits in each year, after setting aside a reserve fund, equal to Five per Cent. of the net profits, and after payment of a dividend of Ten per Cent. to the Shareholders. The contingent profits will, for convenience, be attached to a portion of the fully-paid shares. It will be seen from this that the Concessionaires look only to the success of the undertaking for their remuneration, and for the repayment of the expenses they have already incurred.

Copies of the Agreements and of the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and of the Concession, lie for inspection at the Offices of the Solicitors of the Company, Messrs. BURNER, COKE, & BOMPAS, 18 Coleman Street.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for Shares may be obtained at the Offices of the Company, Bartholomew House, and at the Union Bank of London, Princes Street, and their various Branches.





**L. LEGRAND**, Perfumer, Purveyor to the Courts of France, Russia, and Italy, 207 Rue St. Honoré, Paris.  
Medal Awarded at the Universal Exhibition of Paris, 1857, for the Celebrated Perfume ORIZA, special and unique for the Preservation of Beauty.  
Wholesale Depot at SLATER, BUCKINGHAM, & CO.'S, 35 Wood Street, Cheapside, London.  
Retail at all respectable Hoisers, Perfumers, &c.  
The **PULVERISATEUR**, new Machine for perfuming the Air, Linen, and Clothes.

**EVER-SWEET—PIESSE & LUBIN—FRANGIPANNI**,  
Marocins, Patchouly, Geranium, Ever-sweet, Opoponax, New-mown Hay, Ylang-Ylang, White Rose, Lili Alce, and 1,000 others from every flower that breathes a fragrance, only in 6s., or Four Bottles in a Case, 7s. Sold by the fashionable Druggists and Perfumers in all parts of the World.—Laboratory of Flowers, 2 New Bond Street, London.

**DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA**,  
the best Remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.  
At 172 New Bond Street, London; and of all Chemists.

**PARR'S LIFE PILLS** clear from the Body all hurtful  
Impurities, improve the Digestive powers, speedily cure all Liver Complaints, Bilious Affections, Skin Eruptions, Lowness of Spirits, Headache, Costiveness, Gout, Lumbago, &c. The mild, pleasant action, and powerful curative properties of PARR'S HERBAL MEDICINE, recommend it as the most useful remedy for the restoration of sound Bodily Health and Mental Vigour.

## BOOKS, &c.

**MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—NEW BOOKS.—NOTICE.**  
Nearly all the Books advertised in this day's "Saturday Review" are in Circulation, or on Sale, at **MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY**. Fresh Copies of all the principal Books of the season continue to be added as the demand increases, and ample supplies are provided of all the best forthcoming Books as they appear. First-class Subscription, One Guinea per annum, commencing at any date. Book Societies supplied on liberal terms.  
Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street; City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

**MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY.—CHEAP BOOKS.—NOTICE.**  
REVISED CATALOGUES OF SURPLUS COPIES OF RECENT BOOKS withdrawn from **MUDIE'S SELECT LIBRARY**, for sale at greatly Reduced Prices, are now ready, and will be forwarded, postage free, on application. These Catalogues represent a Collection of Fifteen Thousand Volumes of Works of the Best Authors in Ornamental Bindings for Presents and Prizes, and more than One Hundred Thousand Volumes of Secondhand Books of the Past and Present Seasons suitable for Libraries and Public Institutions.  
Mudie's Select Library, New Oxford Street, London; City Office, 4 King Street, Cheapside.

**THE UNITED LIBRARIES, 307 Regent Street, W.**  
Subscriptions from One Guinea to any amount, according to the supply required. All the best new Books, English, French, and German, immediately on publication. Prospectuses, with Lists of New Publications, gratis and post free.  
\*A Clearance Catalogue of Surplus Books offered for Sale at greatly Reduced Prices may also be had free on application.  
BOOTH'S, CHURTON'S, HODGSON'S, and SAUNDERS & OTLEY'S United Libraries, 307 Regent Street, near the Polytechnic.

This day, published Weekly, price 6d., No. XX. of  
**THE CHROMOLITHOGRAPH: a Journal of Art, Literature, Decoration, and the Accomplishments.**  
CONTENTS: St. Catherine, Chromolithograph after Fra Angelico da Fiesole.—Study of Illumination by W. R. Symonds.—Pencil Drawing by J. A. Vinter. Also several Papers on Art and other Subjects.  
London: ZORN & CO., 81 Fleet Street, E.C.

**THE NEW LAMP in HOLBORN.—THE BUILDER** of  
this Week contains a View of the New Ornamental Lamp on Site of Middle Row; also View of the London Docks Company's New Office; the British Archaeological Association at Greenwich; Albert Durer and the Windows of Fairfield Church.—Letters by Wilkie—Paris—Science of Colour; and other Articles. 4d.; or by post, 5d.  
1 York Street, Covent Garden. And all Newsmen.

In preparation,  
**WHITAKER'S ALMANACK for 1869** is intended to be  
the BEST, the MOST COMPLETE, and the CHEAPEST ALMANACK ever published in England.

**LIVINGSTONE.**  
Now ready, cloth, 6s.  
**THE SEARCH AFTER LIVINGSTONE. A Diary kept**  
during the Investigation of his Reported Murder. By E. D. YOUNG. Revised by Rev. H. WALLER, F.R.G.S.  
LEITH, SON, & CO.; SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & CO.

Just published, 2s. 6d.  
**WHAT SHOULD WE DRINK? An Inquiry suggested by**  
Mr. Beekwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By JAMES L. DENMAN.  
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

Now ready, small 4to. cloth gilt, 3s.  
**THE EVANGEL of JESUS according to JOHN: a Literal**  
Rhythmic Version from the most Ancient Texts. By C. D. BAKER, M.A., Rector of Framingham Earl and Bixley, Norfolk.

Also, by the same Author,  
**VERSES and LECTURES. Second Edition, enlarged, crown**  
8vo. cloth gilt, 7s. 6d.  
London: THOMAS BOWDITCH, 215 Regent Street.

This day, crown 8vo. cloth gilt, nett, 6s.; post free, 6s. 6d.  
**THE OLIVE LEAF: a Pilgrimage to Rome, Jerusalem, and**  
Constantinople in 1867, for the Reunion of the Faithful. By WILLIAM WYNDHAM MALET, Vicar of Ampley.  
"One of the most singular volumes we have ever come across."—*Saturday Review*.  
"We cordially commend Mr. Malet's interesting volume to our readers."—*Church Times*.  
"There is a freshness about Mr. Malet's descriptions which gives much life to his narrative. He has an eye for the beauties of nature, and without pretence to fine writing he gives graphic sketches which will interest those to whom the special objects for which he undertook his pilgrimage may not altogether approve themselves."—*Church News*.  
London: THOMAS BOWDITCH, 215 Regent Street.

Now ready,  
**A NEW WORK on TREES.** By GEORGE BARNARD. Con-  
taining Thirty of the principal Trees of Europe, drawn from Nature, the individual and distinguishing features of each Tree being rendered with remarkable vigour and facility. Accompanied by a description of the Characteristics, Method of Delineation, and favourite Localities of each Tree.  
The Work of 30 Plates in Three Parts, complete, with Explanatory Text, 2s. 2d.  
Or handsomely bound ..... 2 12 0  
Separate Parts, containing 10 Plates and Text ..... 0 14 0  
London: WYSON & NEWTON, 38 Rathbone Place; and  
all Booksellers and Artists—Coloursmen.

Now ready,  
**THE MONEYS of all NATIONS**, with their Correct Value  
in English Currency. Six Copies sent free by post on receipt of Two Penny Stamps.  
Address, T. ROBERTS & CO., 6 Crane Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

Now ready, fcp. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.  
**THE THEORY of the TREATMENT of DISEASE adopted**  
at BEN RHYDDING. By Wm. MACLEOD, M.D., F.R.C.P. Edin., Senior Physician to Ben Rhydding.  
JOHN CHURCHILL & SONS, New Burlington Street.

**ORTHOPRAXY.** (ὀρθός, straight; πρᾶσσειν, to make.) By  
HEATHER BIRD, Assoc. Inst. C.E.  
This Manual embraces the Treatment of every variety of Deformity, Debility, and Deficiency of the Human Body.  
CHURCHILL & SONS; and the Author, 56 Wimpole Street.

Just published, Second Edition, with Addenda, containing additional Facts and Cases in illustration of the Special Proceedings of the Advertising Quacks, 1s. 6d.; by post, 1s. 8d.  
**REVELATIONS of QUACKS and QUACKERY.** By  
DETECTORS. Reprinted from the "Medical Circular."  
London: H. BAILEY, 219 Regent Street.

In crown 8vo. pp. 110, price 1s. sewed, or 1s. 6d. cloth.  
**A WOMAN'S WORK in WATER CURE and SANITARY**  
EDUCATION. By MRS. MARY S. GOVE NICHOLS.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth,  
**ECCE AGNUS DEI; or, Christianity without Mystery.**  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Fourth Edition, in 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth,  
**THE SOCIAL and POLITICAL DEPENDENCE of**  
WOMEN. By CHARLES ANTHONY, Jun.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in fcp. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. cloth,  
**TREFOIL: Verses by Three.**  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

**THE UNA BOAT "CAPRICE."**  
In square fcp. 8vo. with Map and 7 Woodcuts, price 3s. 6d.  
**THE THAMES to the SOLENT by CANAL and SEA;**  
or, the Log of the Una Boat "Caprice." By J. B. DASHWOOD.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in post 8vo. price 7s. 6d. cloth,  
**ESSAYS on EDUCATIONAL REFORMERS: the Jesuits,**  
Locke, J. J. Rousseau, Pestalozzi, &c. By the Rev. R. H. QUICK, M.A. of  
Trinity College, Cambridge.  
"Mr. Quick has done much service to the cause of education by the researches he has made, and has smoothed the way for future reformers."—*Athenæum*.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

Just published, in 8vo. price 2s. 6d. cloth,  
**ON the STRATIFICATION of LANGUAGE, the Rede**  
Lecture, delivered in the Senate House before the University of Cambridge,  
May 29, 1868, by MAX MÜLLER, M.A. Prof. of Comparative Philology at Oxford,  
Hon. Doctor of Law in the University of Cambridge.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

**THE IRISH CHURCH QUESTION.**  
Just published, in 8vo. price ONE SHILLING,  
**IRELAND in 1868 (confined to the Church Question).** By  
GERALD FITZGIBBON, Esq. One of the Masters in Chancery in Ireland.  
London: LONGMANS, GREEN, and Co. Paternoster Row.

**PROFESSOR ROBERTSON'S NEW WORK.**  
Now ready, crown 8vo. handsomely bound in cloth, bevelled boards, gilt top edges, 8s. 6d.  
**LECTURES on the LIFE, WRITINGS, and TIMES of**  
EDMUND BURKE. By J. B. ROBERTSON, Esq., Professor of Modern History at the  
Catholic University of Dublin.  
London: JOHN PHILIP, 7 Orchard Street, Portman Square.

**THE IRISH CHURCH.**  
Now ready, Fifth Thousand, 6d.  
**THE IRISH CHURCH: a Historical and Statistical Review.**  
By HENRY S. SEARLES.  
\*This Edition contains a Reply to the Attacks of Dr. Gayer, Dr. Lee, Dr. Massingham, and others.  
"It is an impartial and masterly survey of the whole subject, historical and statistical, and should be in the hands of every Reformer."—*Manchester Examiner*.  
Also, price 6d.

**THE IRISH CHURCH: the Wrong and the Remedy.** By  
GEORGE CLARK HUTTON.  
London: LIBERATION SOCIETY, 2 Serjeants' Inn; and A. MIALLE, 18 Boulevard Street, E.C.

**THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.**  
Now ready, price 6d.  
**MODERN THEORIES of CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT;**  
with Special regard to the Proposals of Dean Stanley. By EDWARD WHITE.  
Also, price 1s.

**RITUALISM in the CHURCH of ENGLAND: a Reason for**  
Disestablishment. By J. GUINNESS ROGERS, B.A., Chaplain.  
London: LIBERATION SOCIETY, 2 Serjeants' Inn; and A. MIALLE, 18 Boulevard Street, E.C.

Price 1d., or 1s. a Score, or 5s. per 100.  
**WILL "POPEY be STRENGTHENED by the DIS-**  
ESTABLISHMENT of the IRISH CHURCH?" A Letter to a Protestant Gentle-  
man. By EDWARD WHITE, Minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Hawley Road, Kentish Town.  
London: JAMES CLARKE & CO., 13 Fleet Street.

Fifth Thousand, 2 vols. fcp. 8vo. cloth, 10s.  
**A MANUAL of BRITISH BUTTERFLIES and MOTHS.**  
By H. T. SAMPSON, F.R.S. Containing Descriptions of nearly Two Thousand Species,  
interspersed with Readable Matter, and above Two Hundred Woodcuts.  
JOHN VAN VOORST, 1 Paternoster Row.

Now ready, 8vo. sewed, post free, 2s.  
**NOTES and THOUGHTS on the EDUCATION of the**  
CLERGY at HOME and ABROAD, and on the SCARCITY of CANDIDATES for  
HOLY ORDERS. By Wm. MCHESLE, M.A., Vicar of Chesham.  
From: J. HODGES. London: SIMPSON, MARSHALL, & CO.

In Use at Eton, Westminster, Harrow, Cheltenham College, Christ's Hospital, St. Paul's,  
Merchant Taylors', City of London School, Greenwich Hospital School,  
Edinburgh Academy, &c.

**DELLIE'S NEW GRADUATED COURSE.**  
THE BEGINNER'S OWN FRENCH BOOK. 2s.—KEY to the same, 2s.  
EASY FRENCH POETRY for BEGINNERS. 2s.  
FRENCH GRAMMAR. 2s. 6d.—KEY to the same, 2s.  
RÉPERTOIRE DES PROSATEURS. 6s. 6d.  
MODÈLES DE POÉSIE. 6s.  
MANUEL ÉTYMOLOGIQUE. 2s. 6d.  
A SYNOPSIS TABLE of FRENCH VERBS. 6d.  
WHITAKER & CO., Ave Maria Lane.

**TRAVELLING MAP of SCOTLAND.** By ALEX. KEITH  
JOHNSTON, LL.D., F.R.S.E., F.R.G.S.  
With Index of easy Reference to 9700 Places on the Map. Price, in a Pocket-Case, 7s. 6d.;  
or in Sheets, 6s.

"A map which has certainly nothing like a rival in any map of the country previously  
published. For completeness, accuracy, and finish, it is perfect. Not a turnpike or carriage  
road, or important footpath throughout the length and breadth of the land, but has its re-  
presentative here in double and single black lines."—*Scotsman*.

The following Maps from KEITH JOHNSTON'S ROYAL ATLAS are published sepa-  
rately, uniformly with the above, in Pocket-Case, with Indexes to each Map, price 4s. 6d. for  
Maps of One Sheet, and 8s. for Maps of Two Sheets:

England and Wales (Two Sheets).	South America (Two Sheets).
Andrian Empire (Two Sheets).	United States of North America (Two
Prussia.	Sheets).
Italy (Two Sheets).	Canada (Two Sheets).
France.	Africa.
Switzerland.	South Australia.
Ireland.	India (Two Sheets).
Belgium and the Netherlands.	China and Japan.
Spain.	Basin of Mediterranean Sea.
Sweden and Norway.	Palestine.

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, Edinburgh and London.  
Sold by all Booksellers.

## MR. BENTLEY'S LIST.

THE LATE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.  
**RECOLLECTIONS of MY LIFE: Travels**  
 in Italy, Spain, Greece, Algeria, West Indies, Madeira, South America,  
 &c. By the late Emperor MAXIMILIAN. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

"A delightful chronicle of journeys to some of the most beautiful countries in the world, and the singularly happy art of description possessed by the author brings the places before us with the utmost vividness. The lively tone of youthful enjoyment pervading the work is another charm which the reader can hardly fail to note; while the thoughtful and educated spirit in which incidental subjects are regarded saves the narrative from undue lightness. These volumes not unfrequently remind us of the exquisite letters from Italy, Spain, and Portugal by the author of 'Vathek.' Higher praise than this we can hardly give."—*Daily News*.

"Among Maximilian's writings none display greater talent than these 'Recollections.' His remarks upon all he saw are written in a buoyant spirit, and show a genuine enjoyment. To English readers the most interesting of his varied recollections are those about Gibraltar. But descriptions of scenery, however graphic, are by no means the most striking recollections. His endless remarks on various subjects prove him to have been both a keen observer and an attentive student."—*Morning Post*.

**THE LIVES of the ARCHBISHOPS of CANTERBURY.** By WALTER FARQUHAR HOOK, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Vols. VI. and VII. Demy 8vo. 30s.

"Dr. Hook in these volumes has risen with his theme, and writes with a power worthy of a subject which, although not the whole, is yet a large part of the history of the time rather than a mere biography. The sound principles, manly tone, honest morality, and vigorous narrative of the book have added one more to the many and great services rendered both to the Church and to opinion in the Church, and to a vigorous and hearty spirit among Churchmen, by Dr. Hook."—*Guardian*.

**HISTORICAL ESSAYS on LATTER TIMES:** The Dukes of Burgundy—Charles the Fifth—Philip the Second and the Taciturn—Cardinal Richelieu—The First English Revolution—William the Third. By J. VAN PRAET. Edited by Sir EDMUND HEAD, Bart. 1 vol. demy 8vo. 16s.

"Thoroughly honest, this book is the result of evident thought and experience. Van Praet can hold his own against such vivid narrators as Bernier, Prescott, Motley, and Macaulay. The characters of Charles V. and his son strike us as the best, and that of Charles as the best of all. It is very able indeed."—*Saturday Review*.

**LE RÉCIT D'UNE SŒUR; or, a Sister's Story.** By Mrs. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN. From the French Original, by EMILY BOWLES. 3 vols. post 8vo.

See the Critique in *Bla Kew's Magazine* for AUGUST.  
 See the Critique in *Fraser's Magazine* for AUGUST.

**A WALKING TOUR in NORMANDY.**  
 By the Author of "All Round Ireland on Foot." 1 vol. post 8vo. 6s.

**ENGLISH SEAMEN UNDER the TUDORS.**  
 By H. R. FOX BOURNE, Author of "English Merchants," &c. 2 vols. large post 8vo. 21s.

"A most attractive book on a most attractive subject."—*Athenaeum*.

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,  
 PUBLISHER IN ORDINARY TO HER MAJESTY.

Royal 8vo. half morocco, 31s. 6d.

## ETCHING AND ETCHERS:

A Treatise, Critical and Practical.

By P. G. HAMERTON.

WITH ORIGINAL PLATES BY REMBRANDT, CALLOT, DUJARDIN, PAUL POTTER, &c.

"The best work which has yet appeared from his pen. It is much more than readable, abounding in thoughts and sayings on art-matters of all kinds which show how much is yet to be said on a subject concerning which most writers contrive to be incomprehensible, extravagant, and dull."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

"Will henceforth deserve to have, and will certainly obtain, a place in every gentleman's library in the country who can afford to buy the book."—*Spectator*.

By the same Author,

**A PAINTER'S CAMP in the HIGHLANDS.**

New and Cheaper Edition, extra fcp. 8vo. 6s.

"A small gem of composition too little known and too little read."—*Spectator*.

**THE CONSCIENCE: Lectures on Casuistry,**  
 delivered at Cambridge. By the Rev. F. D. MAURICE, Professor of Casuistry  
 and Moral Philosophy. 8vo. 8s. 6d. [Just ready.]

**ST. PAUL'S EPISTLE to the PHILIPPIANS.** A Revised Text, with Dissertations and Notes. By J. B. LIGHTFOOT, D.D., Hulsean Professor of Divinity, Cambridge. 8vo. 12s. [This day.]

By the same Author,

**THE EPISTLE to the GALATIANS.**  
 Second Edition, 8vo. 12s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LONDON.

Now ready, price 5s. 6d.

THE FIRST HALF-YEARLY VOLUME OF  
ONCE A WEEK.

Edited by E. S. DALLAS.

Containing

"FOUL PLAY," the well-known Novel by CHARLES READE and DION BOUTICAULT;

A POEM by ALFRED TENNYSON;

TABLE TALK, a Weekly Column of Chat-Chat, Social Notes, Queries, &c.

And ILLUSTRATIONS by

J. E. Millais, R.A., John Leech, John Gilbert, E. Duncan, G. Du Maurier, B. Bradley, John Leighton, G. Bowers, M. E. Edwards, R. T. Pritchett, F. W. Lawson, &c.

BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11 BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

## HURST &amp; BLACKETT'S NEW WORKS.

**ELEPHANT HAUNTS: being a Sportsman's**  
 Narrative of the Search for Dr. Livingstone; with Scenes of Elephant,  
 Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting. By HENRY FAULKNER, late 17th  
 Lancers. 8vo. with Illustrations, 15s.

"A very readable book. In its proportion of successes to failures we never read a more wonderful narrative of African sport than 'Elephant Haunts.'"—*Full Mail Gazette*.  
 "This is the most exciting book since the adventures of Gordon Cumming."—*Messenger*.

**AROUND the KREMLIN; or, Pictures of**  
 Life in Moscow. By G. T. LOWTH. 8vo. with Illustrations, 15s.

"Mr. Lowth has written a good and pleasant book. He has given us an admirable picture of the great city which lies about the Kremlin, and he notes with care the changes of thought and custom which are likely to affect the future of Russia."—*Athenaeum*.

**SAINTS and SINNERS; or, In Church and**  
 About It. By Dr. DORAN. 2 vols. 24s.

## THE NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.

**THREE WIVES.** By the Author of "Margaret and Her Bridesmaids," &c. 3 vols.

**SWEET ANNE PAGE.** By MORTIMER COLLINS.

"The most jaded of novel-readers will find 'Sweet Anne Page' sufficiently striking and brilliant to excite his attention and interest. Mr. Collins has written three volumes in which there is not a dull page, in which the personages are vividly, simply, and clearly shown, in which the interest never flags, and in which the plot is loaded with incident, and the narrative is fresh and vigorous."—*Imperial Review*.

**MILDRED.** By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK, Author  
 of "Leslie Tyrell," "Faith Unwin's Ordeal," &c. 3 vols.

"A very clever story. Mildred is a glorious creature, and we follow her history with deep interest."—*Star*. "An intensely interesting story. It is the author's best novel."—*Sun*.

**ROBERT FALCONER.** By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D., Author of "Alice Forbes," &c. 3 vols.

"A work brimful of life and humor, and of the deepest human interest."—*Athenaeum*.  
 "This book is one of intense reality and truthfulness. It reads like an absolutely truthful history of a life. If our criticism induces our readers to open Mr. MacDonald's book, they will assuredly be amply repaid in the pursuit of it."—*Full Mail Gazette*.

**MRS. ST. CLAIR'S SON.** By Lady BLAKE.  
 3 vols. [Next week.]

## THE FRENCH LANGUAGE.

DR. DE FIVAS' WORKS FOR COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, AND PRIVATE STUDENTS.

Thirtieth Edition.

**DE FIVAS' NEW GRAMMAR of FRENCH GRAMMARS.**  
 With Exercises and Examples illustrative of every Rule. By Dr. V. DE FIVAS, M.A., F.E.I.S., Member of the Grammatical Society of Paris, &c. 12mo. handsomely bound, price 3s. 6d.—A KEY to the same, 3s. 6d.

Seventeenth Edition.

**DE FIVAS' NEW GUIDE to MODERN FRENCH CONVERSATION.** 18mo. strongly half-bound, 2s. 6d.

Twelfth Edition.

**DE FIVAS, BEAUTÉS des ÉCRIVAINS FRANÇAIS, Anciens et Modernes.** Ouvrage Classique, à l'usage des Collèges et des Institutions. 12mo. bound, 3s. 6d.

Nineteenth Edition.

**DE FIVAS, INTRODUCTION à la LANGUE FRANÇAISE; ou, Fables et Contes Choisis; Anecdotes Instructives, Faits Mémorables, &c.** 12mo. bound, 2s. 6d.

Third Edition.

**DE FIVAS, Le TRÉSOR NATIONAL; or, Guide to the Translation of English into French at Sight.** 12mo. bound, 2s. 6d.—A KEY to the same, 2s.

LONDON: LOCKWOOD & CO., 7 STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

## THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.

DR. FALCK LEBAHN'S GERMAN SCHOOL BOOKS.

"As an educational writer in the German tongue, Dr. Lebahn stands alone: none other has made even a distant approach to him."—*British Standard*.

Seventh Edition.

**LEBAHN'S GERMAN LANGUAGE in One Volume.** Containing a Practical Grammar; Undine; a Tale, with Explanatory Notes; a Vocabulary of 4,500 Words, synonymous in English and German. Crown 8vo. cloth, 8s. With KEY, 10s. 6d. KEY, separate, 2s. 6d.

Third Edition.

**LEBAHN'S FIRST GERMAN COURSE.** Crown 8vo. cloth, price 2s. 6d.

Fifth Edition.

**LEBAHN'S FIRST GERMAN READER.** Crown 8vo. cloth, price 3s. 6d.

Seventh Edition.

**LEBAHN'S EDITION of SCHMID'S HENRY von EICHENFELS.** With Vocabulary and Familiar Dialogues. Crown 8vo. cloth, 2s. 6d.

**LEBAHN'S GERMAN CLASSICS.** With Notes and Complete Vocabulary. Crown 8vo. cloth, each 3s. 6d.

1. PETER SCHLEMIHL. By CHAMisso.

2. EGMONT: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By Goethe.

3. WILHELM TELL: a Drama. By Schiller.

4. GOETZ VON BERLICHINGEN. By Goethe.

5. PAGENSTREICHE: a Page's Follies. By KREMER.

6. EMILIA GALOTTI: a Tragedy. By Lessing.

7. UNDINE: a Tale. By Fouqué.

8. SELECTIONS FROM THE GERMAN POETS.

**LEBAHN'S GERMAN COPY-BOOK: a Series of Exercises**  
 in German Penmanship, beautifully engraved on Steel. 4to. sewed, 2s. 6d.

**LEBAHN'S SELF-INSTRUCTOR in GERMAN.** Crown 8vo. cloth, 6s. 6d.

MRS. LEBAHN'S GERMAN FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.

**THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S FIRST STEP in the GERMAN LANGUAGE.** By Mrs. FALCK LEBAHN. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

**THE LITTLE SCHOLAR'S FIRST STEP in GERMAN READING.** By Mrs. FALCK LEBAHN. 18mo. cloth, 1s.

LONDON: LOCKWOOD & CO., 7 STATIONERS' HALL COURT.



## TINSLEY BROTHERS' NEW BOOKS

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

NOTICE.—On Monday next, August 17, No. XIV. (for SEPTEMBER) of  
**TINSLEYS' MAGAZINE: an Illustrated**  
 Monthly. Conducted by EDMUND YATES. 1s.

**THE MARCH to MAGDALA.** By G. A. HENRY, Special Correspondent of the "Standard." 1 vol. 8vo. [This day.]

**"CON AMORE"; or, Critical Chapters.** By JOHN MCCARTHY, Author of "The Waterdale Neighbours," &c. 1 vol. 8s.

**THE ADVENTURES of a BRIC-A-BRAC**  
 HUNTER. By Major BYNG HALL. 1 vol. 7s. 6d. [Nearly ready.]

**A WINTER TOUR in SPAIN.** 1 vol. 8vo.  
 with Illustrations of the Alhambra, Escorial, &c. 15s.

**THE NEW NOVELS AT ALL LIBRARIES.**  
 NOW READY, A NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF "CLARISSA."  
**CLARISSA: a Novel,** by SAMUEL RICHARDSON.  
 Edited by E. S. DALLAS, Author of "The Gay Science." 3 vols.  
 "Not read 'Clarissa'!" If you have once thoroughly entered on 'Clarissa,' and are infected by it, you can't leave it."—MACAULAY to THACKERAY.

**THE MOONSTONE.** By WILKIE COLLINS.  
 Ready this day at every Library in the Kingdom, in 3 vols.

**THE SEABOARD PARISH.** By GEORGE MACDONALD, Author of "Robert Falconer," "Alec Forbes of Howglen," &c. 3 vols. [Ready this day.]

A NEW NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.  
**THE OCCUPATIONS of a RETIRED LIFE.**  
 By EDWARD GARRETT. 3 vols. [Published this day.]

**THE RED COURT FARM.** By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," &c. 3 vols.

**DIANA GAY; or, the History of a Young Lady.** By PERCY FITZGERALD, Author of "Never Forgotten," &c. 3 vols.

**WILD AS A HAWK: a New Novel.** By Mrs. MACQUEEN, Author of "Hester Kirtton," "Charlotte Burney," &c. 3 vols.

**THE LOST LINK: a Novel.** By TOM HOOD, Author of "A Golden Heart." 3 vols.

**FRANCESCA'S LOVE: a Novel.** By Mrs. EDWARD PULLEYN. 3 vols.

**JOHN HALLER'S NIECE.** By RUSSELL GREY, Author of "Never for Ever." 3 vols.

**TINSLEY BROTHERS' TWO-SHILLING VOLUMES**  
 To be had at every Railway Stall and of every Bookseller in the Kingdom.

NOTICE.—Now ready, the Cheap Edition, 2s., of  
**THE WATERDALE NEIGHBOURS.** By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "Paul Marston."

Also, now ready,  
**THE PRETTY WIDOW: a Novel.** By CHARLES H. ROSS.

**MISS FORRESTER: a Novel.** By the Author of "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," &c.

**BARREN HONOUR.** By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," "Brakespeare," &c.

**SWORD and GOWN.** By the same Author.  
 Also, a Cheap Edition, 2s., of  
**THE SAVAGE CLUB PAPERS (1867).** With all the Original Illustrations.

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18 CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN'S CHARMING STORY,  
**LE BLOCUS (THE BLOCKADE),**

Is now in Course of Publication in  
**THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE**

For AUGUST.  
 Translated, with Schuler's Illustrations.  
 Sixty-four large pages of Original Articles, and beautiful Engravings, price 4d.

77 GREAT QUEEN STREET, W.C.

**THE HANDY VOLUME SERIES.**

Now ready, bound in cloth, or in paper covers.  
 Price Half-a-Crown each Volume.

1. **THE GORDIAN KNOT.** By SHIRLEY BROOKS.

2. **SHENSTONE'S ESSAYS on MEN and MANNERS.**

3. **DR. JACOB.** By Miss M. BETHAM EDWARDS.

4. **HAPPY THOUGHTS.** By F. C. BURNAND. [In a few days.]

Other Volumes are in preparation, and will shortly be published.  
 BRADBURY, EVANS, & CO., 11 BOUVERIE STREET, E.C.

## THE BROADWAY:

A London Magazine.

Twelve months have elapsed since the Proprietors of THE BROADWAY announced the publication of the Magazine bearing that title, and promised that its scheme should be as broad as its name. A year's experience of the requirements of the public as regards a monthly Miscellany, eschewing politics and polemics, and devoted to the delineation, both in a literary and a pictorial manner, of the social aspect of the epoch, has given them no cause to regret the purpose with which they originally started—which they have steadily kept in view for twelve months—and which is not abandoned now, but rather modified and developed, as responsive to the wishes of their readers, and in recognition of the continuously increasing support accorded to THE BROADWAY.

THE BROADWAY will cease to be specially an "Anglo-American" or an "Americo-English" Magazine. We are convinced that there is a still broader way in Literature and Art than that which spreads itself under the shadow of St. Paul's in London, or stretches from the Battery to Harlem Bridge in New York. The broadest way of all is that which embraces the whole of that world in which the English tongue is spoken and written.

Considerably enlarged, then, profusely illustrated, and in every way improved, No. I. of the New Series of THE BROADWAY, a London Magazine, price One Shilling, will be published on the 28th of August next.

In view of the enhancement of public favour for which we may not unwarrantably hope, great additions have been made to the strength of our Literary and Artistic Staff. The majority of the able writers who have hitherto assisted us will continue to enrich the pages of our Miscellany; but several new features will be introduced, and many old favourites of the public have signified their willingness to wield their pencils and their pens in the enlarged arena of THE BROADWAY Magazine. Mr. Henry Kingsley will contribute a Novel of Modern Life, entitled "Stretton"; and another Work of Fiction, entitled "False Colours," written by Miss Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), will appear in our Magazine. The accomplished scholar and popular writer, Mr. James Hannay, has prepared for THE BROADWAY a Series of appreciative Studies of the Writings of the lamented Thackeray; and the Rev. Newman Hall (whose kindly yet impartial advocacy of American institutions since his return from the States has done much to strengthen the strands of that famous "third cable," the laying down of which was predicted by Mr. Dickens), has consented to publish in our pages a Series of Articles recording his "Impressions of America." The Poetical Department of the Magazine will, it is to be hoped, offer a perfectly satisfactory concourse of sweet sounds. Mr. Frederick Locker, the Freed of our period, the late Mr. Samuel Lover, Walt Whitman, Dr. Westland Marston, Mr. Edwin Waugh, Sir John Bowring, whose cultivated muse has delighted so many readers, and Barry Cornwall—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—have already sent contributions.

Fine-Art Criticism and Fine-Art Bibliography now form, to the credit of the public taste, an important feature in periodical literature, and this feature will be dealt with in our Magazine by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, Mr. W. N. Rossetti, Miss Amelia Betham Edwards, and others.

A Series of Articles, entitled "Celebrities of the Corps Législatif," by George Makepeace Towle, with Portraits of the chief French Statesmen, will be commenced in No. I.

Bearing in mind the tendency of the age towards the perusal of Social Essays, several well-known essayists will endeavour to ballast our ship with wisdom, while lighter writers will fill her sails with wit. We are in a position to announce the publication of Essays on Topics of the Day by Mrs. Lynn Linton, authors of "Grasp your Nettle"; as well as Papers by Julia Kavanagh, and others. The friendly relations we continue to preserve with American writers have enabled us to secure from Mr. Mark Twain, the author of "The Celebrated Jumping Frog"—one of the raciest and driest works of humour—a number of Articles of a similar character, which it is anticipated will win distance the celebrated frog in their capacity for "jumping" for the public approbation.

We have also to announce the speedy appearance in THE BROADWAY of some "Unpublished Fragments" by the late Walter Savage Landor.

An Article on Field Sports will be among the Contents of each Number, and Papers on Military and Naval Subjects and the Volunteer System, by the best authorities on these important matters, will also be given from time to time in the enlarged BROADWAY, which will furthermore contain numerous characteristic Illustrations. There will be given in each Number four large Page-Engravings; and among the Artists retained for this purpose we may mention the names of G. H. Thomas, J. D. Watson, M. E. Edwards, A. W. Houghton, A. Thompson, Gordon Thomson, A. W. Cooper, J. A. Pasquier, F. W. Lawson, E. C. Barnes, Miss Florence Caxton, and others.

This, then, is our Programme for the new BROADWAY. We have unfolded it, we trust, without any undue flourish of trumpets, and have endeavoured only to proclaim such facts as would be acceptable to the majority of our readers. The position which THE BROADWAY has already attained emboldens us to hope that it may reach a still higher one. "It is not in mortals to command success," but the Proprietors of THE BROADWAY are determined to do their very utmost to deserve it.

THE REV. J. C. M. BELLEW'S NEW BOOK.

1 vol. crown 8vo. 920 pp. cloth, 7s. 6d.

## POETS' CORNER:

A Manual for Students in English Poetry, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors.

By J. C. M. BELLEW.

From the Preface.

"The sense of a want, both in the library and in the schoolroom, induced me to undertake the production of this work. There has been a superabundant supply of 'Selections,' 'Gems,' 'Specimens,' of Poetry; but I am not acquainted with any book that meets a need which the education of my own children made me experience."

"A Manual, a portable volume, which gives the student a fair knowledge of the style of our great poets, which supplies him with the most famous or familiar passages of their works, and at the same time prepares his mind for the poetry by first of all (through the aid of a biography) introducing him to the poet, seems to me to have been long required. I am bound to admit: there are publications which, in a measure, have done what I endeavour to accomplish; but they have only strengthened my conviction that something fuller and more complete was necessary."

"The intent has been to produce a volume which, while it can be easily held in the hand for class purposes, or carried about by the lover of poetry when travelling, will secure a tolerably comprehensive knowledge of the poetry and poets of England."

No effort has been or will be spared to render this very important Work, which has engaged the constant attention of the Editor during the last two years, the standard selection of English Poetry.

ROUTLEDGE'S STANDARD LIBRARY.

New Vol. crown 8vo. enriched with Hundreds of authentic Illustrations, green cloth, 3s. 6d.

## TEN THOUSAND WONDERFUL THINGS:

Comprising whatever is Marvellous and Bare, Curious, Eccentric, and Extraordinary, in all Ages and Nations.

COMPLETION OF THE  
 FIRST VOLUME OF ROUTLEDGE'S ILLUSTRATED  
 NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.

1 vol. super-royal 8vo. cloth, 774 pp. 18s.

## ROUTLEDGE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN— AFRICA:

Being an Account of the Manners and Customs of the  
 Uncivilized Races of Man.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.

WITH NEW DESIGNS BY WOLF, ANGAS, DANBY, ZWECKER, AND OTHERS.

Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, THE BROADWAY,  
 LUDGATE HILL.

MURRAY'S FOREIGN HANDBOOKS.

- TRAVEL TALK. 3s. 6d.  
 NORTH GERMANY AND THE RHINE. 10s.  
 SOUTH GERMANY AND THE TYROL. 10s.  
 SWITZERLAND AND THE ALPS. 10s.  
 FRANCE AND THE PYRENEES. 12s.  
 CORSICA AND SARDINIA. 4s.  
 PARIS AND ITS ENVIRONS. 3s. 6d.  
 NORTH ITALY AND VENICE. 12s.  
 CENTRAL ITALY AND FLORENCE. 10s.  
 ROME AND ITS ENVIRONS. 9s.  
 SOUTH ITALY AND NAPLES. 10s.  
 SICILY AND PALERMO. 12s.  
 PORTUGAL AND LISBON. 9s.  
 EGYPT AND THE NILE. 15s.  
 SYRIA AND PALESTINE. 24s.  
 BOMBAY AND MADRAS. 24s.

MURRAY'S KNAPSACK GUIDES.

- SWITZERLAND. 5s. THE TYROL. 6s.  
 ITALY. 6s. NORWAY. 5s.

MURRAY'S ENGLISH HANDBOOKS.

- MODERN LONDON. 3s. 6d.  
 KENT AND SUSSEX. 10s.  
 SURREY, HANTS, AND ISLE OF WIGHT. 10s.  
 BERKS, BUCKS, AND OXON. 7s. 6d.  
 WILTS, DORSET, AND SOMERSET. 7s. 6d.  
 DEVON AND CORNWALL. 10s.  
 GLOUCESTER, HEREFORD, AND WORCESTER.  
 Price 6s. 6d.  
 NORTH AND SOUTH WALES. 12s.  
 DERBY, STAFFORD, LEICESTER, AND NOTTS.  
 Price 7s. 6d.  
 YORKSHIRE. 12s.  
 DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND. 9s.  
 WESTMORLAND AND CUMBERLAND. 6s.  
 MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR SCOTLAND. 9s.  
 MURRAY'S HANDBOOK FOR IRELAND. 12s.

THE CATHEDRAL TOUR OF ENGLAND.

SOUTHERN DIVISION -- Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, Wells, Chichester, Rochester, Canterbury. 2 vols. with Illustrations, price 24s.

EASTERN DIVISION--Oxford, Peterborough, Ely, Norwich, Lincoln. With Illustrations, 18s.

WESTERN DIVISION--Bristol, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Lichfield. With Illustrations, 16s.

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

MESSRS. BELL & DALDY'S

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

CHAPMAN'S TRAVELS in SOUTH AFRICA. 2 vols. Illustrated, 32s.

ARTHUR HELPS'S LIFE of LAS CASAS, the Apostle of the Indies. Second Edition, crown 8vo. 6s.

FERGUSON'S STORY of the IRISH before the CONQUEST. Fcp. 8vo. 5s.

C. W. KING'S NATURAL HISTORY of PRECIOUS STONES and of the PRECIOUS METALS. New Edition, crown 8vo. Illustrated, 10s. 6d.

C. W. KING'S NATURAL HISTORY of GEMS or DECORATIVE STONES. New Edition, crown 8vo. Illustrated, price 10s. 6d.

DR. ARCHIBALD BILLING'S SCIENCE of GEMS, JEWELS, COINS, and MEDALS. Demy 8vo. with 100 Photographs, 31s. 6d.

DR. DYER'S HISTORY of the KINGS of ROME. Demy 8vo. 16s.

PROF. PEARSON'S HISTORY of ENGLAND during the EARLY and MIDDLE AGES. 2 vols. 30s.  
 Vol. I. New Edition, almost entirely rewritten, 16s.  
 Vol. II. Continuation to the Death of Edward I., 14s.

DENTON'S COMMENTARY on the GOSPELS for the SUNDAYS and other HOLY DAYS of the CHRISTIAN YEAR. Vol. II. Easter to the 16th Sunday after Trinity. New Edition, 14s.

DR. ROGET'S ANIMAL and VEGETABLE PHYSIOLOGY, considered with reference to Natural Theology. Fourth Edition, 2 vols. 12s.

GALATEA: a Pastoral Romance. By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES. Literally Translated from the Spanish by GORDON GIL, Esq. Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

MORRIS'S LIFE and DEATH of JASON: a Poem. Second Edition, crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY'S UNIVERSAL HYMN. Small 4to. 5s.

PAPERS on PREACHING and PUBLIC SPEAKING. By a WYKEHAMIST. Second Thousand, fcp. 5s.

JUST PUBLISHED.

REV. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE'S BOOK of PSALMS: a New Translation, with Introductions and Notes, Critical and Explanatory. Vol. II. (completing the Work), 12s.

PROF. KEY'S PHILOLOGICAL ESSAYS. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d.

UPS and DOWNS of an OLD MAID'S LIFE: a New Story. By JEMIMA COMPTON. Crown 8vo. 6s.

DR. BILLING'S FIRST PRINCIPLES of MEDICINE. Sixth Edition, revised, 18s.

LONDON: YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Now ready, crown 8vo. with 8 Wood Engravings, 12s.

A NARRATIVE

OF CAPTIVITY IN ABYSSINIA;

With some Account of the late Emperor Theodore, his Country and People.

By HENRY BLANC, M.D.

Staff Assistant-Surgeon H.M.'s Bombay Army (late on Special Duty in Abyssinia).

SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 65 CORNHILL.

